

10¢

SMASH

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3

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

MARCH
No. 51

COMICS

IT'S A
WOW!
MIDNIGHT
AND
WILD BILL
HICCUP
KNOCK THE HELIUM
OUT OF A GANG OF
TRAITORS!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Boys!

FREE

5 POWER TELESCOPE



WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

*Safe
Harmless!*



BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

Send no money To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART

500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 1703 B

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$3.79 (a saving of 17c).

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon



M i d n i g h t

by
PAUL
GUSTAVSON

I QUIET EVENING IN THE HOME OF DAVE CLARK -- ALIAS **MIDNIGHT**...

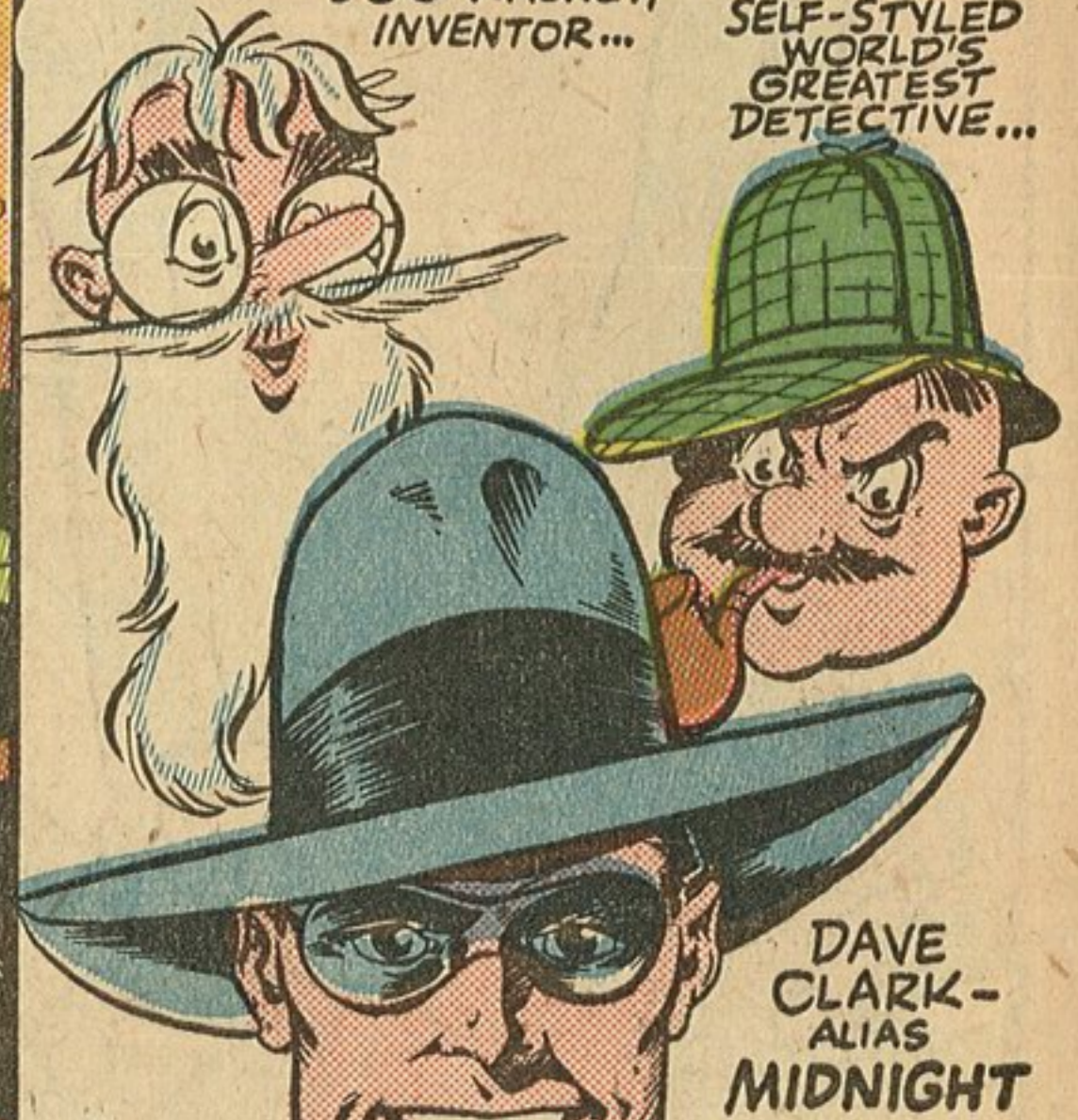


HMMM...
SABOTAGE!

IN CASE YOU CAME IN LATE, THE ACTORS IN THIS MELODRAMA ARE:

DOC WACKEY,
INVENTOR...

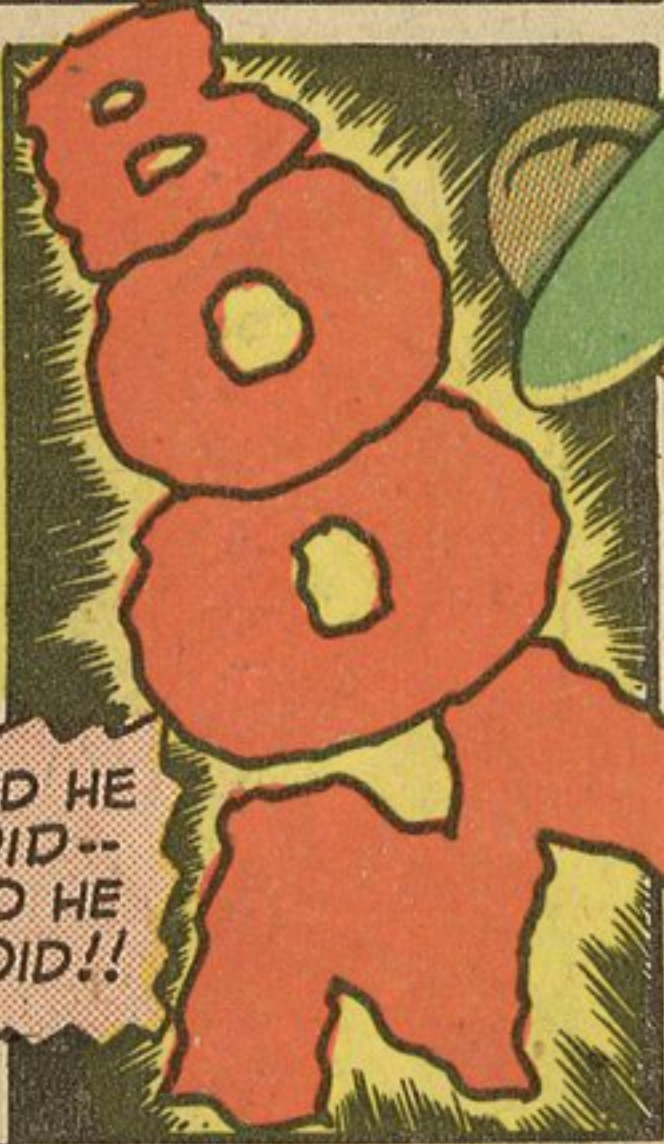
SNIFFER
SNOOP,
SELF-STYLED
WORLD'S
GREATEST
DETECTIVE...



DAVE
CLARK--
ALIAS
MIDNIGHT

I'LL FIND OUT
WHAT HE'S UP
TO OR MY NAME
ISN'T **SNIFFER
SNOOP!**

HE THINKS I
DON'T KNOW HE'S
THERE! WHEN HE
GETS ONE STEP
CLOSER, I'M
GONNA MIX
THESE
CHEMICALS--



AND HE
DID--
SO HE
DID!!

FER GOSH
SAKES! THAT'S
ALL OUR
FRIENDSHIP
MEANS! ... HERE
I GET ALMOST
BLOWN TO---

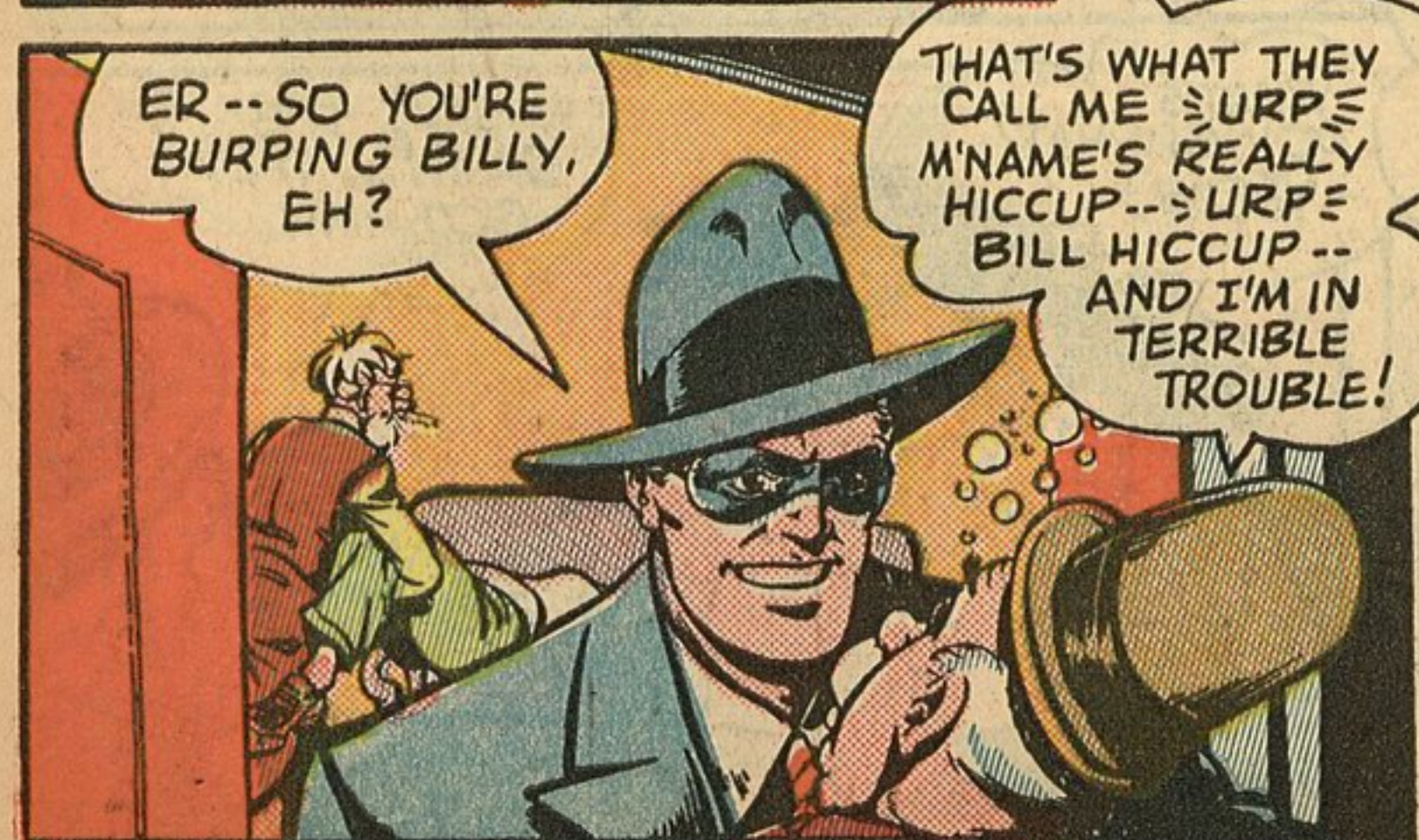
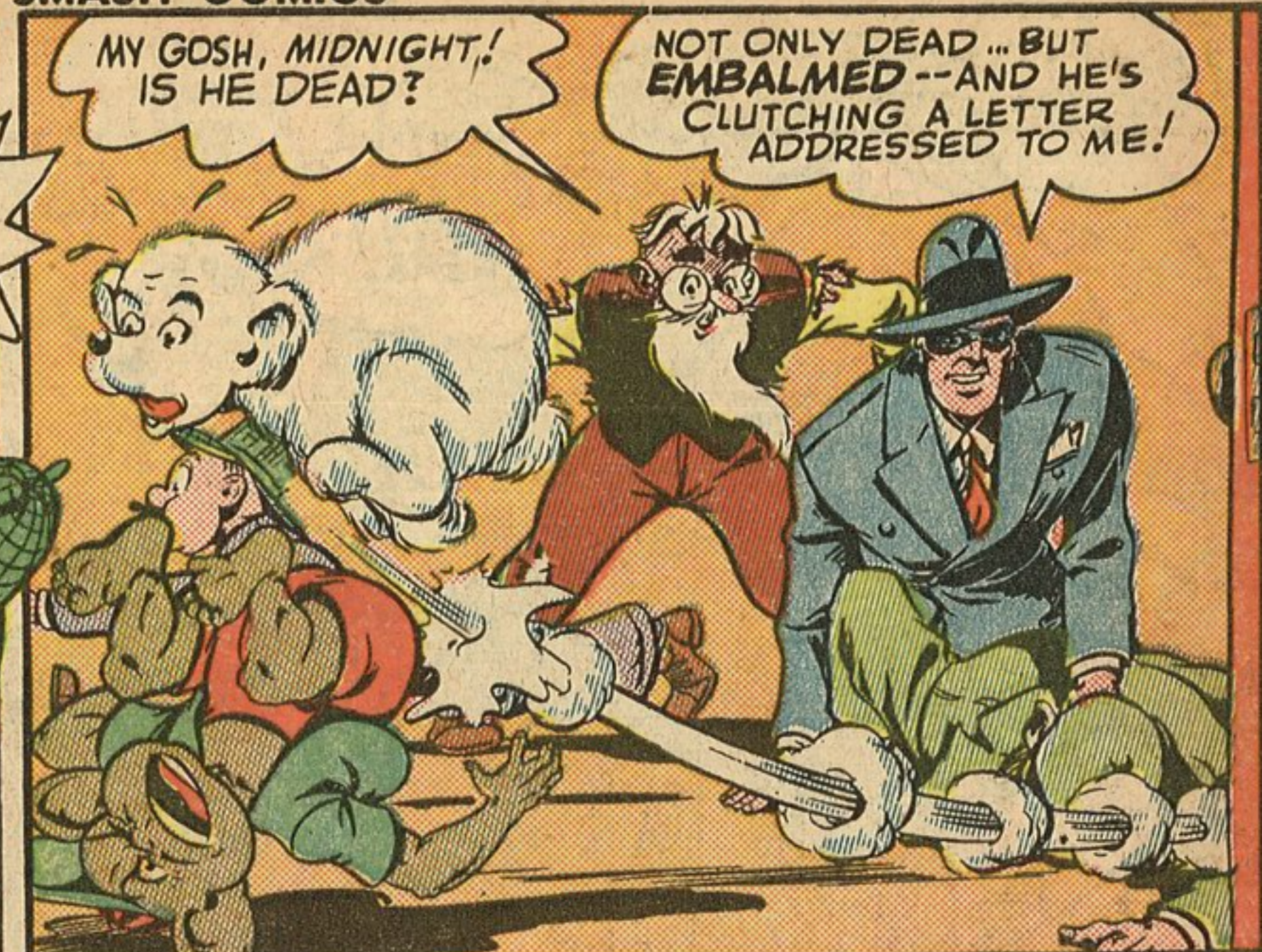
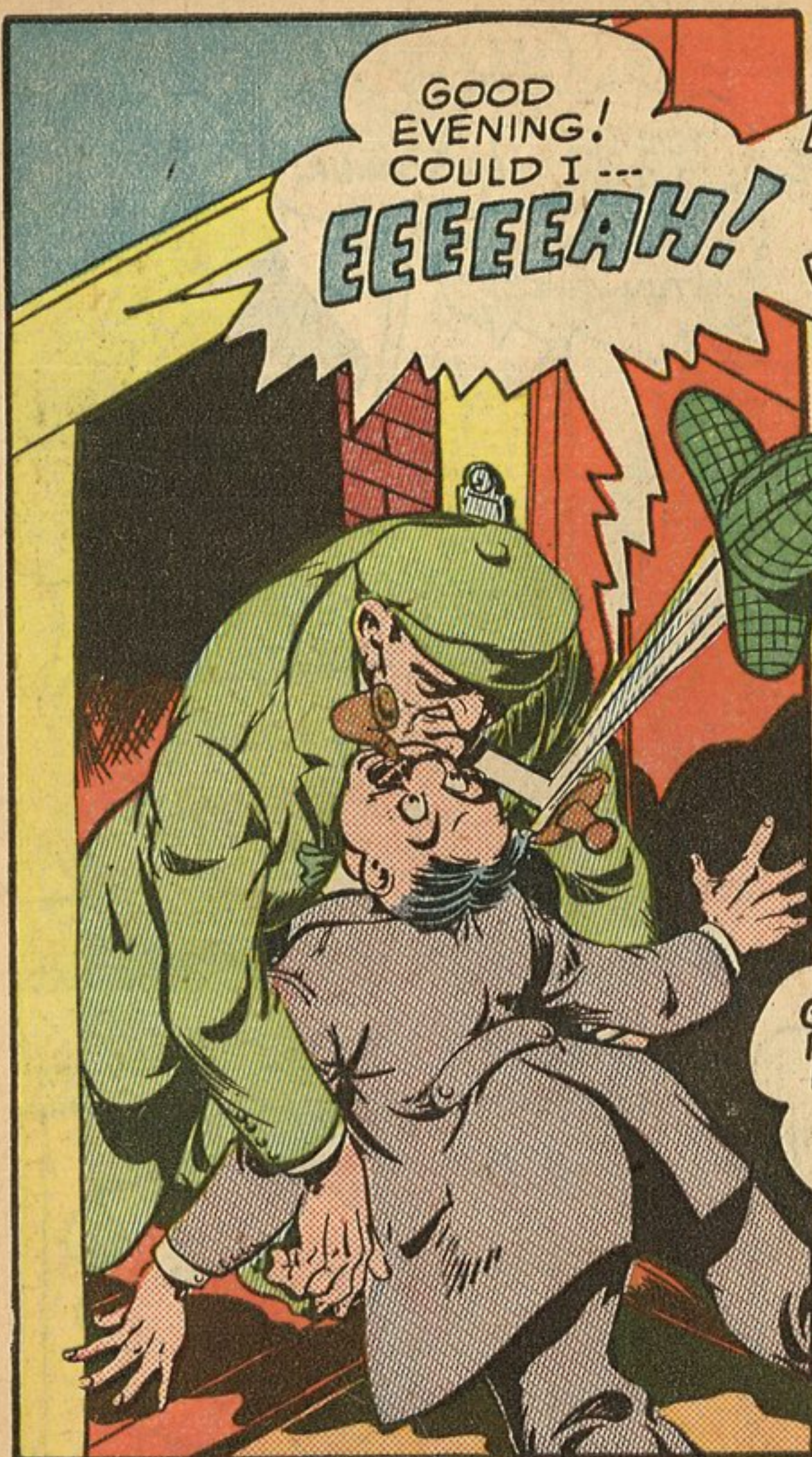
SOMEBODY
ANSWER THE
DOOR! IT
MIGHT BE
A CASE!

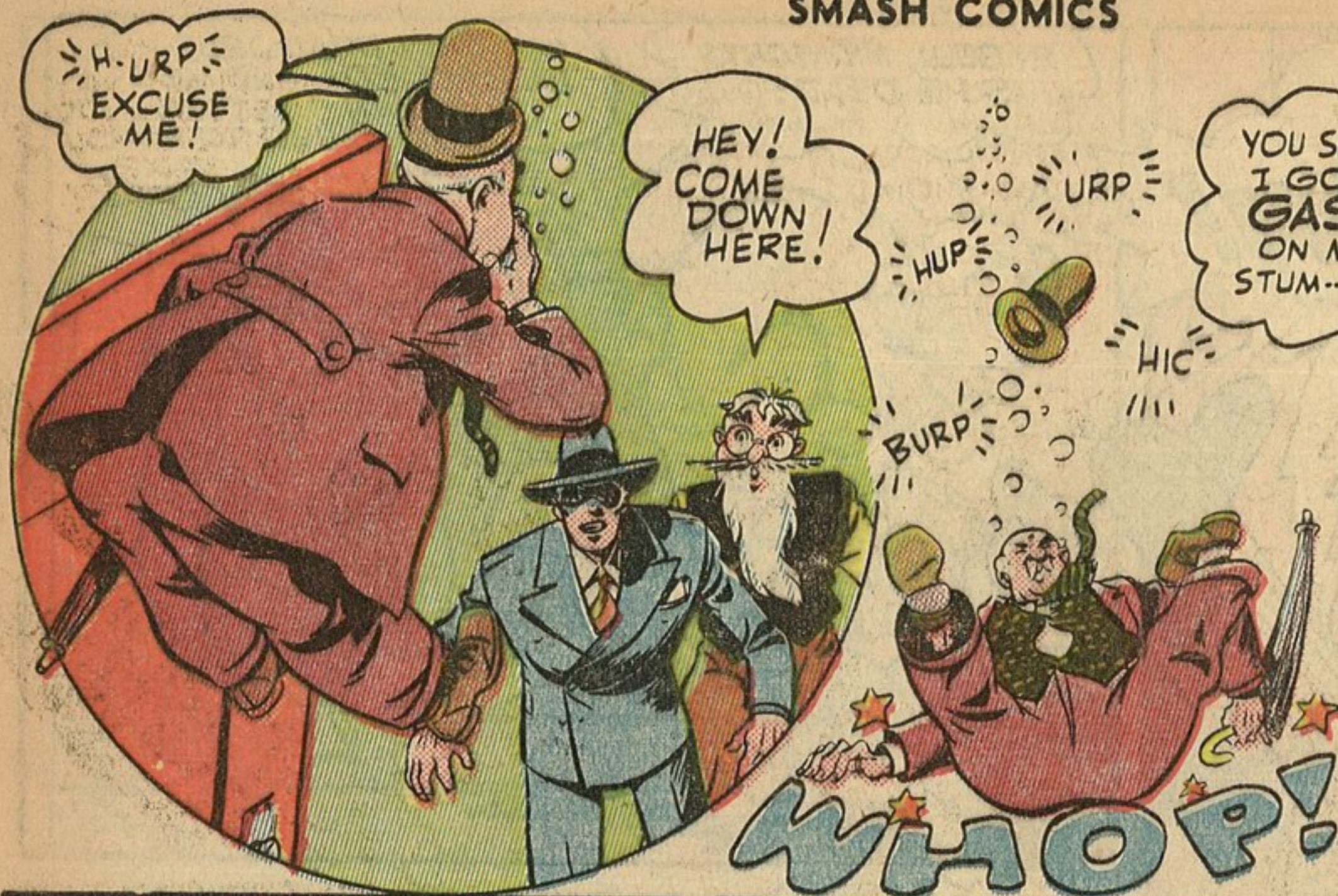
DOC! STOP BANGING!
EVEN WITH EAR-MUFFS ON,
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE!

I'LL ANSWER
IT! ... IT MAY
BE SOMEBODY
WANTING A
DETECTIVE!

IF IT IS,
YOU'D BETTER
PRETEND THAT
YOU'RE THE
BUTLER --
SO'S NOT
TO SCARE
'EM
AWAY!



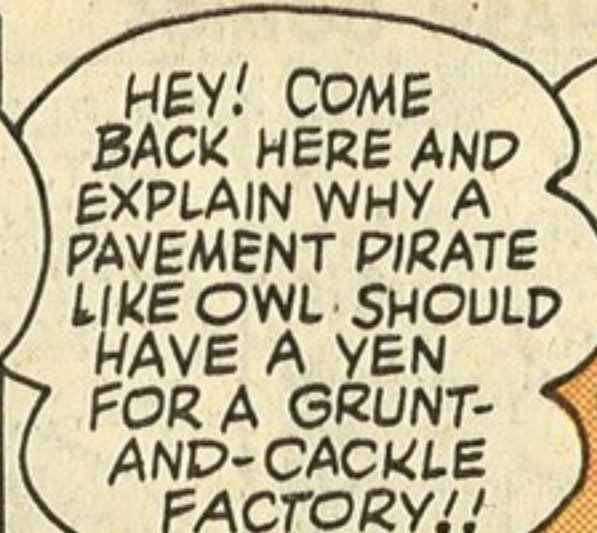






SAM WHO? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHO DUMPED A BODY ON ME?

H-HE WAS MY HIRED MAN OUT AT HICCUP HOLLOW FARM! OWL KILLED HIM, TRYING TO GET MY FARM AWAY FROM ME! YOU GOTTA HELP ME, MIDNIGHT!

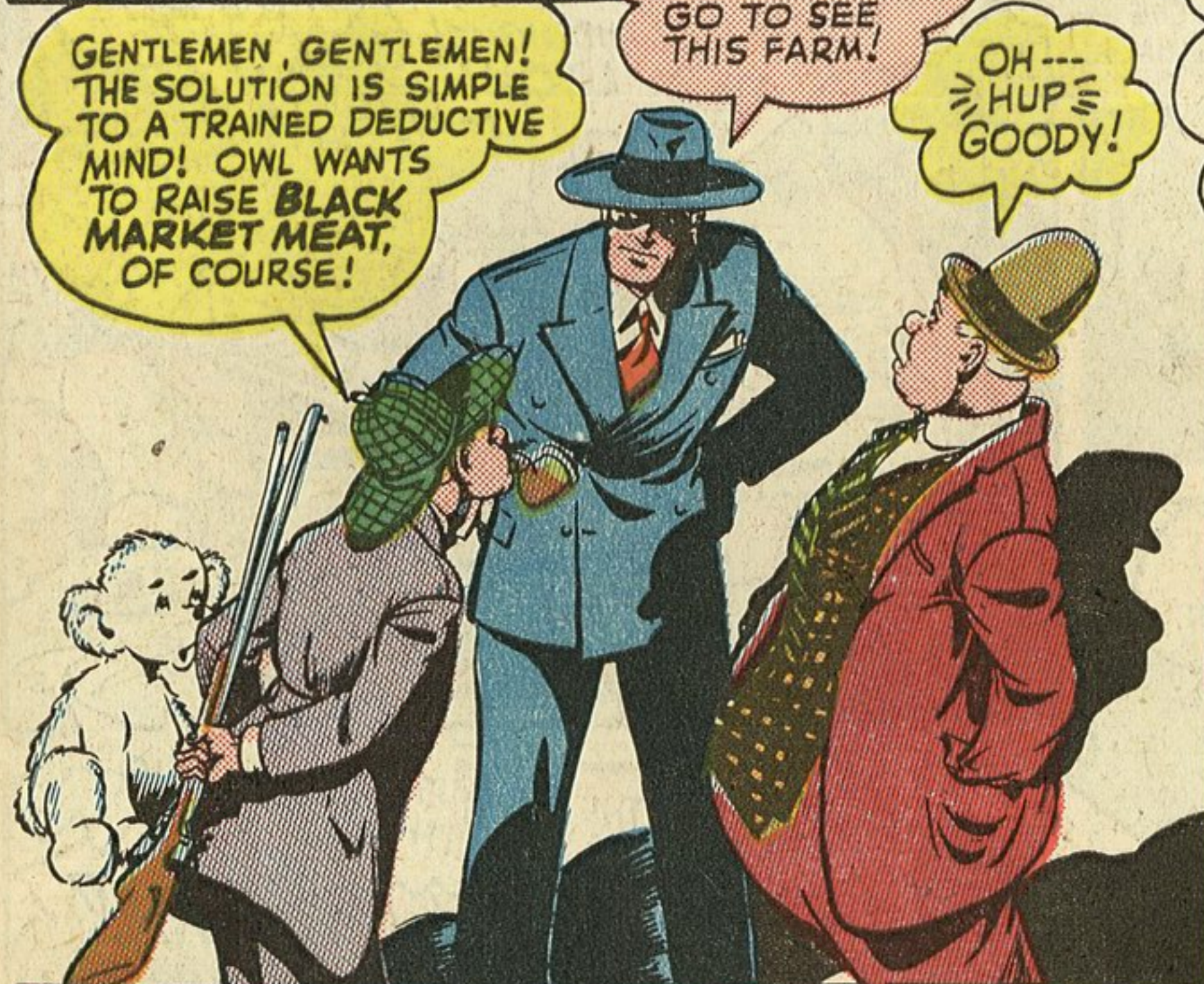


HEY! COME BACK HERE AND EXPLAIN WHY A PAVEMENT PIRATE LIKE OWL SHOULD HAVE A YEN FOR A GRUNT-AND-CAKLE FACTORY!!

SORRY--URP I FORGOT TO ASK AND OWL FORGOT TO MENTION IT! OH-OH! URRP URRRP PARDON ME!

OOWITCH! ... YOU BURPING BLIMP! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK BEFORE YOU VALVE GAS!??

OOPS!



GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN! THE SOLUTION IS SIMPLE TO A TRAINED DEDUCTIVE MIND! OWL WANTS TO RAISE BLACK MARKET MEAT, OF COURSE!

NOT WHILE HE CAN STEAL IT EASIER! LET'S GO TO SEE THIS FARM!

OH---HUP GOODY!



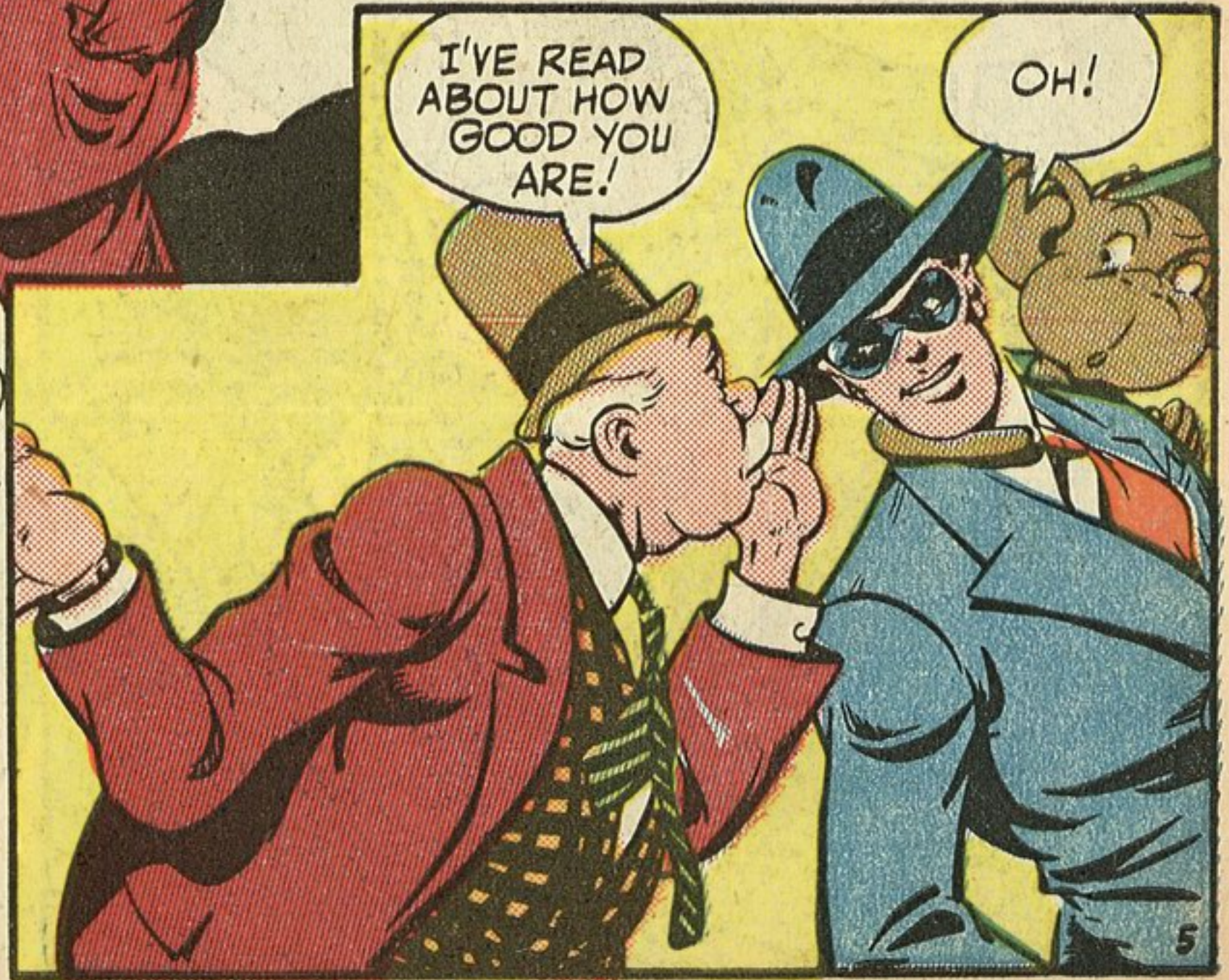
BRING DOC AND GABBY ... AND SNIFFER AND HOT-FOOT! ... OH, YES--AND YOUR VACUUM GUN, TOO, MIDNIGHT!

HUH?? WHAT THE--??



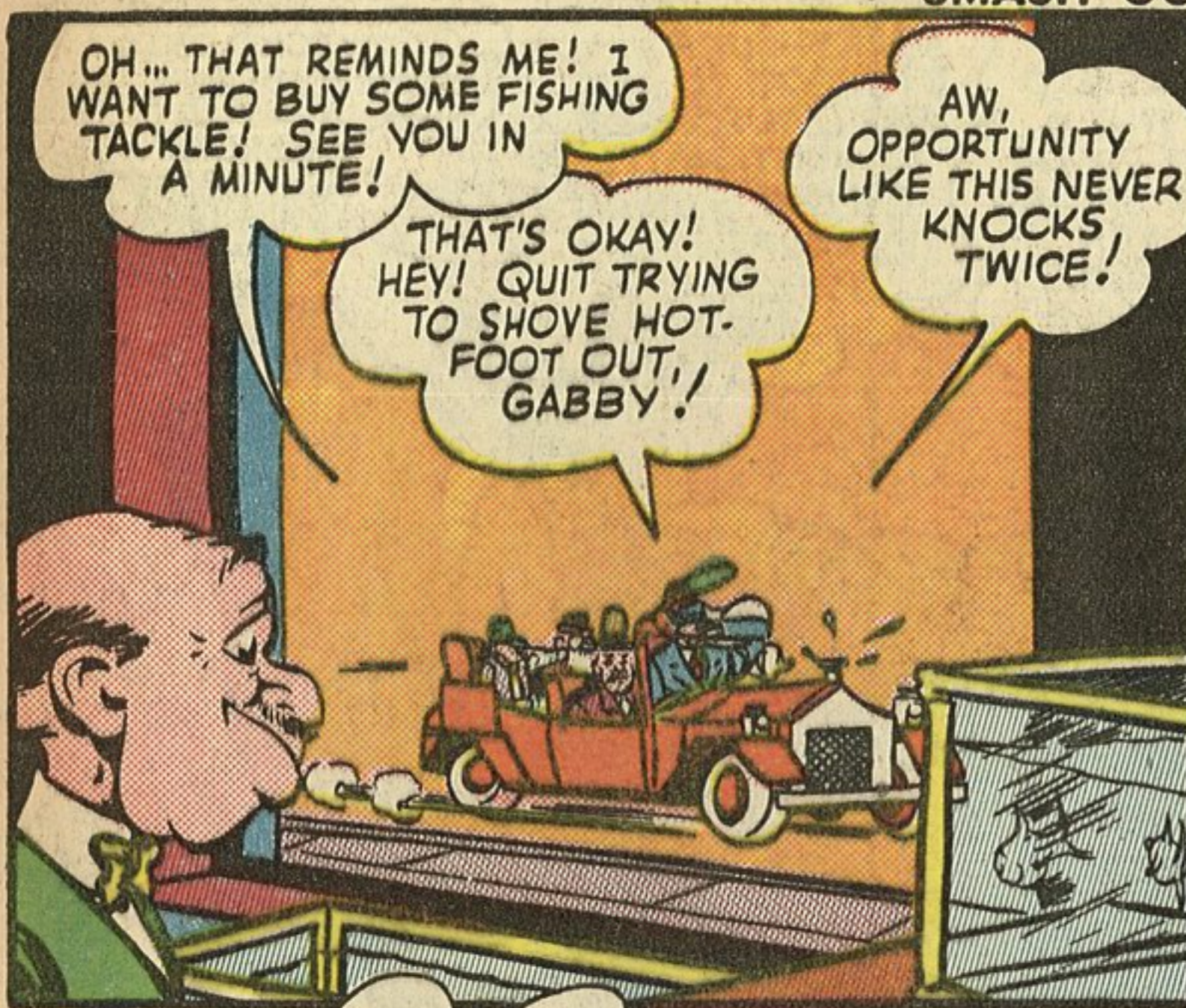
HEY, BUB - HOW COME YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ME AND MY WEAPON?

OH--BURP THAT'S EASY!



I'VE READ ABOUT HOW GOOD YOU ARE!

OH!

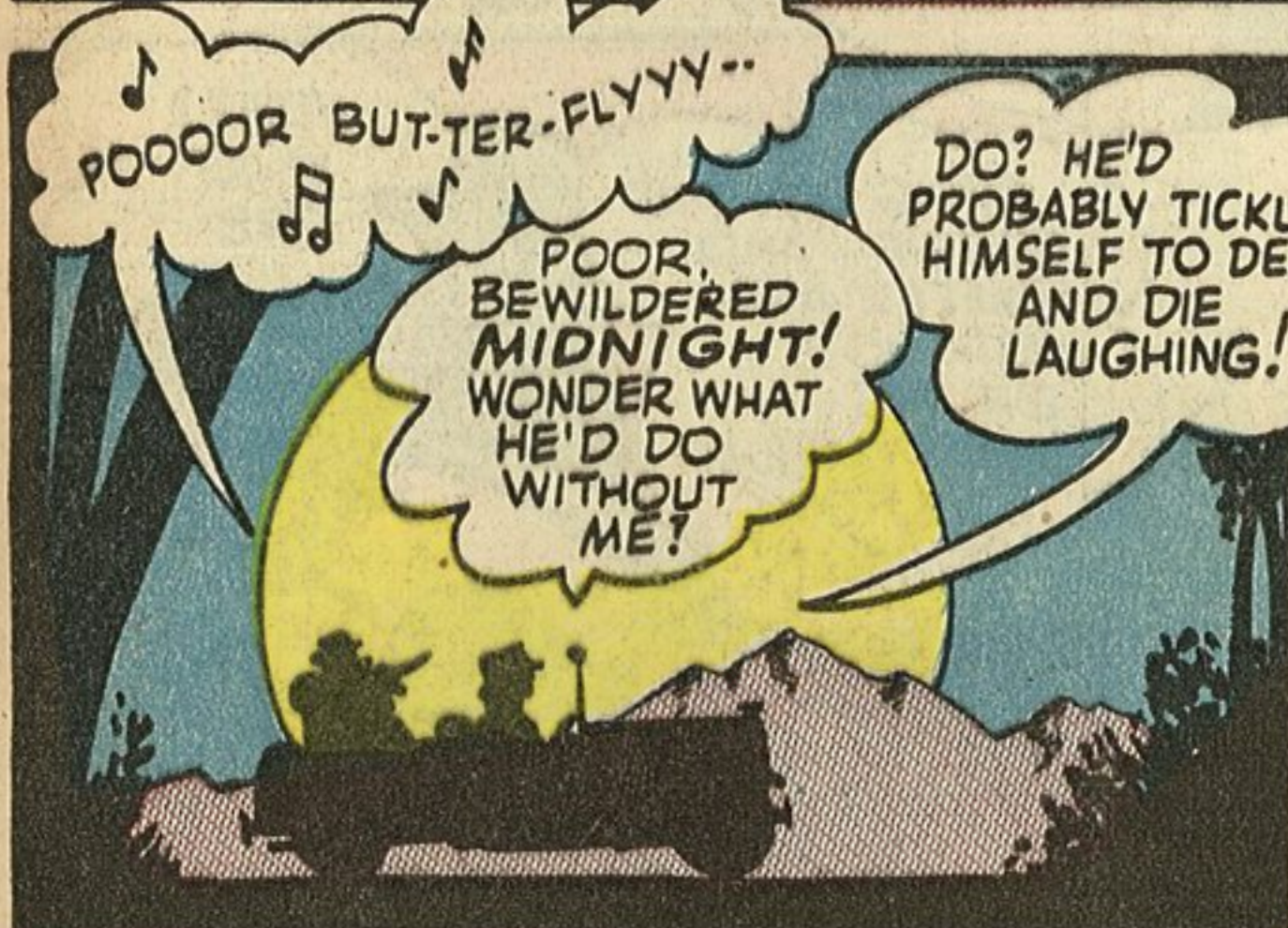


THAT'S OKAY!
HEY! QUIT TRYING
TO SHOVE HOT-
FOOT OUT,
GABBY!

AW,
OPPORTUNITY
LIKE THIS NEVER
KNOCKS
TWICE!



I DID! I'VE BEEN
CATCHING 'EM WITH
A STEPLADDER, BUT
I FIGGERED THIS'D
BE EASIER!
READY? ..
HRRRRP
'SCUSE!



POOR,
BEWILDERED
MIDNIGHT!
WONDER WHAT
HE'D DO
WITHOUT
ME!

DO? HE'D
PROBABLY TICKLE
HIMSELF TO DEATH
AND DIE
LAUGHING!



MIDNIGHT!
LOOK!

S-SOMEBODY'S
NUTS! ..AND
I'M AFRAID
IT'S ME!

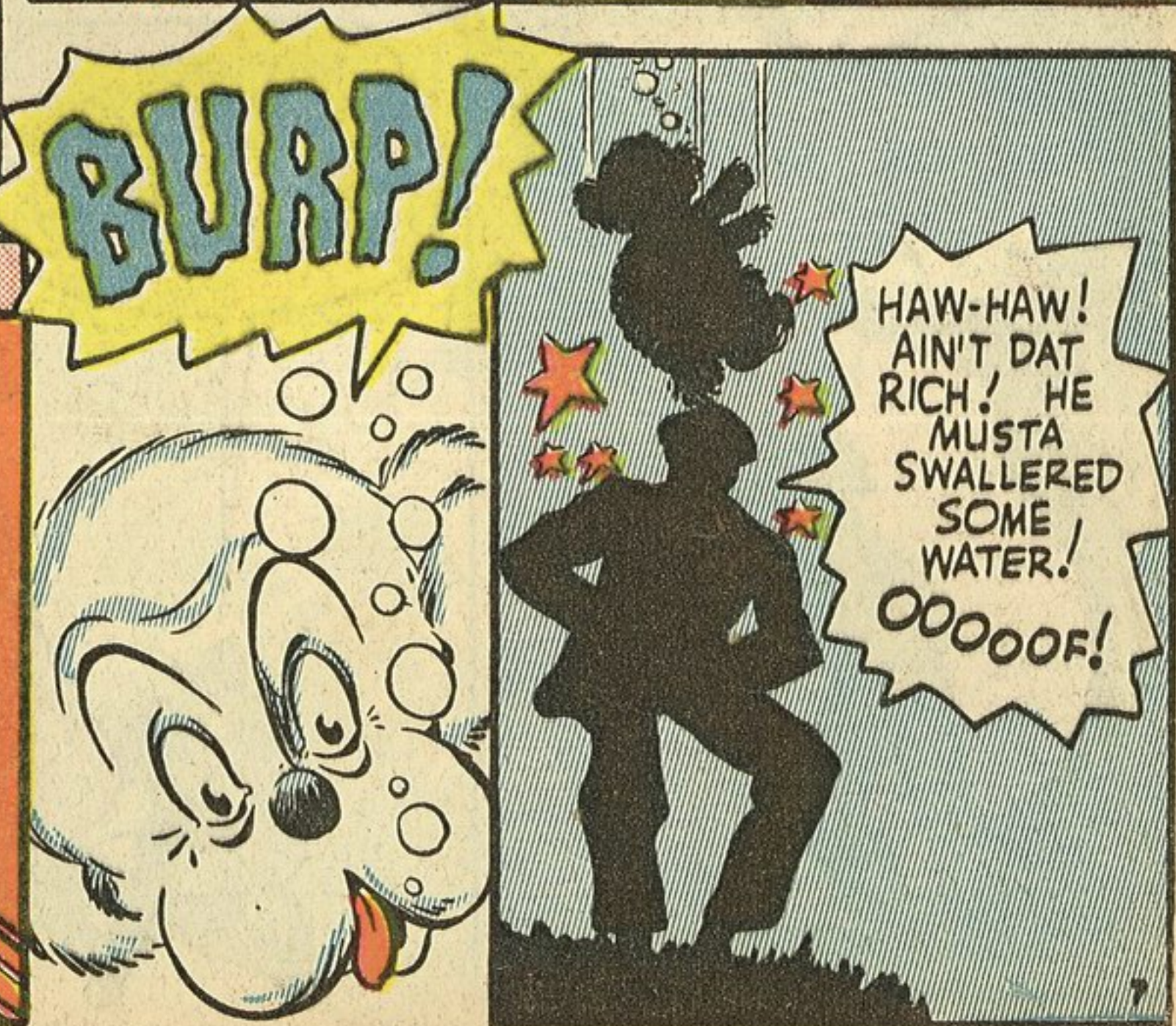
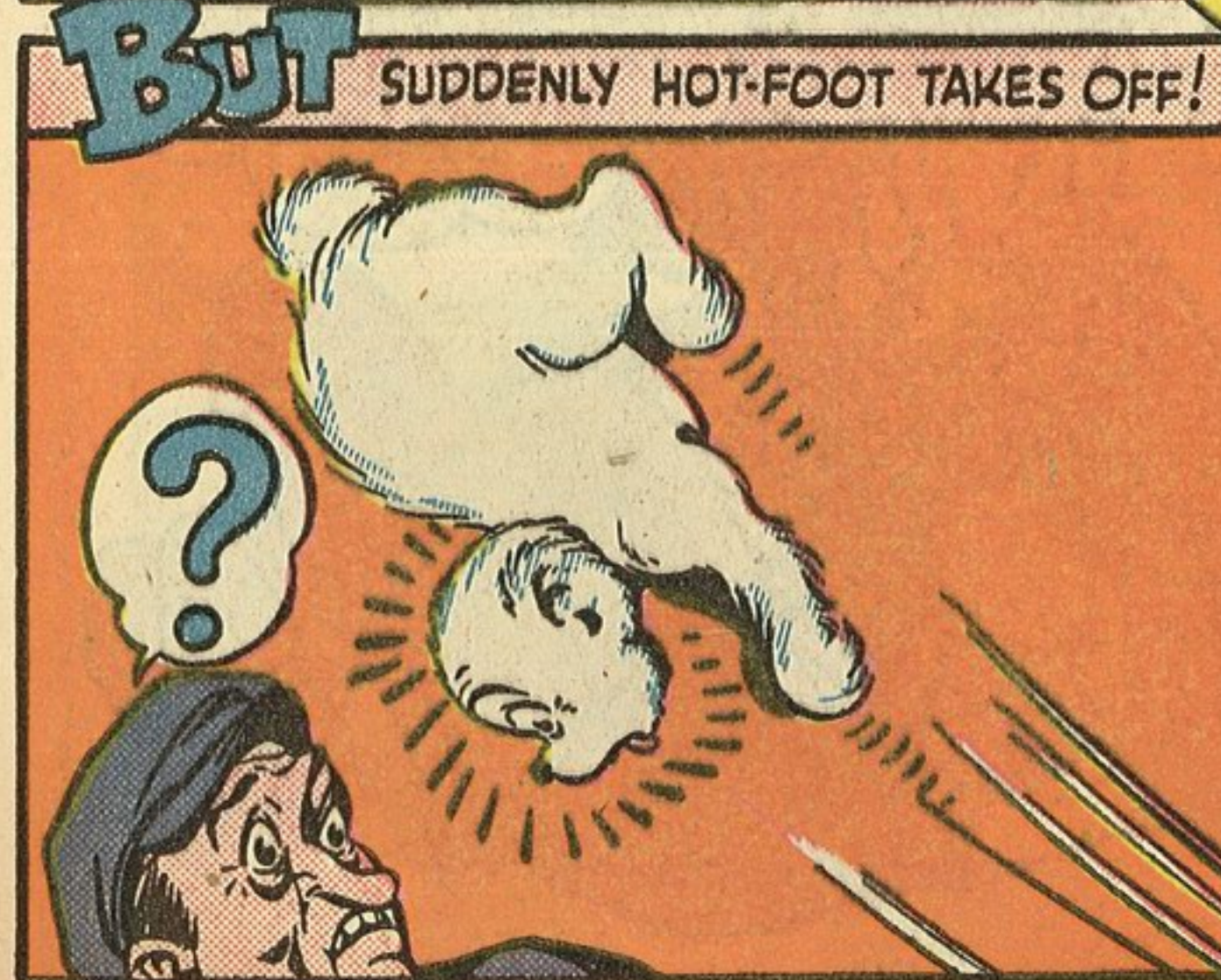


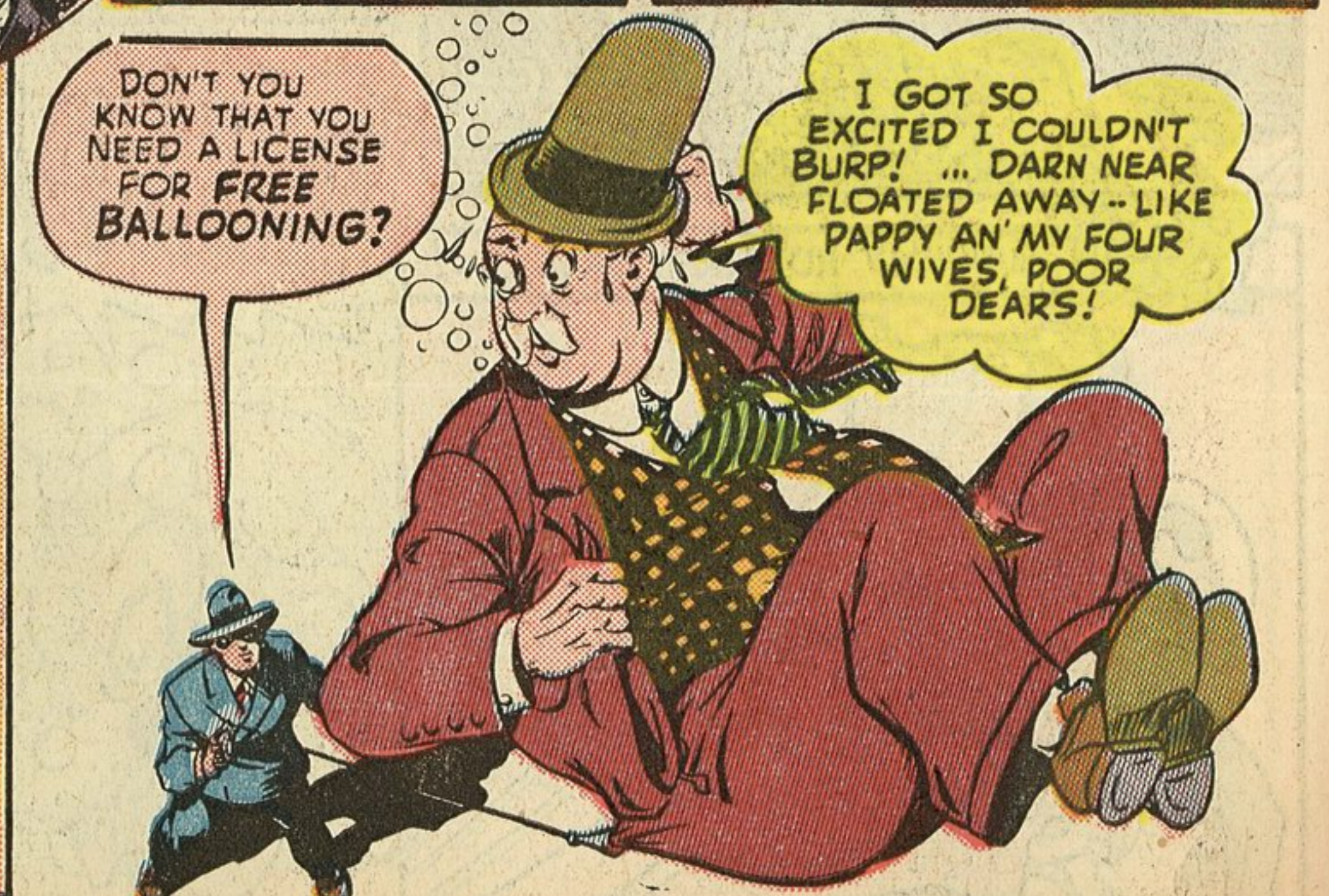
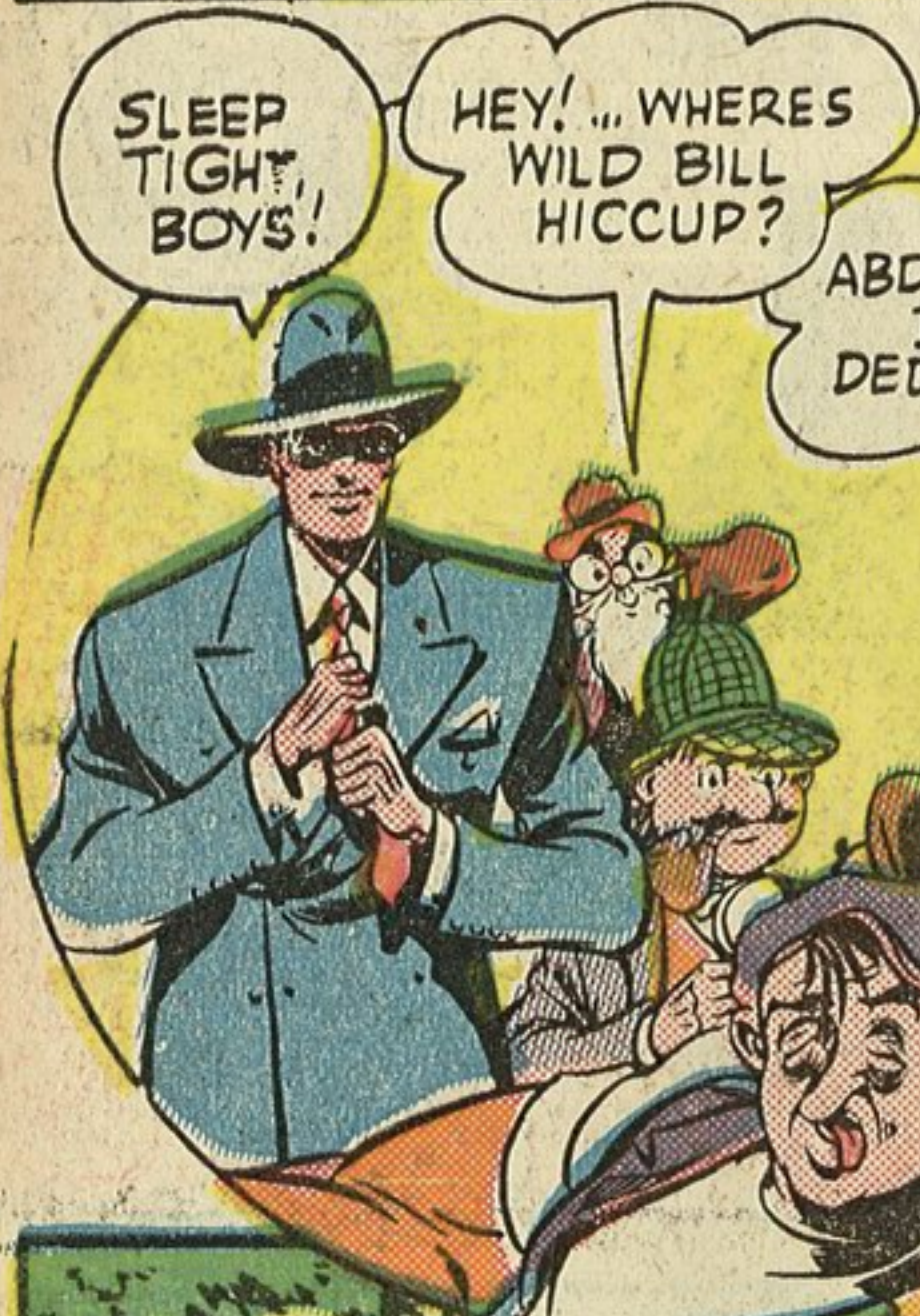
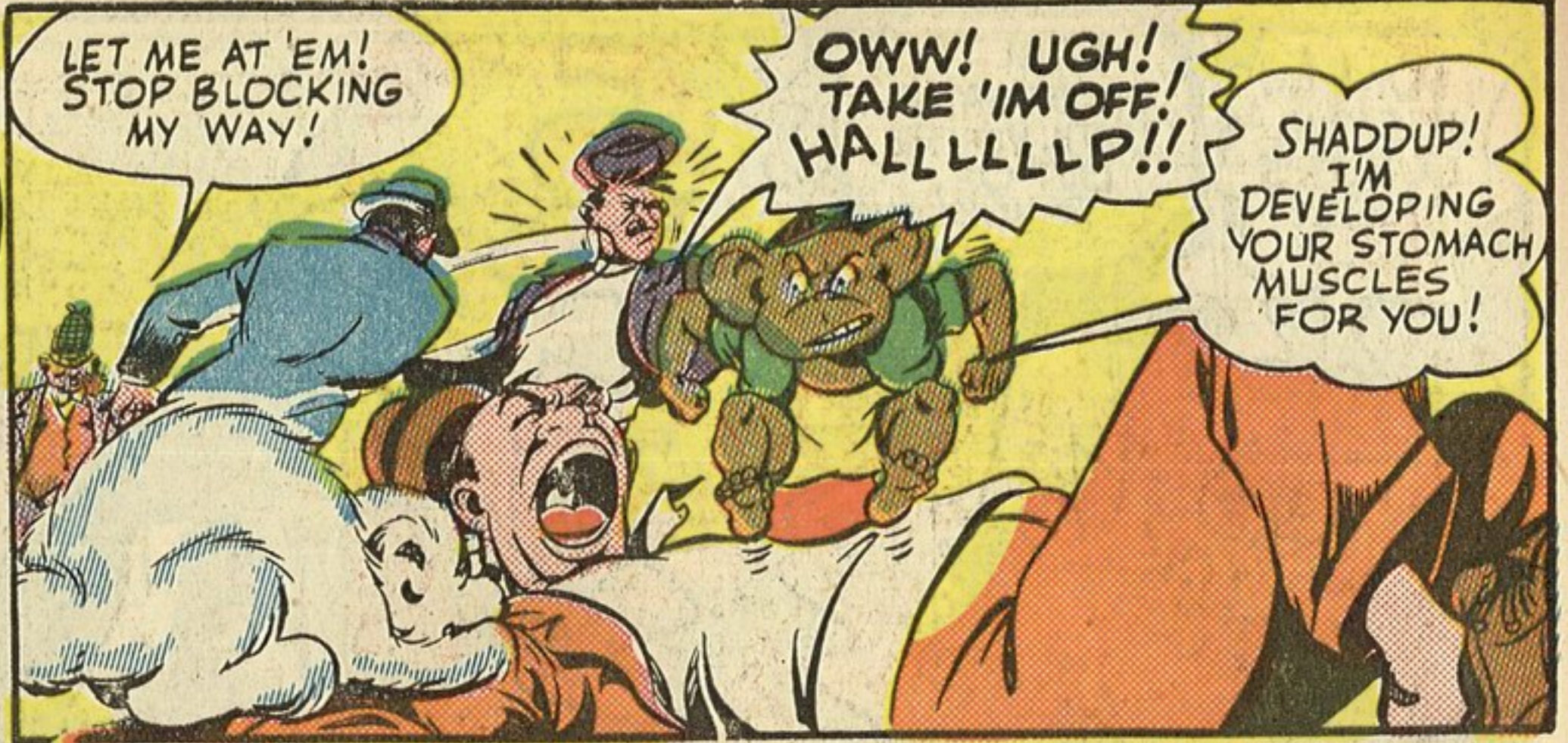
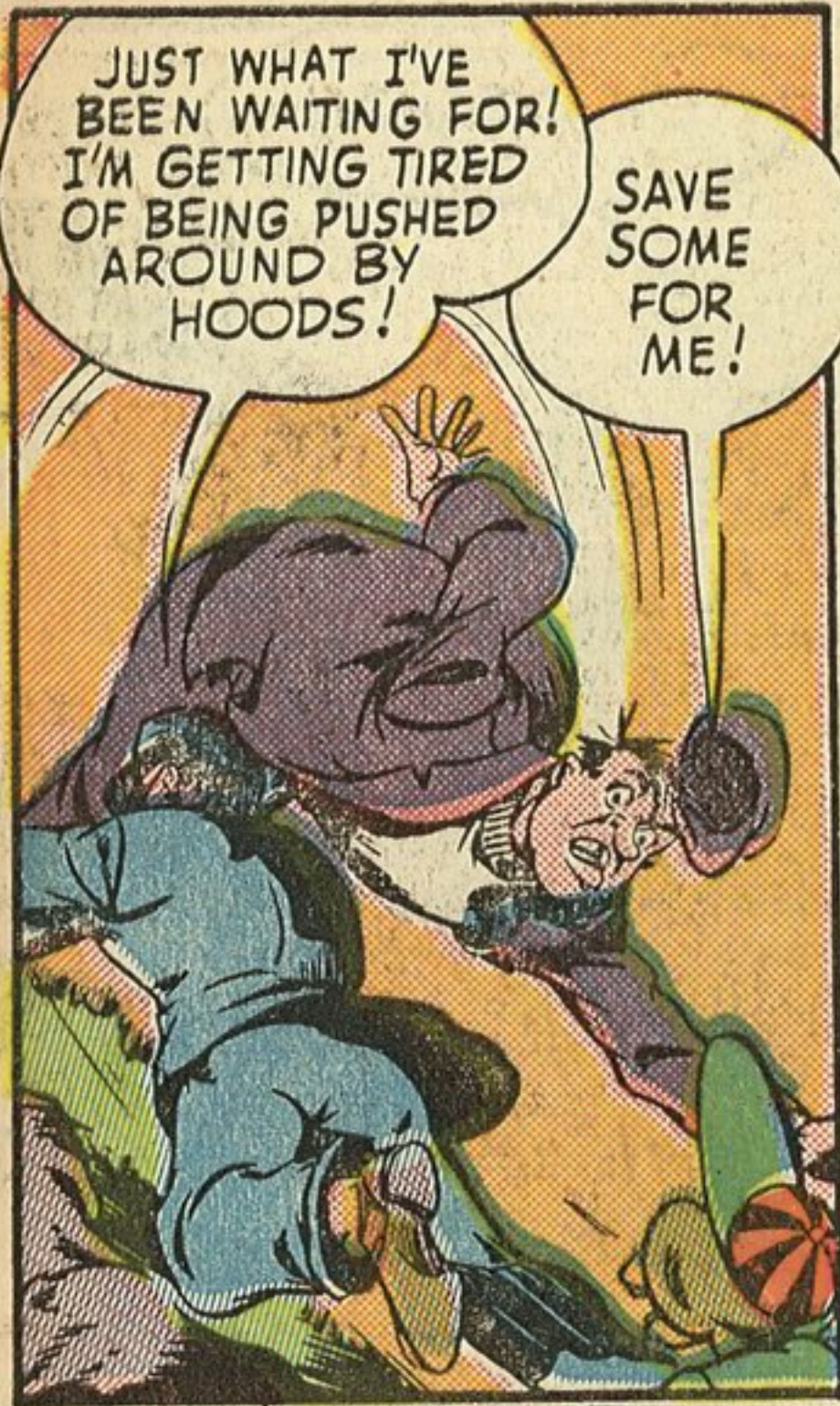
DON'T LET OWL
STEAL THE OLD
FARM FROM YUH,
BILL! ...

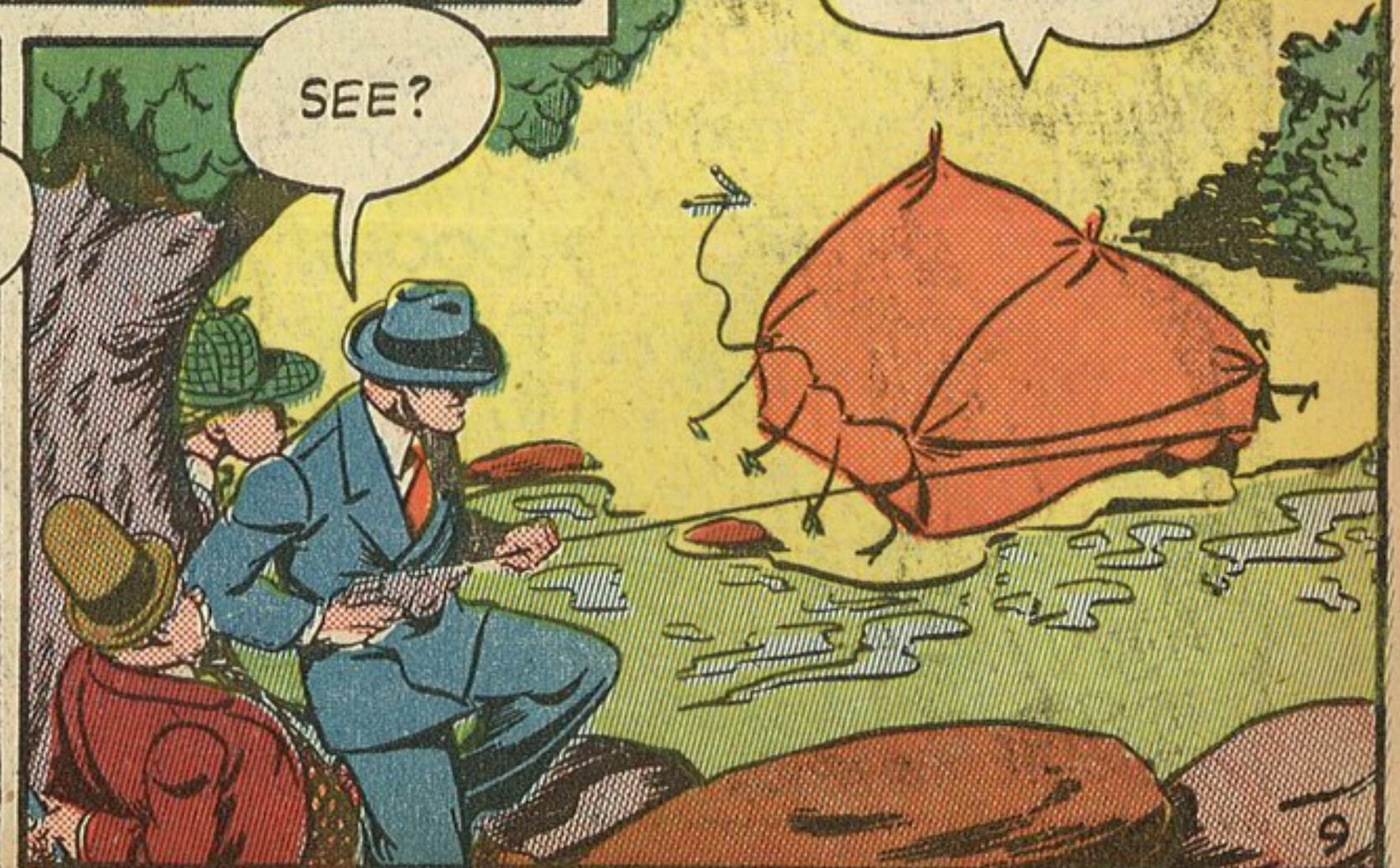
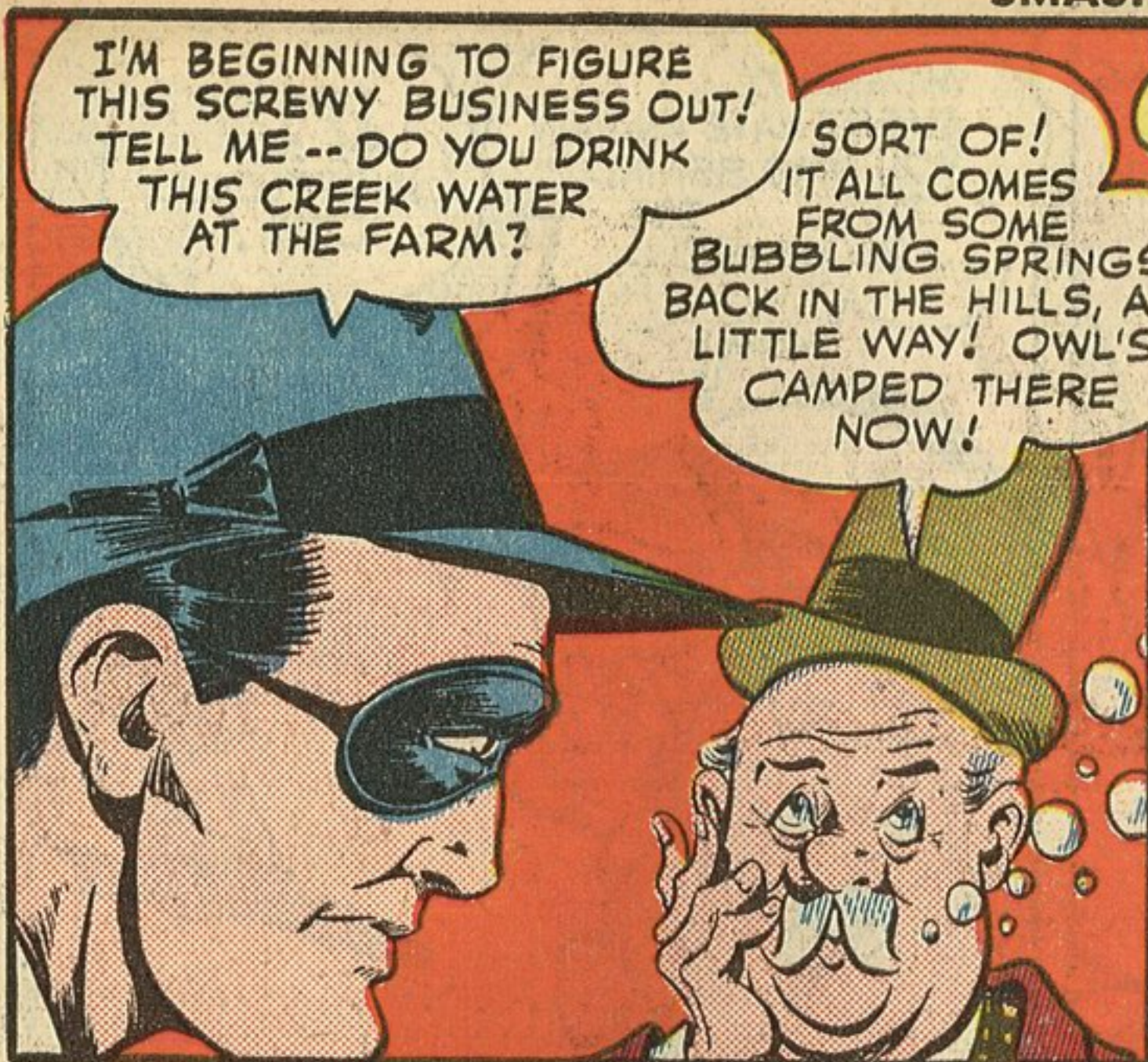


THEN--
WITHOUT WARNING--

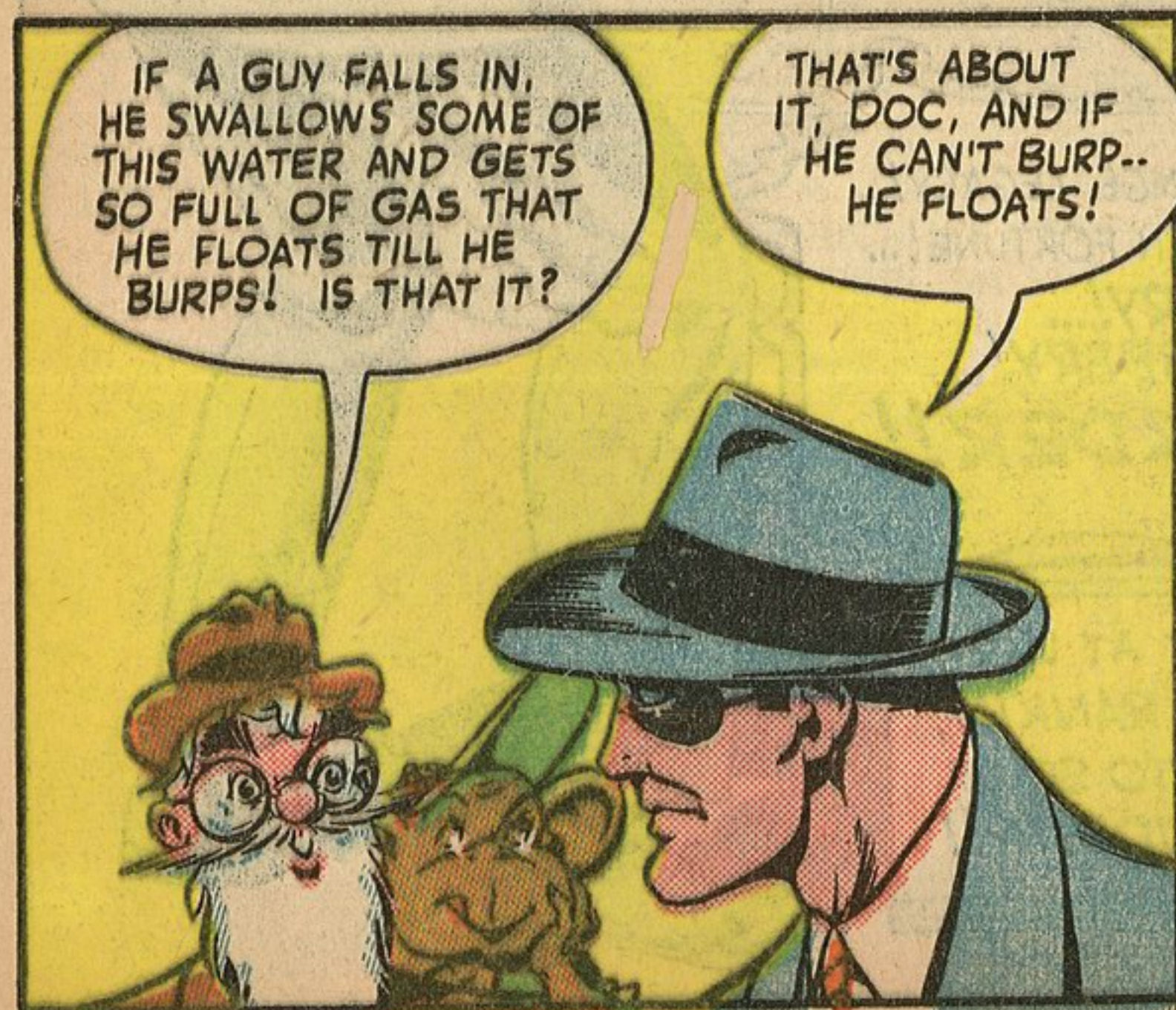
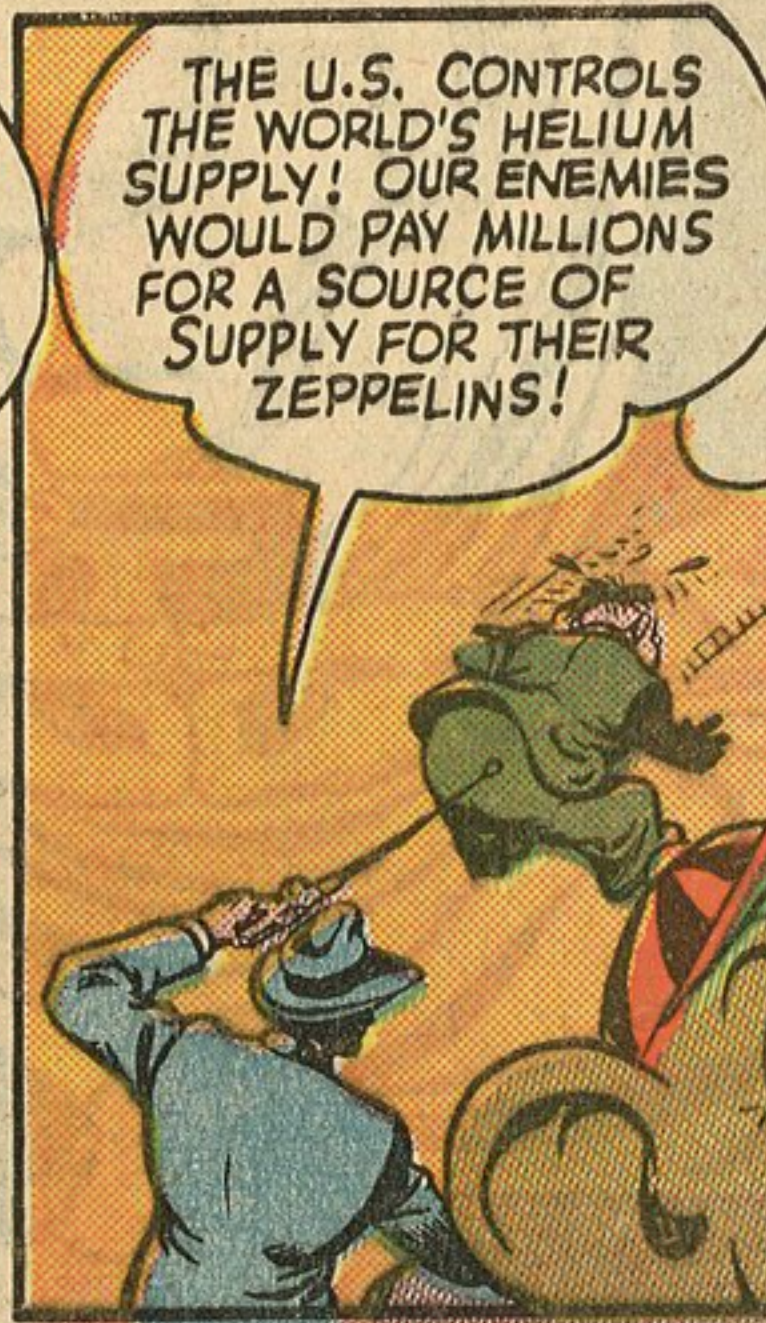
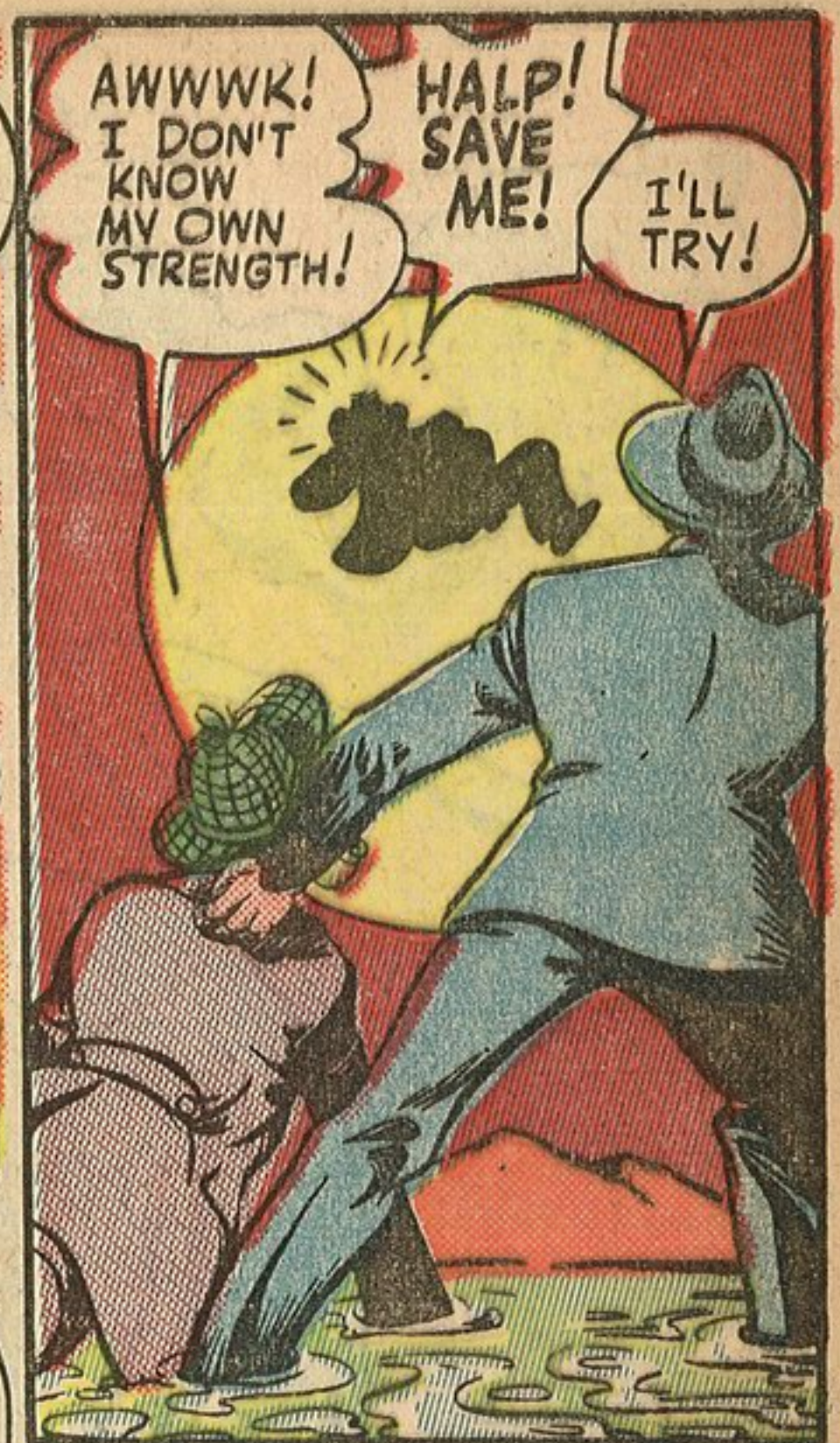
EEOW!
I'VE BEEN
ASSASSINATED!











FOLLOW MIDNIGHT IN EVERY ISSUE OF **SMASH** Comics!

SMASH COMICS

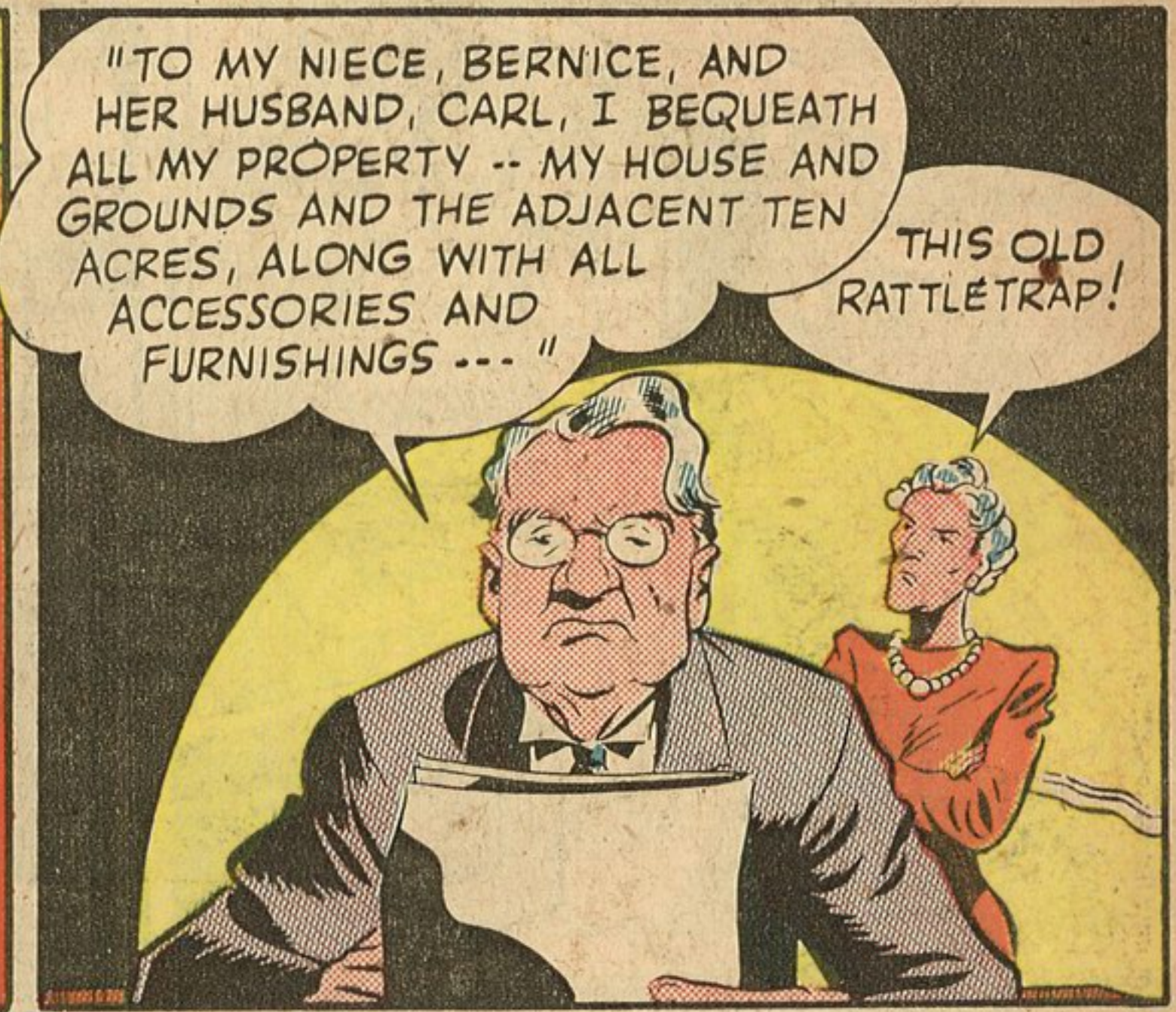
Rookie Rankin

and
The Case of The
**BROKEN
BUDDHA**

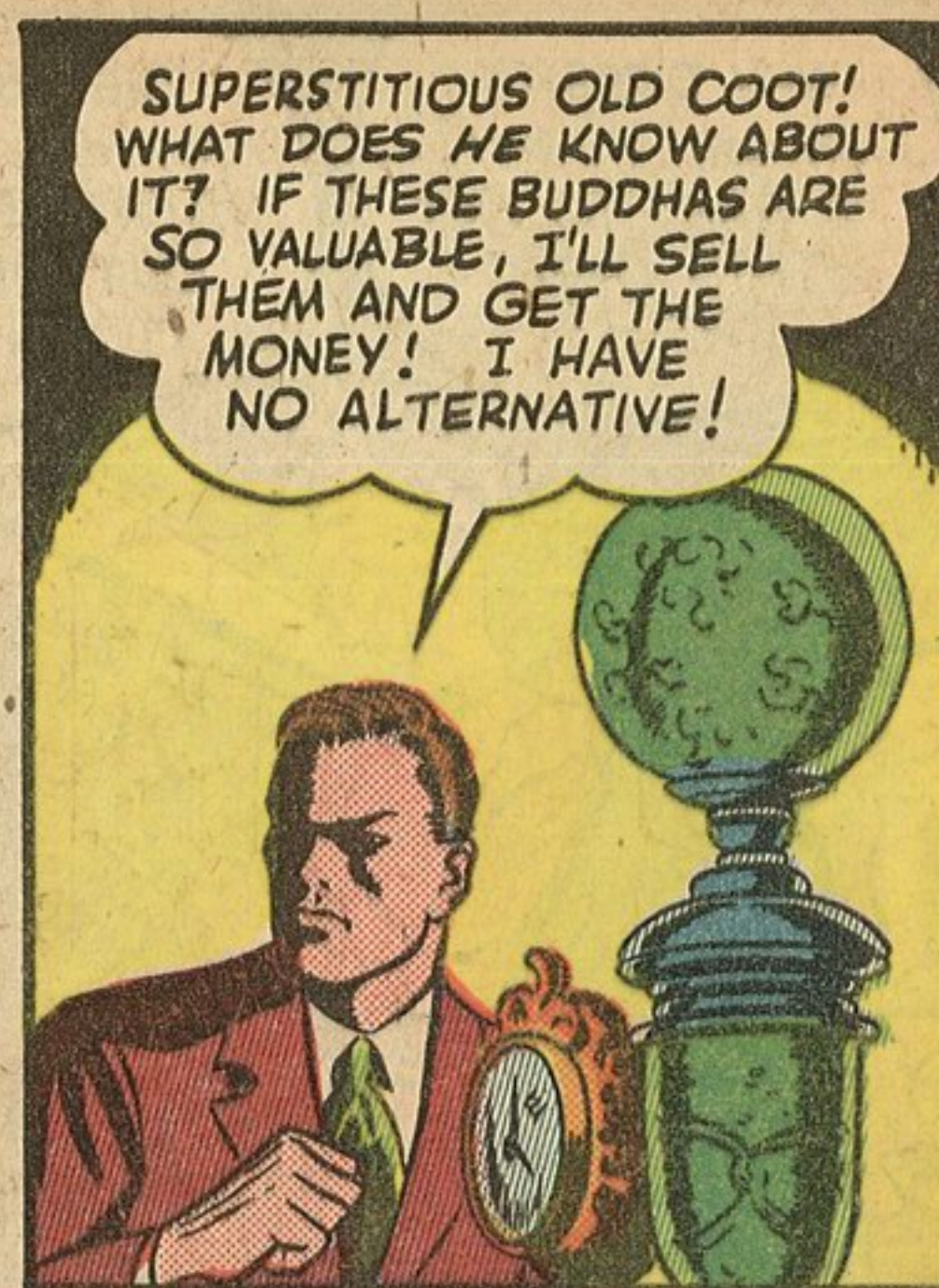
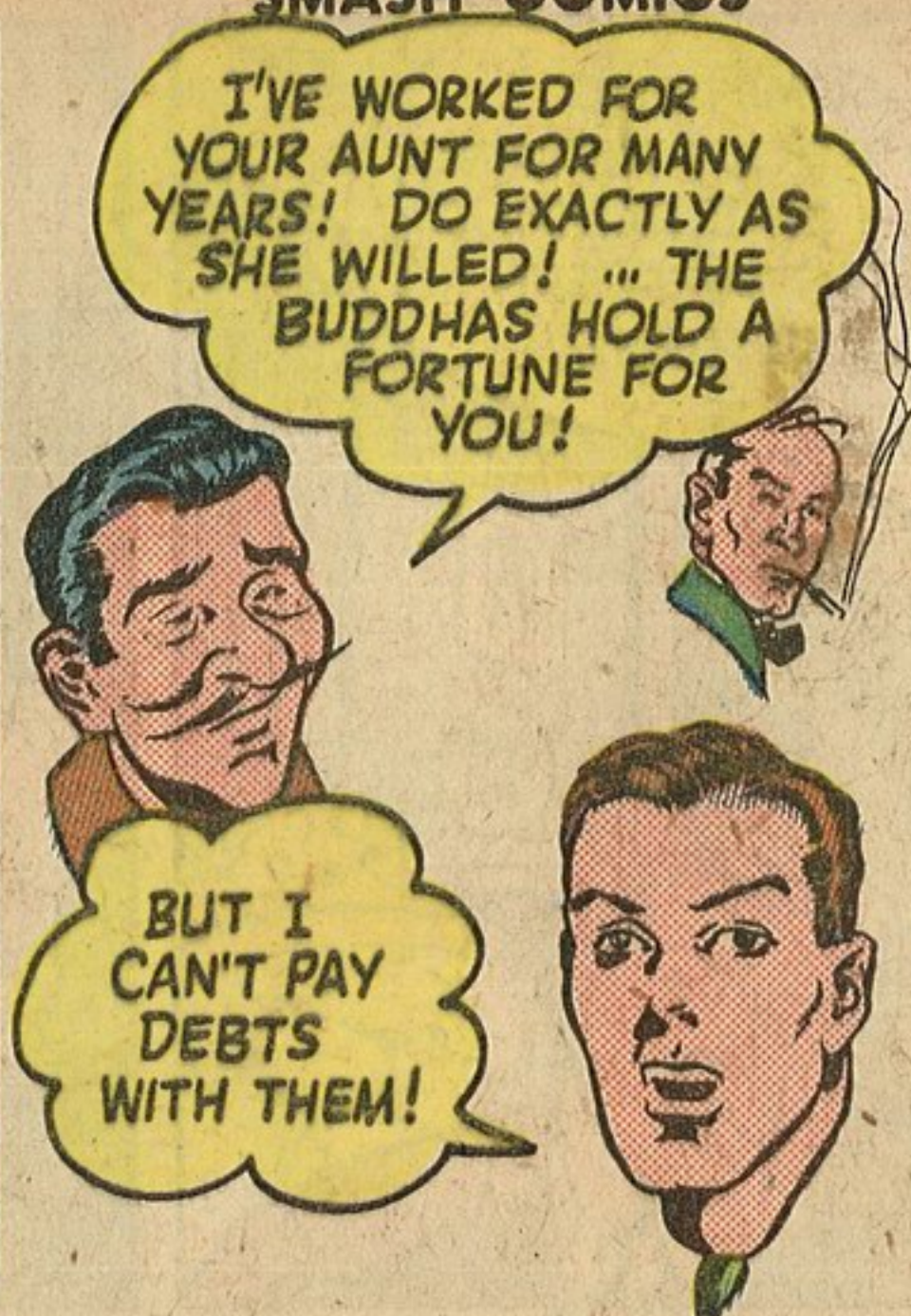


A STRANGE LEGACY!...
A HIDDEN FORTUNE!...
MYSTERY!...
ROBBERY!...
MURDER!!

A PLOT IS WOVEN OF CRIMES, BUT AT LAST
IT IS UNRAVELLED WHEN ROOKIE RANKIN,
AMBITIOUS YOUNG COP, SETS OUT TO SOLVE
THE CASE OF THE BROKEN BUDDHA!!



SMASH COMICS



LUCIUS
MUST BE
CRAZY!
STILL ---



ONE DOLLAR!
THANK YOU!

GUESS I GOT
STUNG! ... BUT
IF HE'D SAID A
HUNDRED, I'D STILL
HAVE SCRATCHED
MY HEAD!



I SHOULD HAVE
BETTER SENSE! ...
WHAT WILL I DO
WITH A BROKEN
BUDDHA?



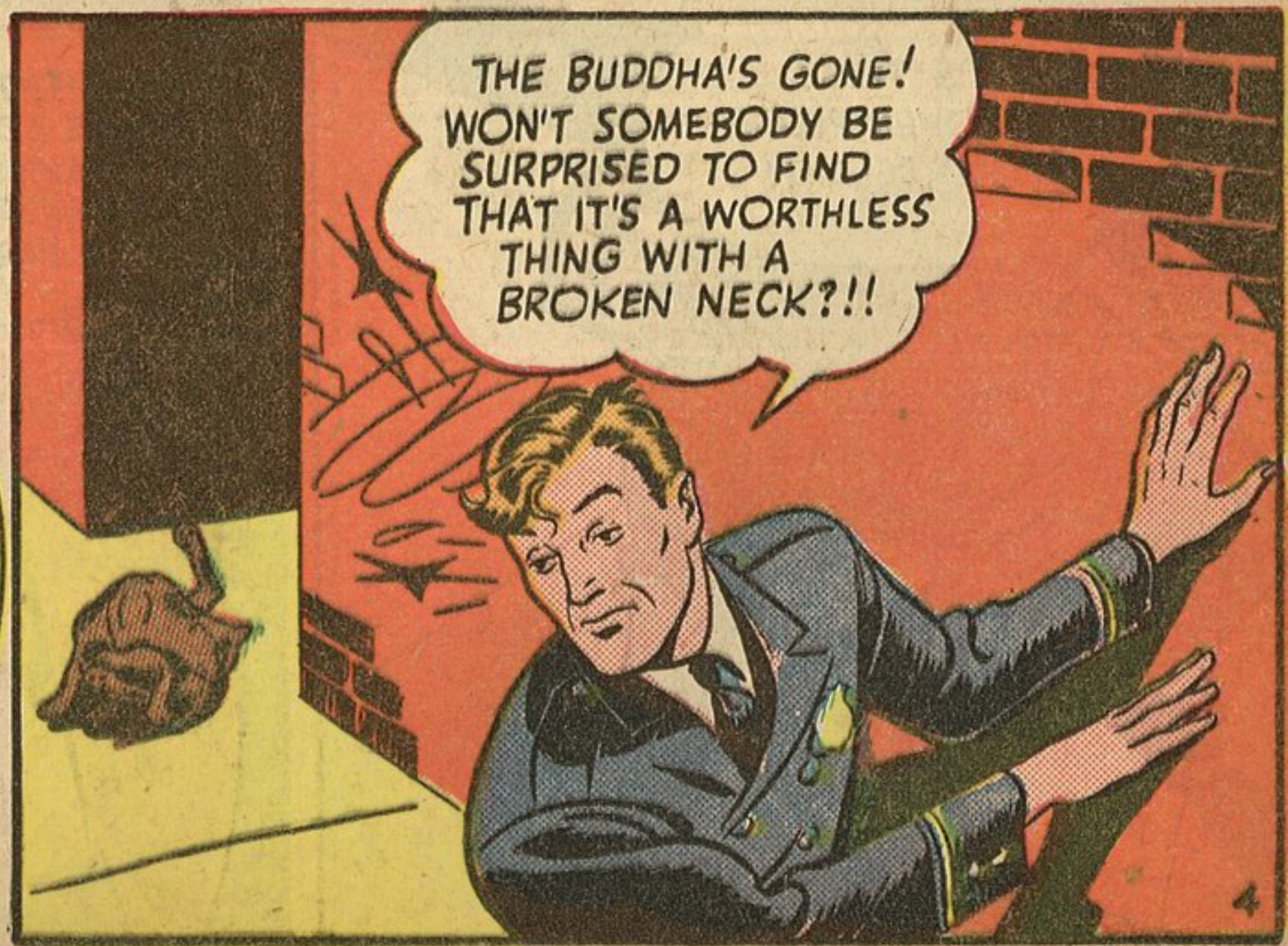
I'LL GO DOWN THE
ALLEY! I'D NEVER LIVE
IT DOWN IF ANY OF THE
GUYS SAW ME CARRYING
THIS THING!



UGH!



JUPITER!
THE BUILDING
MUST HAVE COME
DOWN ON MY
HEAD!



THE BUDDHA'S GONE!
WON'T SOMEBODY BE
SURPRISED TO FIND
THAT IT'S A WORTHLESS
THING WITH A
BROKEN NECK?!!



SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT! GUESS I'M NEEDED!



A PISTOL SHOT! ... THIS IS NO ORDINARY STREET FIGHT!



WHAT ... ? MURDER! -- IN COLD DAYLIGHT!



KEY! ... TO ... THE ... GRAVE!

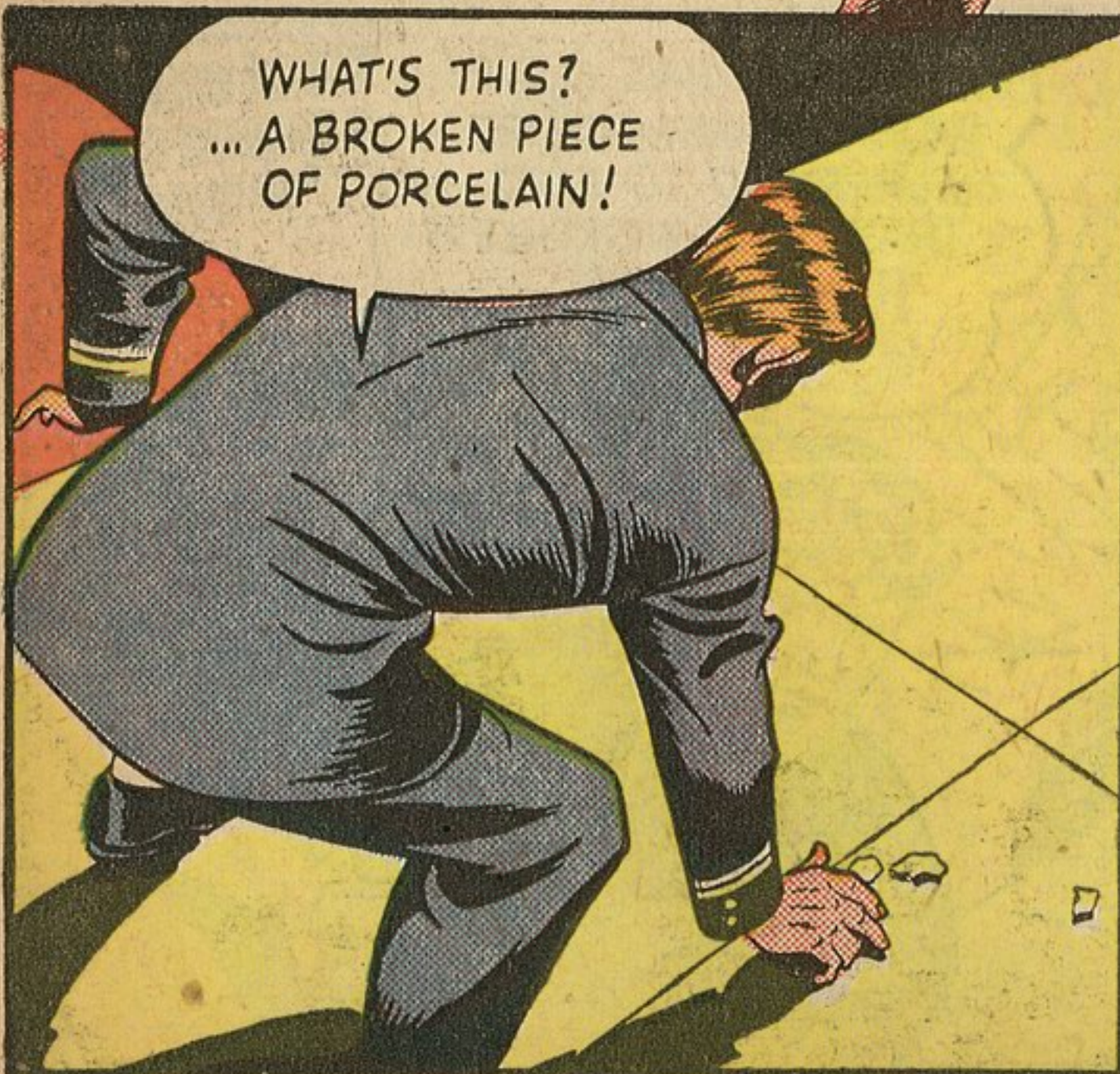
WHO DID THIS? ... TRY TO TELL ME!



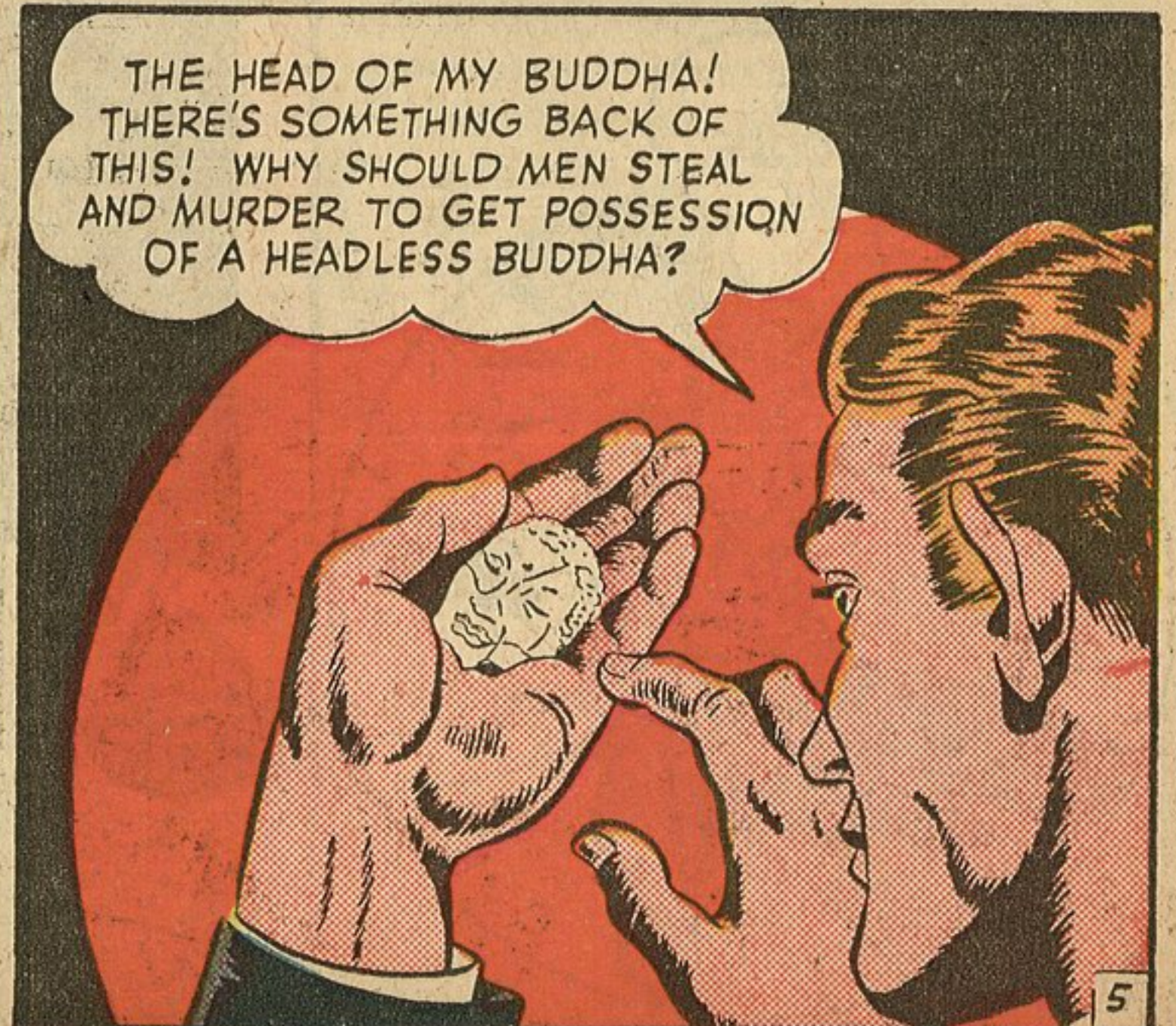
HE'S DEAD! AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO TELL ME! ... WHAT IS THIS KEY? ... AND WHAT ABOUT THE GRAVE? -- AND WHERE HAVE I SEEN HIM BEFORE?



I'VE GOT IT!! THIS MAN BID TEN DOLLARS FOR MY BUDDHA! ... THAT'S STRANGE!!!

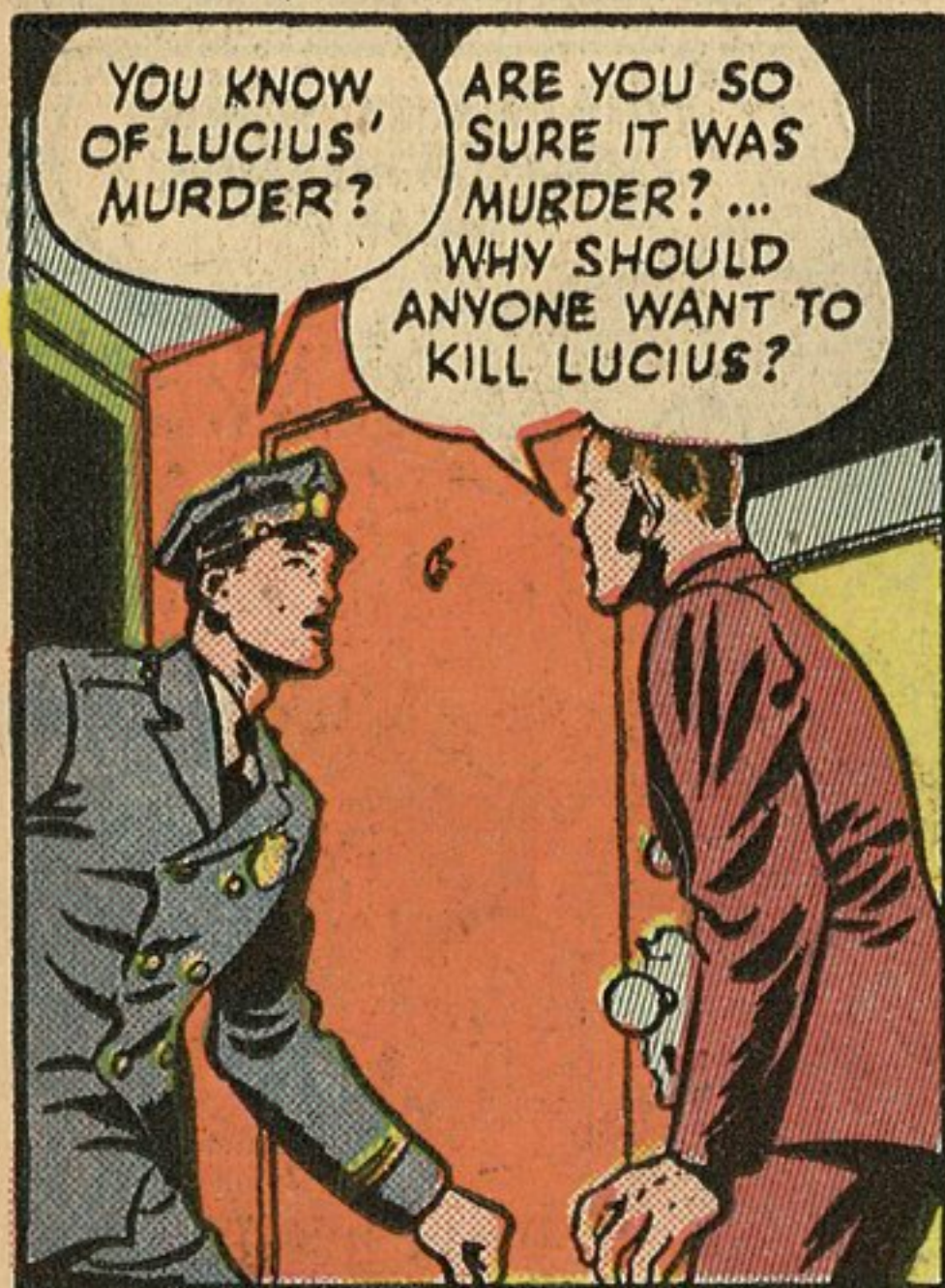
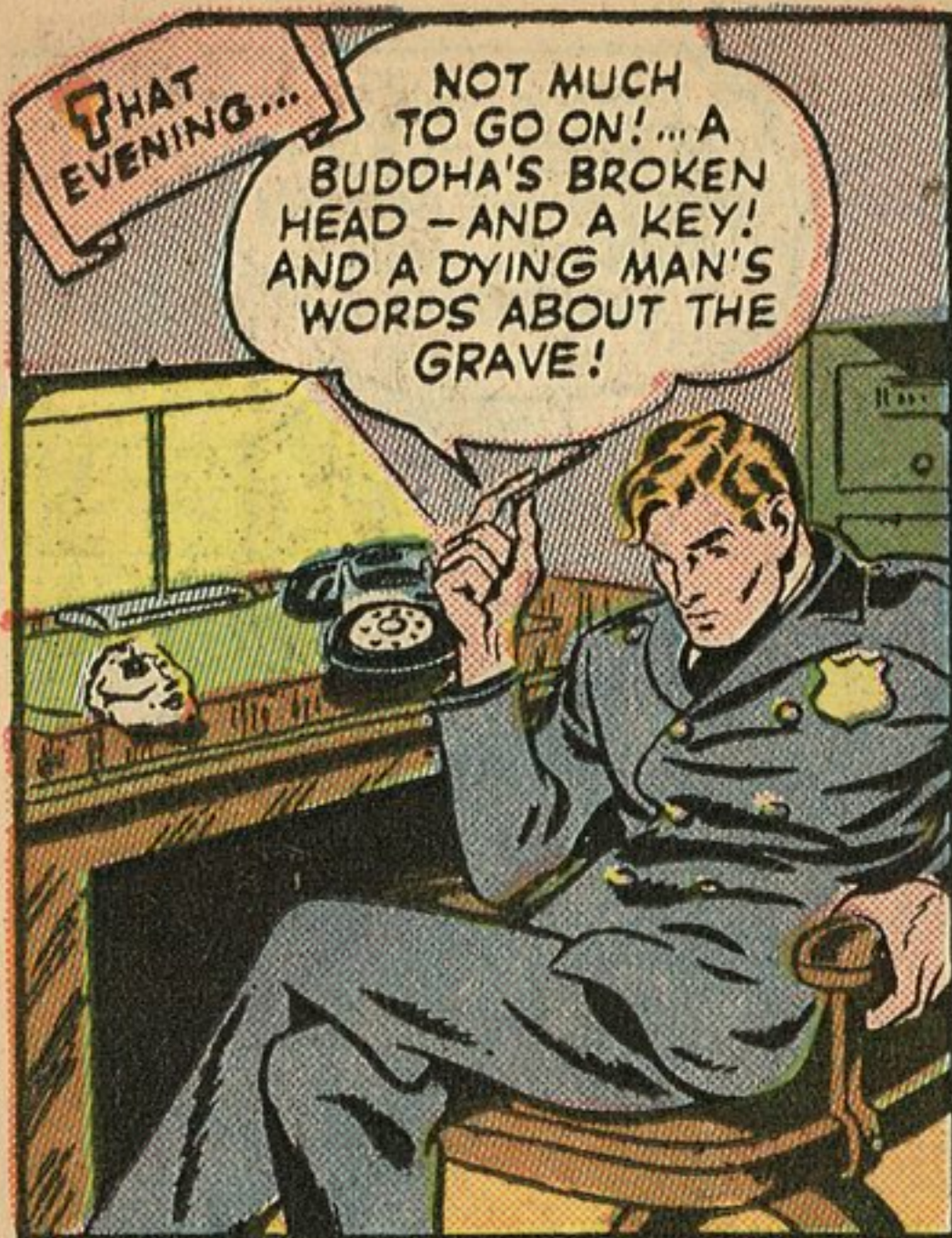


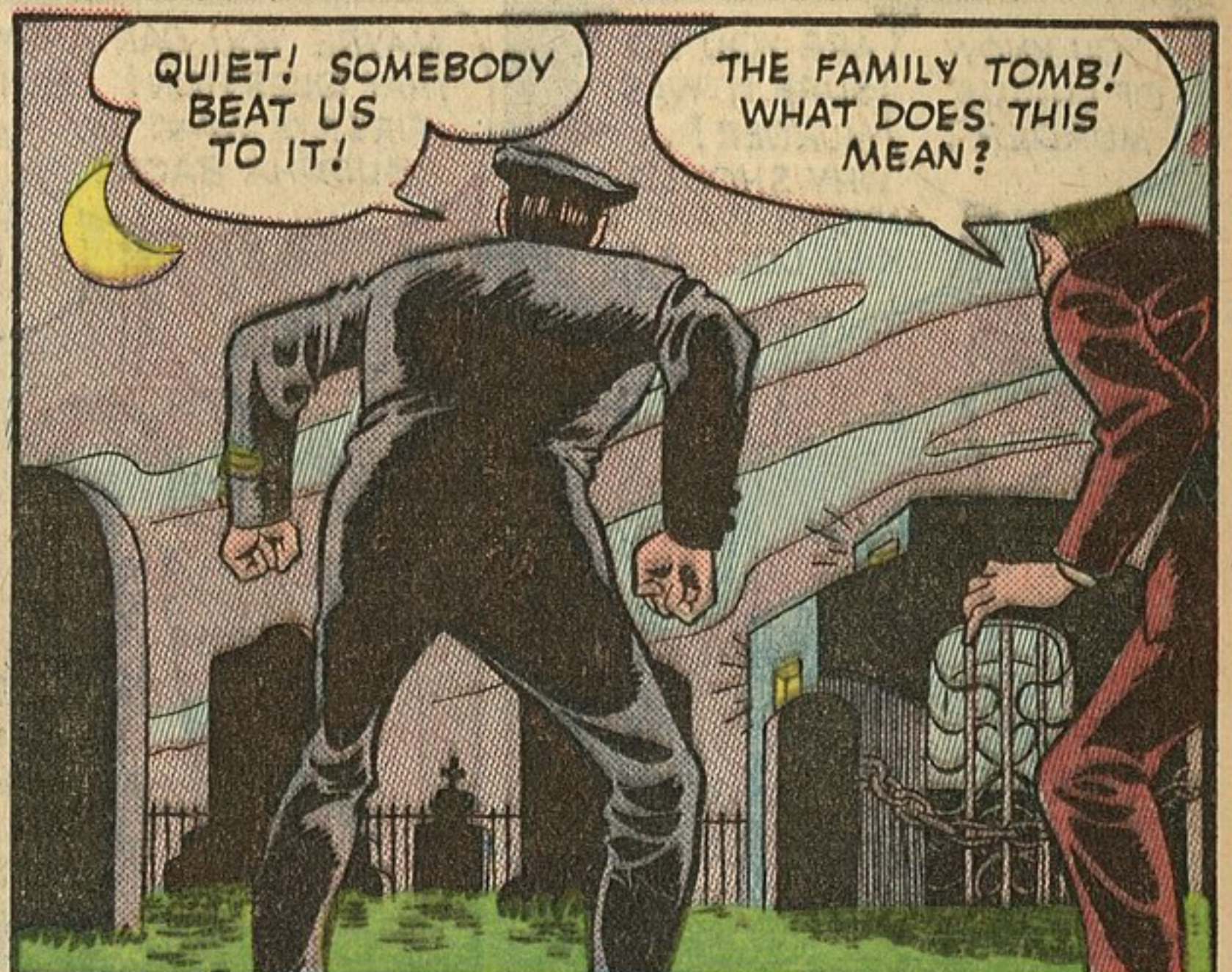
WHAT'S THIS? ... A BROKEN PIECE OF PORCELAIN!

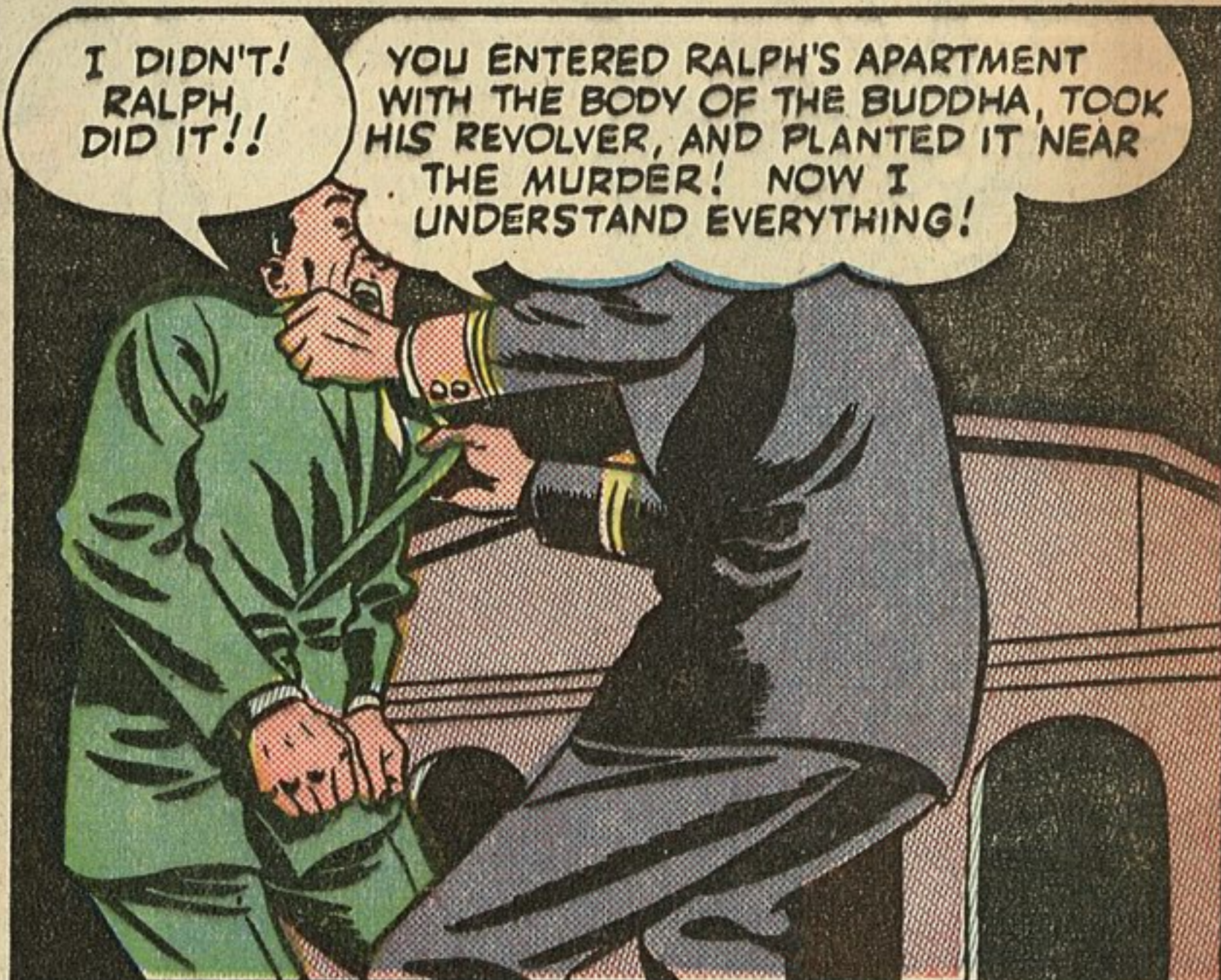


THE HEAD OF MY BUDDHA! THERE'S SOMETHING BACK OF THIS! WHY SHOULD MEN STEAL AND MURDER TO GET POSSESSION OF A HEADLESS BUDDHA?

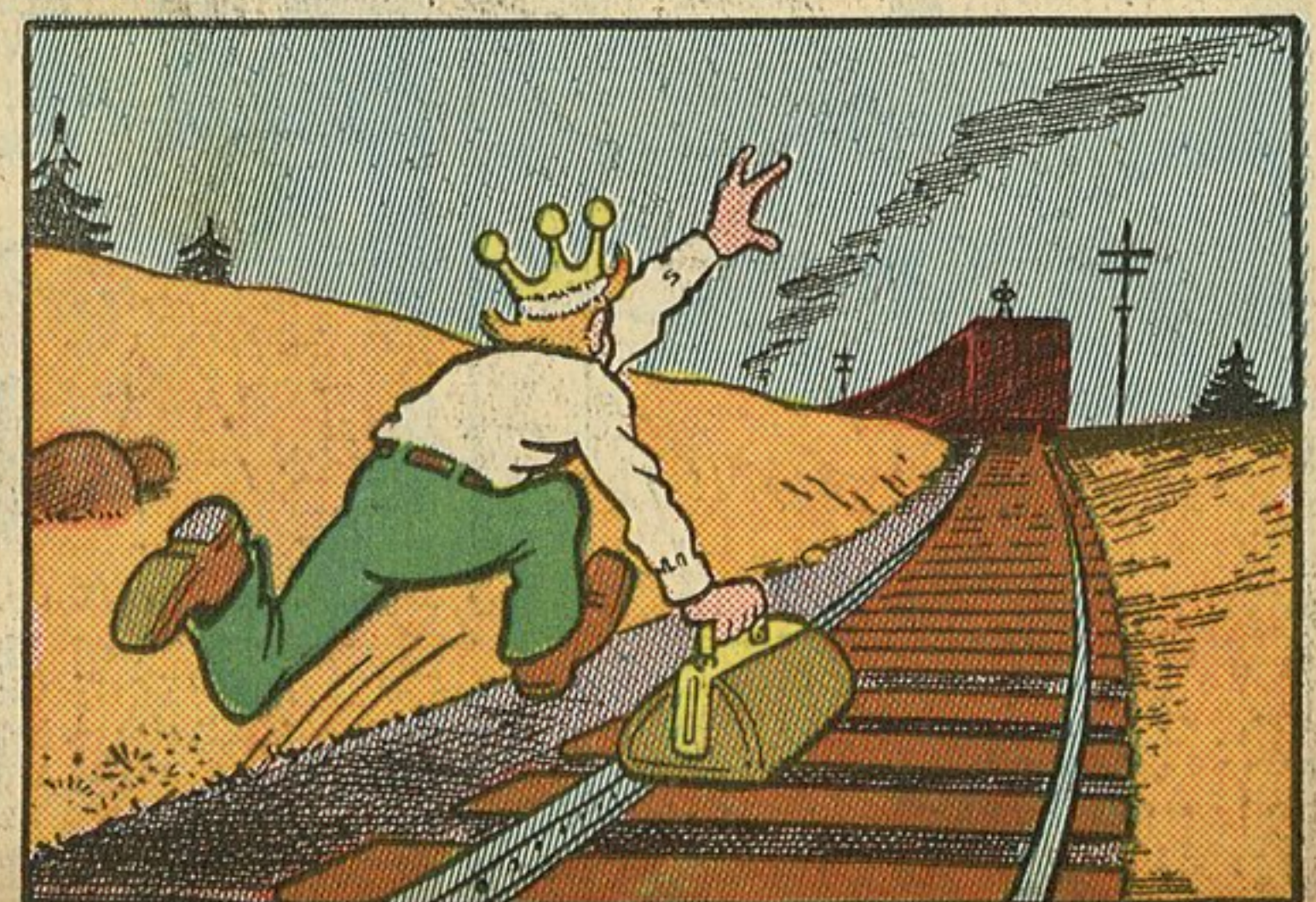
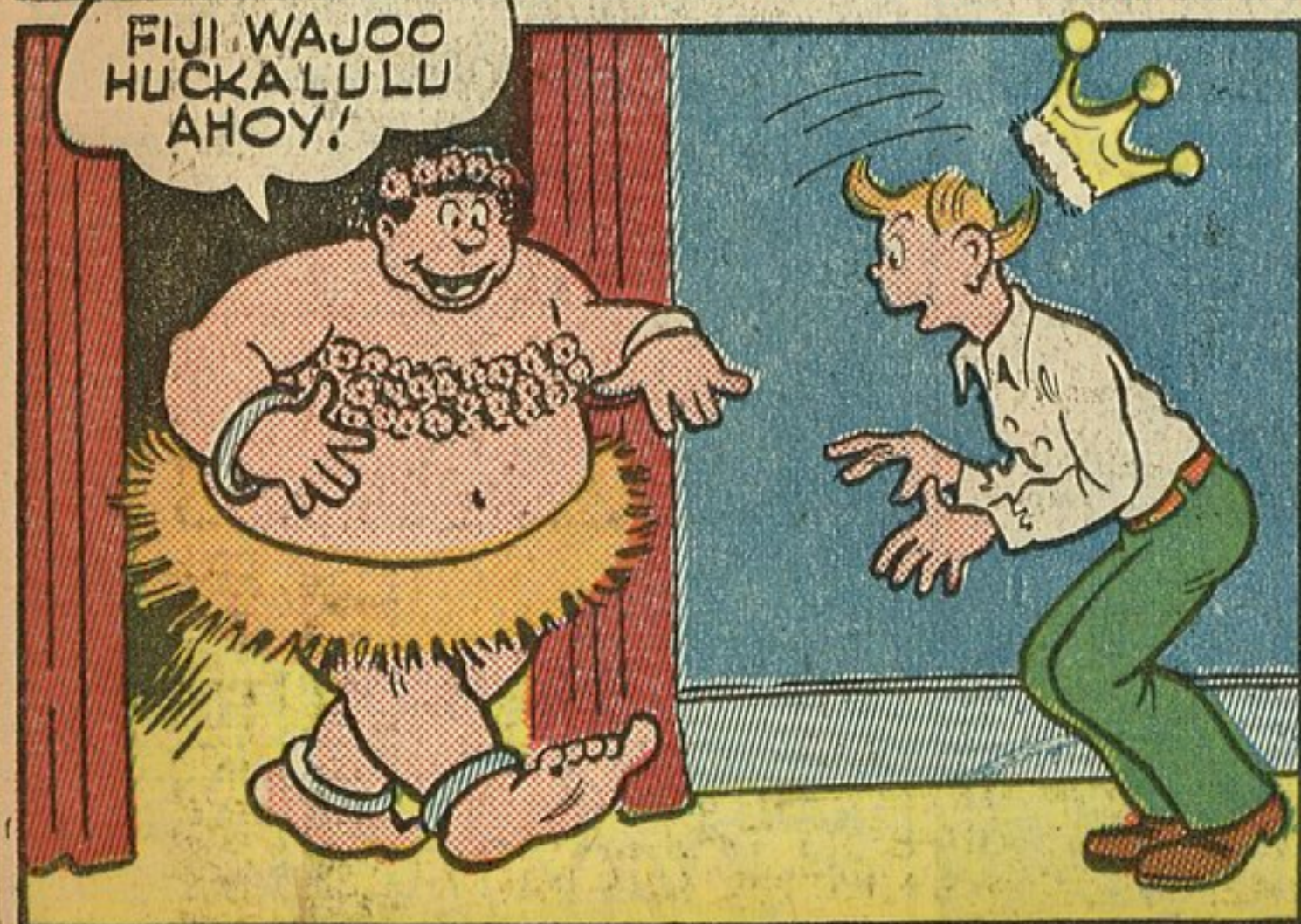
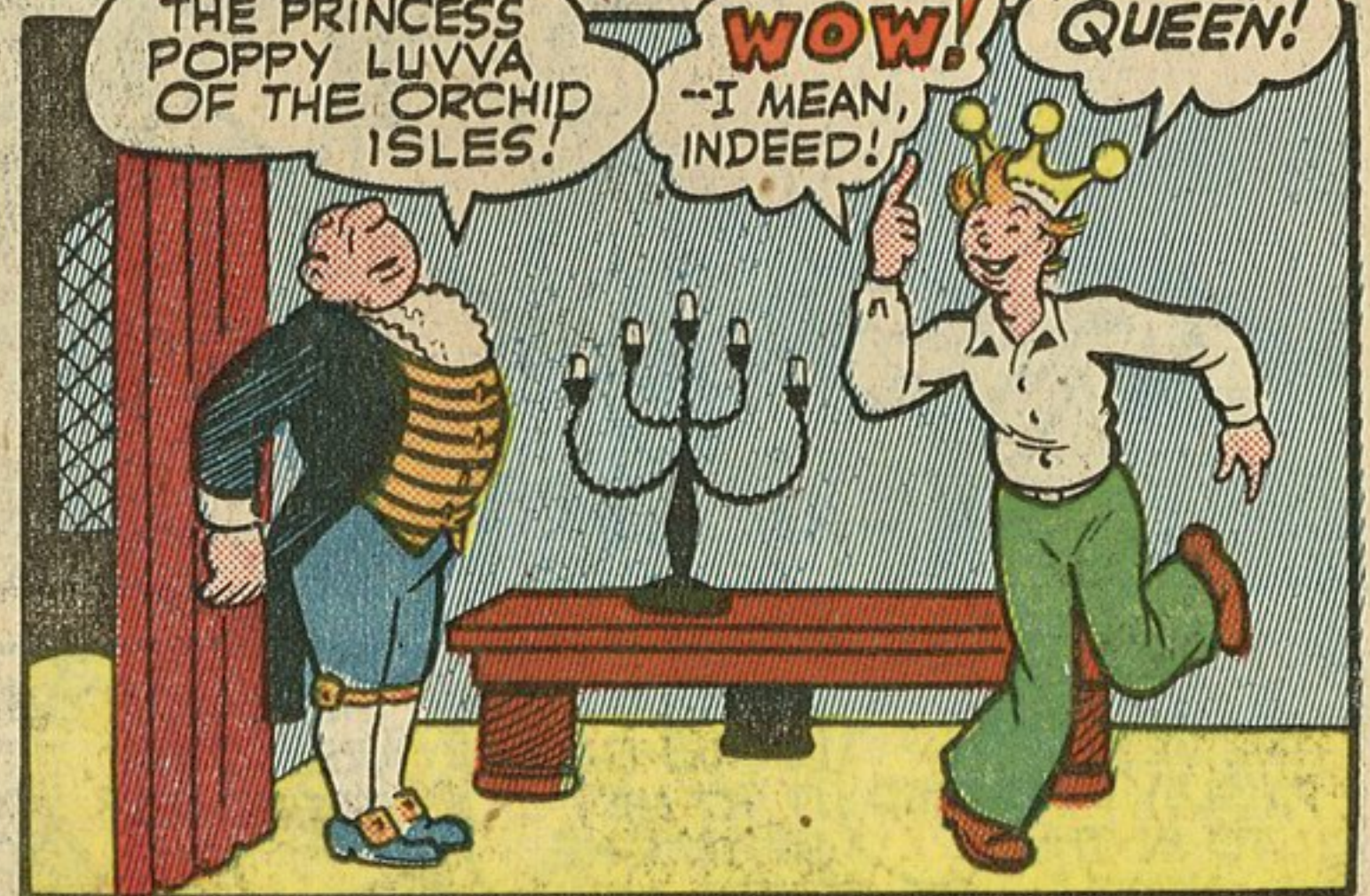
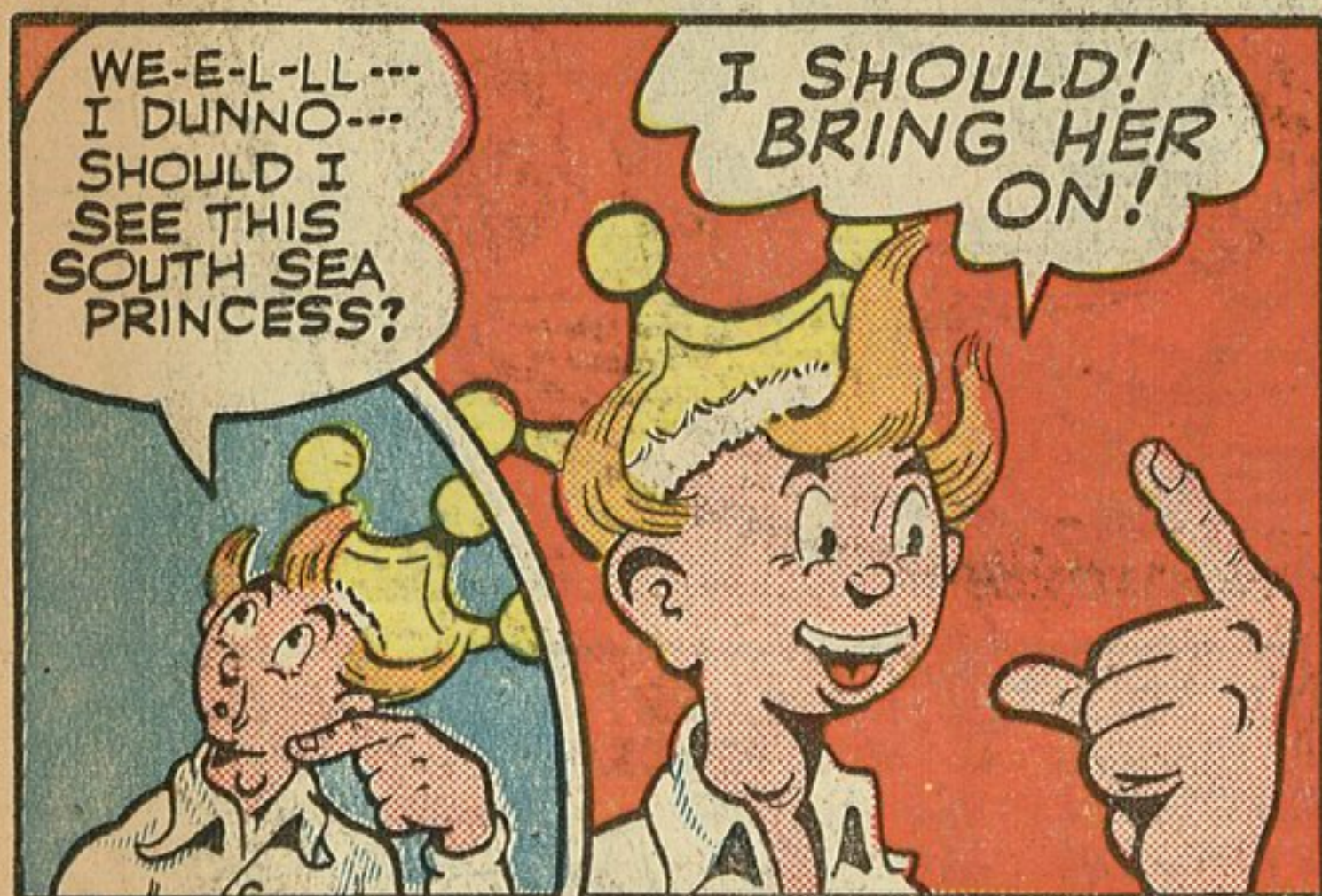
SMASH COMICS



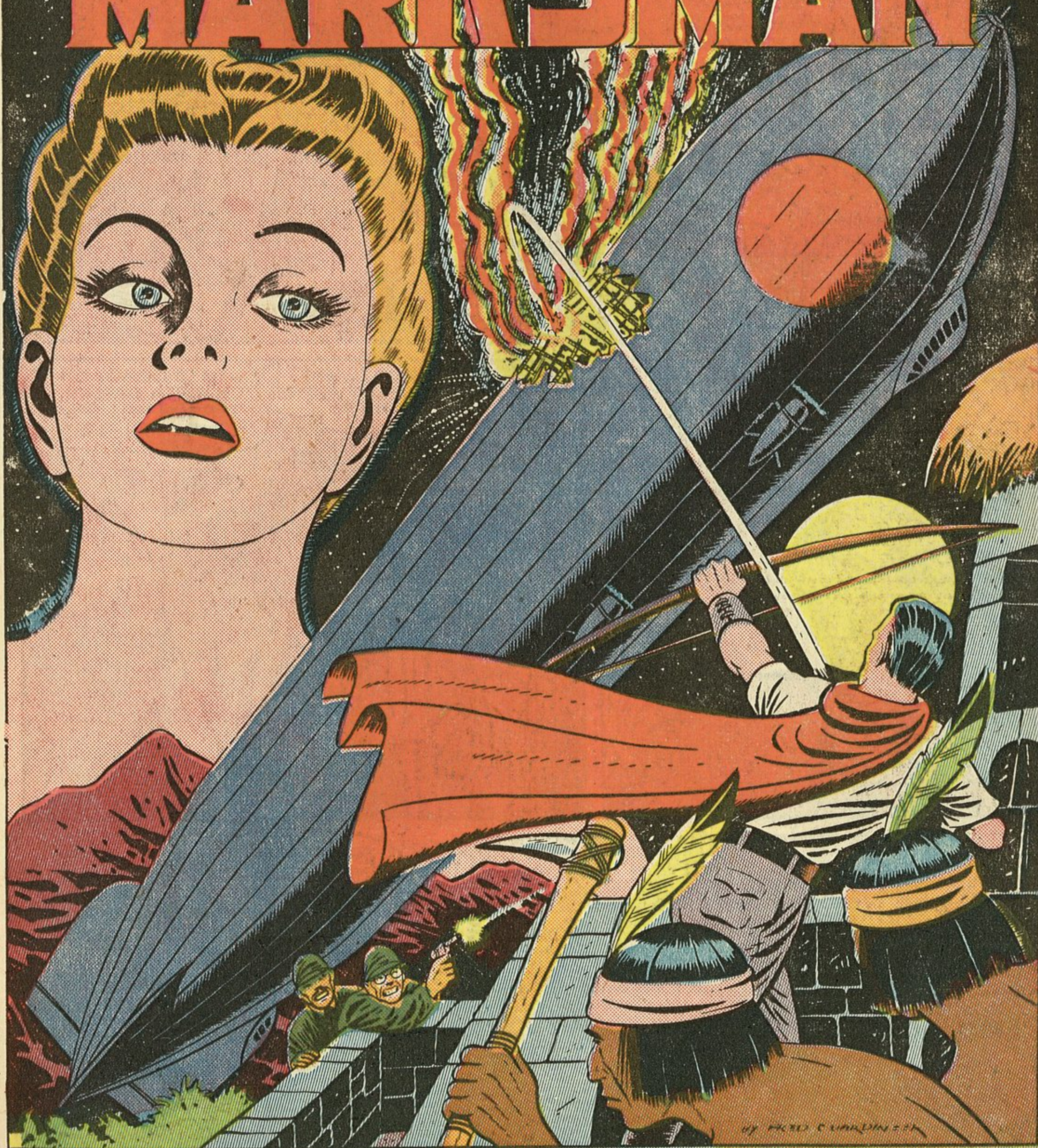




ANOTHER SWELL ROOKIE RANKIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SMASH** COMICS!



THE MARKSMAN



THE CHIQUO INDIANS WERE A FRIENDLY, PEACEFUL TRIBE, DWELLING IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES MOUNTAINS OF SOUTH AMERICA!! THEN THE TERROR STRUCK THEM!! BEFORE THEIR DAZED EYES THEY SAW A MOUNTAIN GROW OUT OF THE JUNGLE-AND THEN THE MOUNTAIN SHOOK WITH THUNDER AND FLEW INTO THE SKY TO RAIN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION UPON THEIR VILLAGE!! ONE YOUNG MAN, SON OF THE CHIEF... ESCAPED TO TELL HIS INCREDIBLE STORY..AND WHAT HE TOLD SENT THE FLAMING ARROWS OF THE DEADLY MARKSMAN TO THE BLACK HEART OF A SINISTER AXIS PLOT!

OUR TALE OF BLOOD AND TREACHERY BEGINS QUIETLY WITH A HUNTING PARTY OF PEACEFUL CHICUO INDIANS NEAR THE ANDEAN FOOTHILLS OF SOUTH AMERICA..



PICO AND UTU SHOULD RETURN BY NOW, OH MACHI!

AYE! THEY WENT TO SEE IF ANY GAME ROAMS IN THE VALLEY OF THE SUN! IF SO, WE SHALL HUNT THERE...

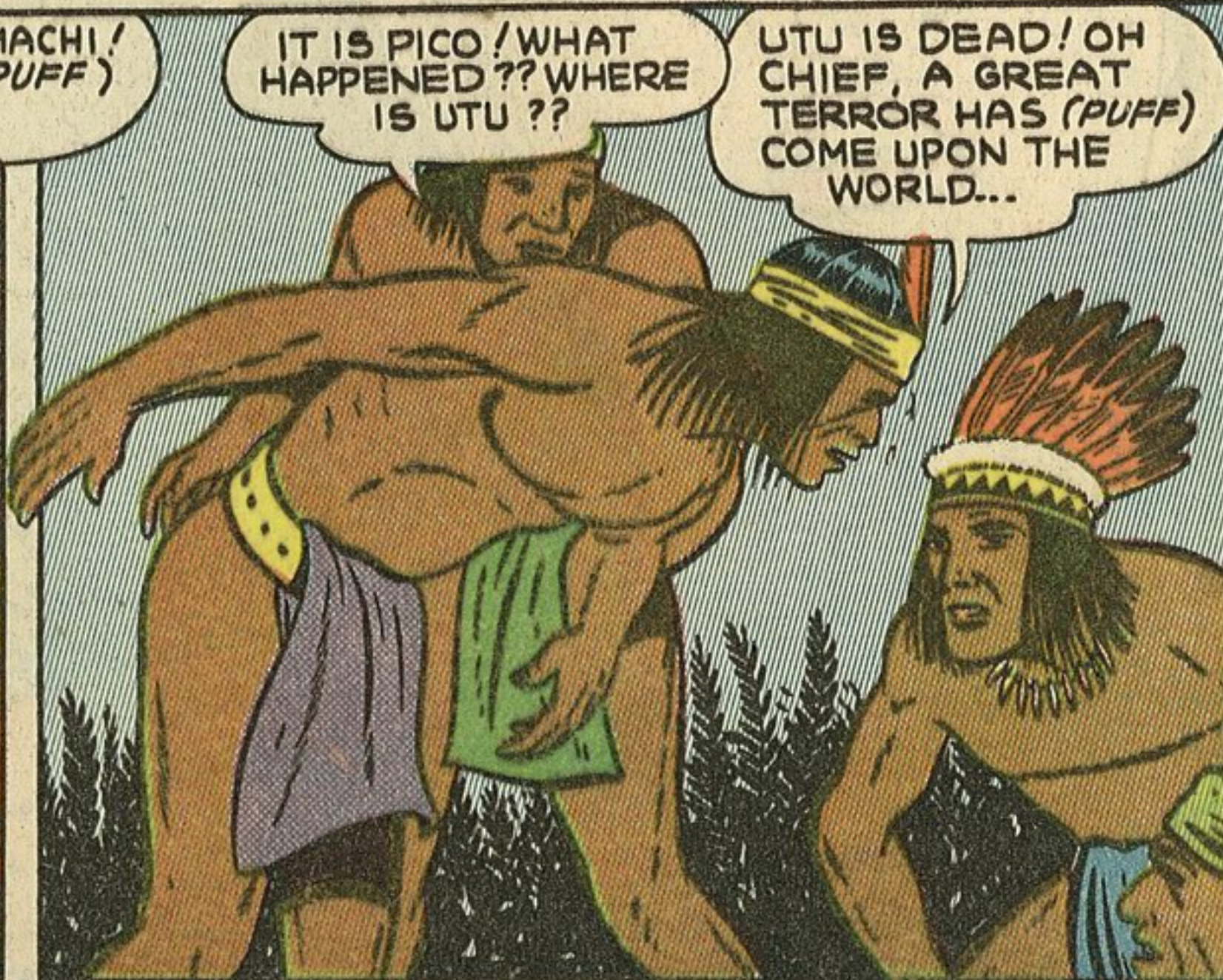


SOMEONE COMES HASTILY AND WITHOUT STEALTH!

CHIEF MACHI! (PUFF-PUFF)

IT IS PICO! WHAT HAPPENED?? WHERE IS UTU??

UTU IS DEAD! OH CHIEF, A GREAT TERROR HAS (PUFF) COME UPON THE WORLD...



WE WENT TO THE VALLEY! IT IS NO LONGER A VALLEY! NOW A GREAT BLACK MOUNTAIN GROWS THERE- AND IT MOVES! IT SLEW UTU..

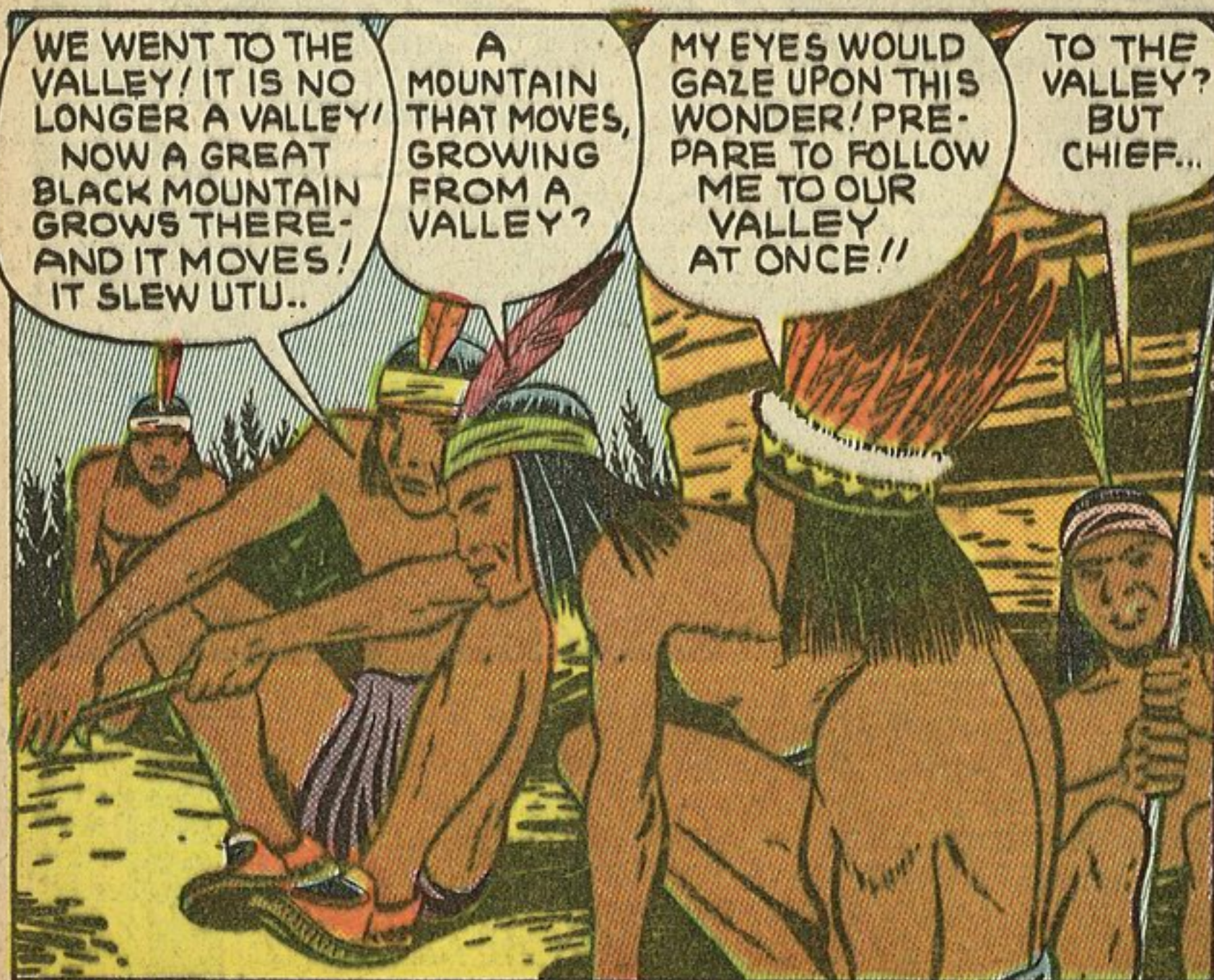
A MOUNTAIN THAT MOVES, GROWING FROM A VALLEY?

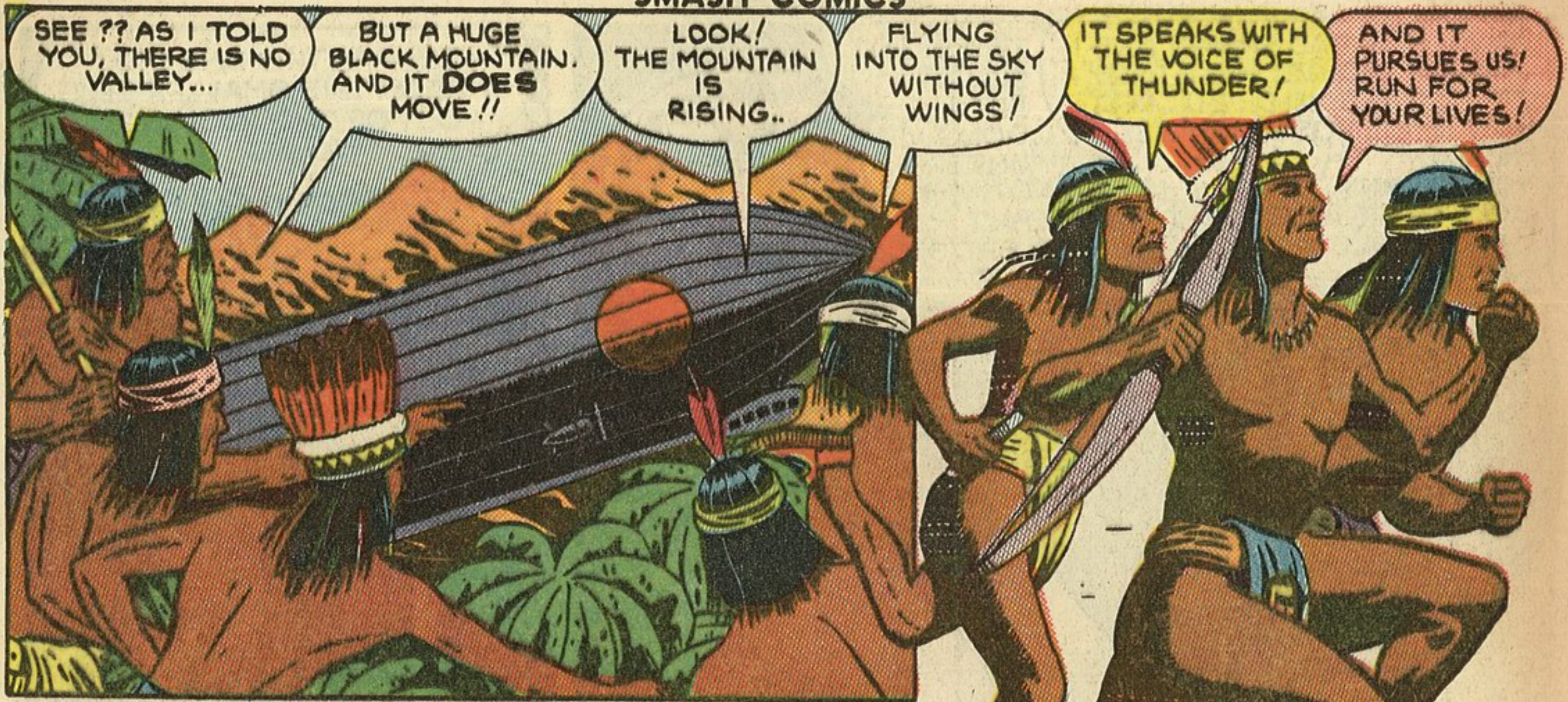
MY EYES WOULD GAZE UPON THIS WONDER! PREPARE TO FOLLOW ME TO OUR VALLEY AT ONCE!!

TO THE VALLEY? BUT CHIEF...

SILENCE! IF YOUR HEART IS FAINT, GO HOME! THOSE WHO DARE, COME WITH ME!!

WE FOLLOW, MIGHTY MACHI!!





SEE ?? AS I TOLD YOU, THERE IS NO VALLEY...

BUT A HUGE BLACK MOUNTAIN. AND IT DOES MOVE !!

LOOK! THE MOUNTAIN IS RISING..

FLYING INTO THE SKY WITHOUT WINGS!

IT SPEAKS WITH THE VOICE OF THUNDER!

AND IT PURSUES US! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



IT ATTACKS! ARGH-H-H!!

IT KILLS- UGHHH!

BUT WHEN THE TERROR HAS PASSED ON -A FIGURE STIRS..



MUST GO FIND WHITE FRIENDS- WARN THEM... DEATH FROM FLYING MOUNTAIN!

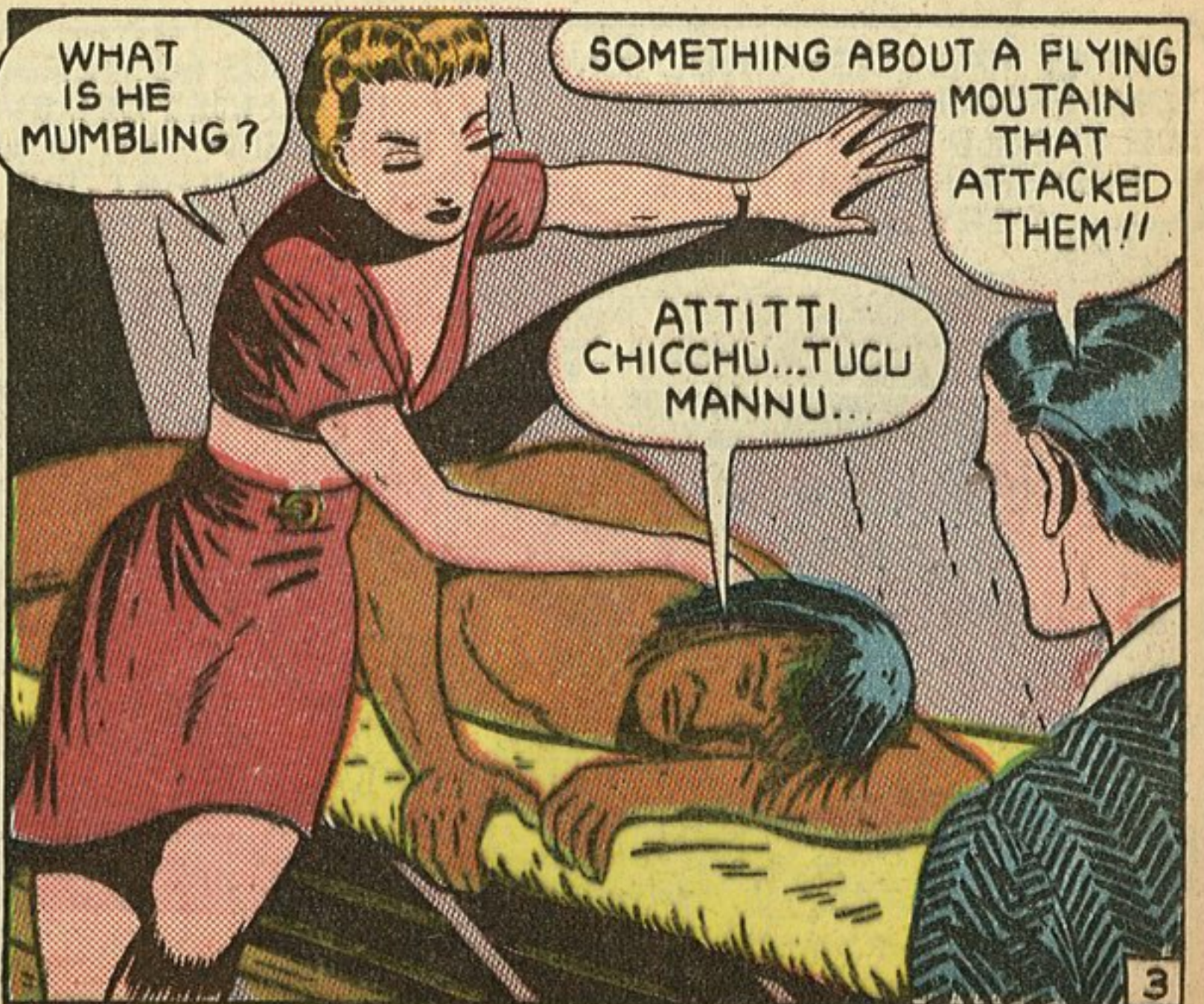
LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, THE CAMP OF BARON POVALSKI, POLISH NOBLEMAN WHO SECRETLY IS THE DREAD MARKSMAN, TERROR OF THE AXIS!



THE MAP I FOUND ON THAT DEAD NAZI BORE A RED X AROUND THIS SPOT SOMEWHERE. WHO KNOWS WHAT PLOT IS HATCHING IN THE JUNGLE?

BUT TO FIND IT SEEMS SO HOPELESS, EEK! AN INDIAN-WOUNDED!!

H-HELP!



WHAT IS HE MUMBLING?

SOMETHING ABOUT A FLYING MOUNTAIN THAT ATTACKED THEM!!

ATTITTI CHICCHU...TUCU MANNU...

LATER

HOW IS HE? DID YOU GET ANY MORE OF HIS WILD, IMPOSSIBLE STORY??

IN BAD SHAPE! AND I DID GET HIS STORY! IT'S WILD - BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE! SEE HERE...

TWO SPENT BULLETS - BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! MOUNTAINS CAN'T FLY AND SHOOT GUNS!

STAND! MOUNTAINS CAN'T FLY AND SHOOT GUNS!



YOU MEAN IT'S IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR THE MARKSMAN TO INVESTIGATE?

DECIDEDLY! THAT SMALLER SLUG IS A CALIBER .25 - THE SIZE USED IN JAP MACHINE GUNS AND NO OTHERS! THE JAPS ARE BEHIND THIS...

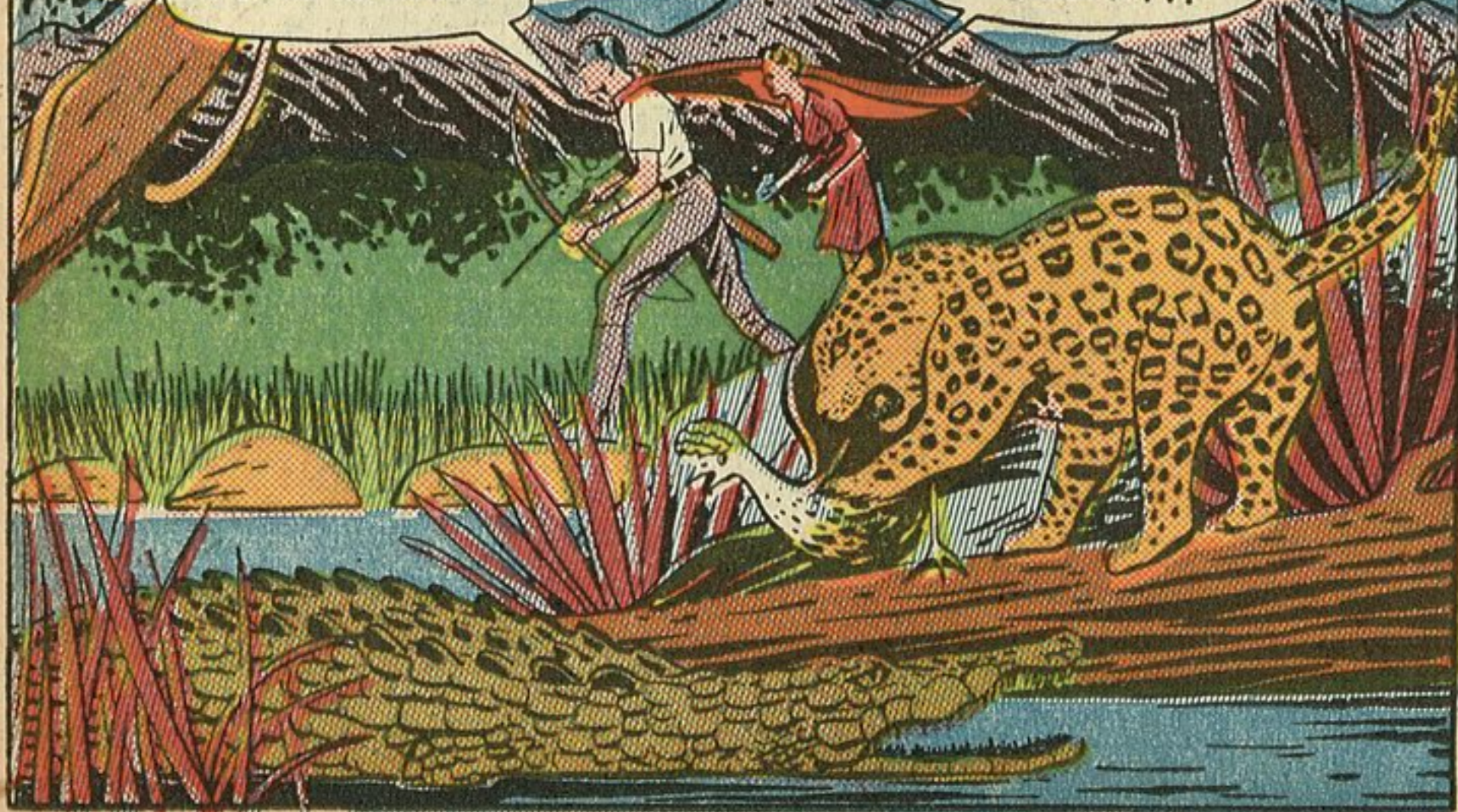
FOR YEARS JAP "COLONISTS" HAVE FILTERED INTO SOUTH AMERICA LAYING THE GROUND FOR INVASION! THIS MUST BE A TRICK OF THEIRS...

IT SURELY FRIGHTENED OUR INDIANS! THEY REFUSED TO STIR ANOTHER STEP!

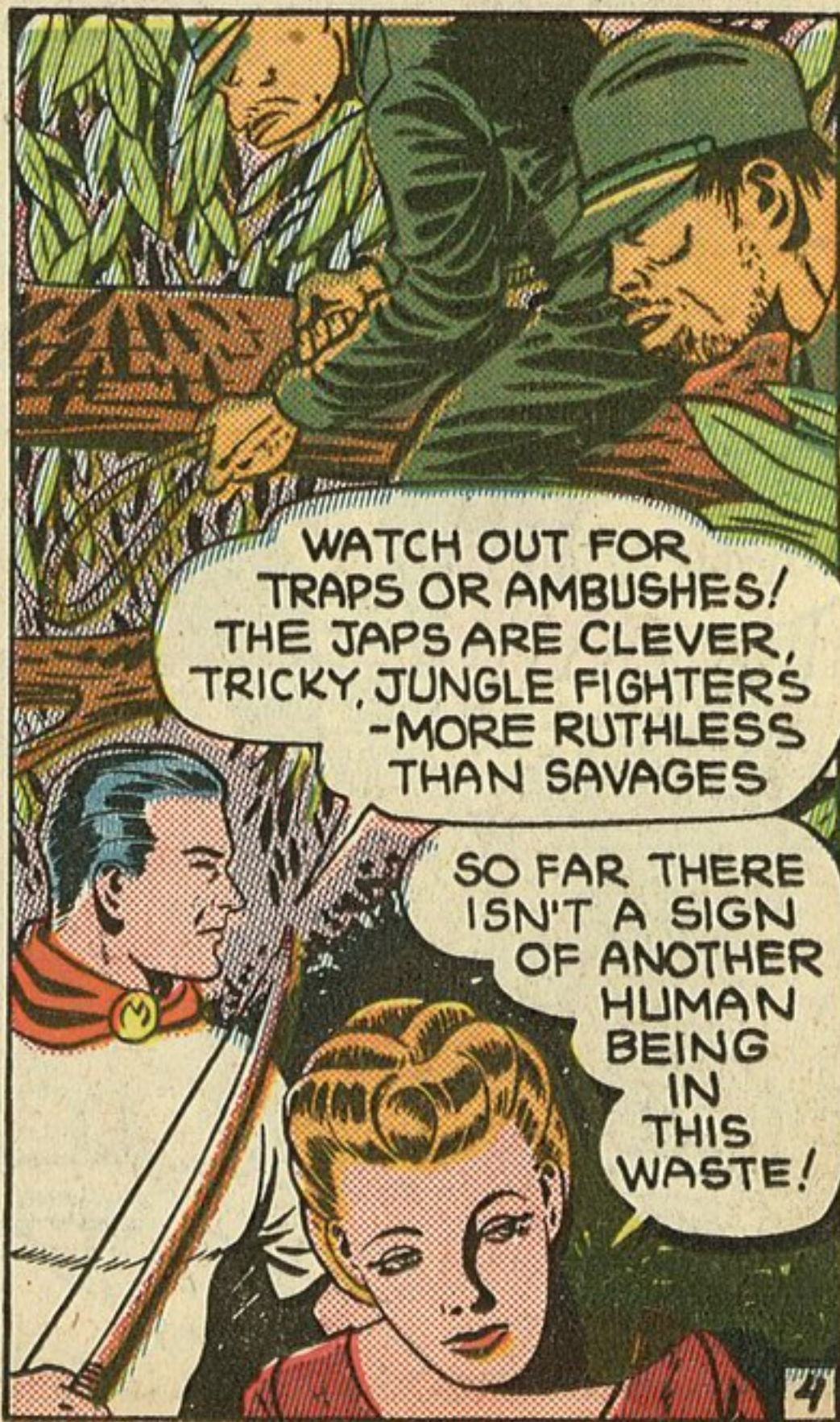
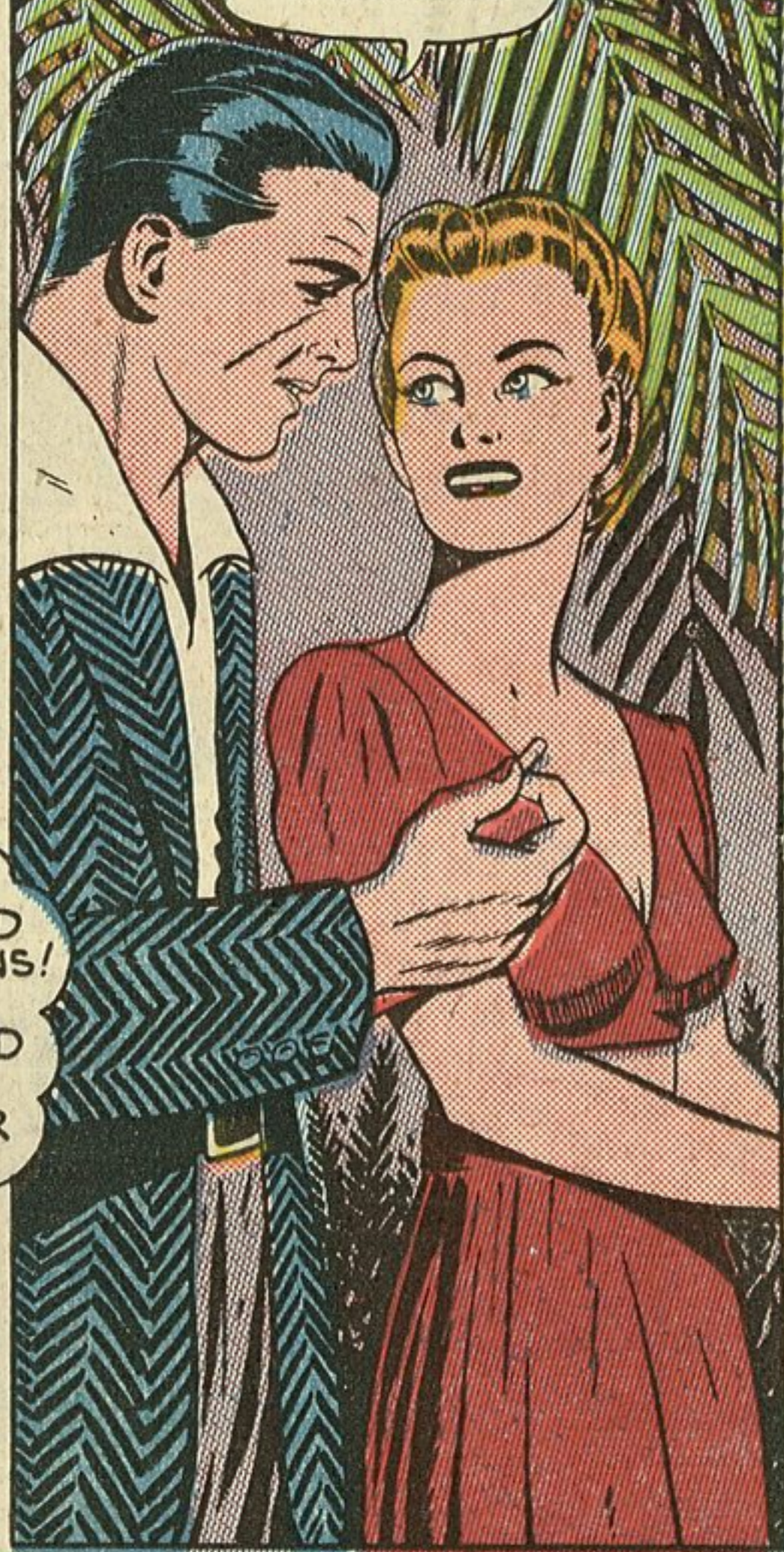


LUCKILY MACHI REMAINED CONSCIOUS LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE DIRECTIONS! WE SHOULD BE IN SIGHT OF THE MOUNTAIN THAT FLIES VERY SOON!

IT SOUNDS SO INCREDIBLE! I'D ALMOST BELIEVE IT'S INDIAN SUPERSTITION - EXCEPT FOR THAT JAP BULLET!!

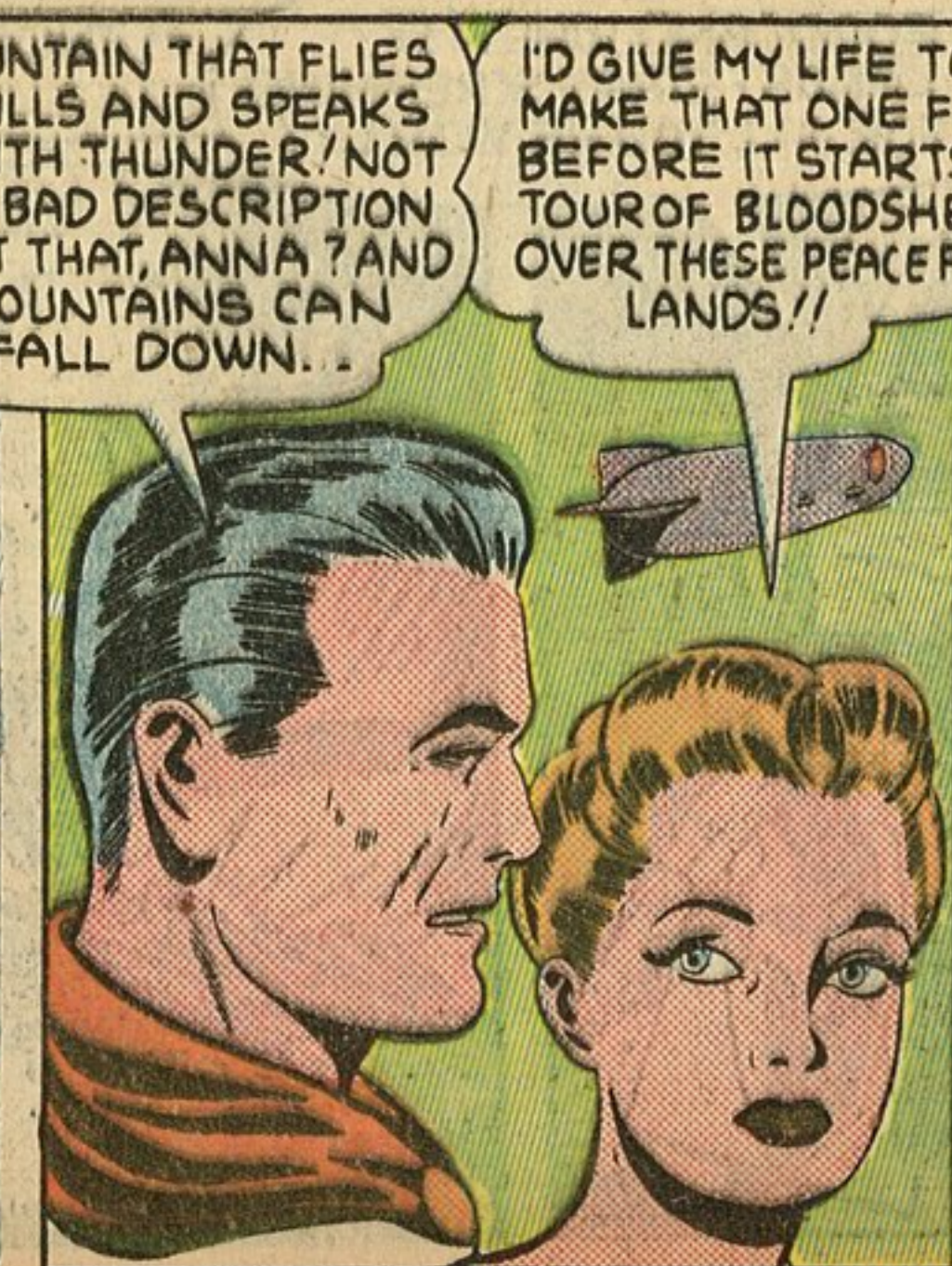


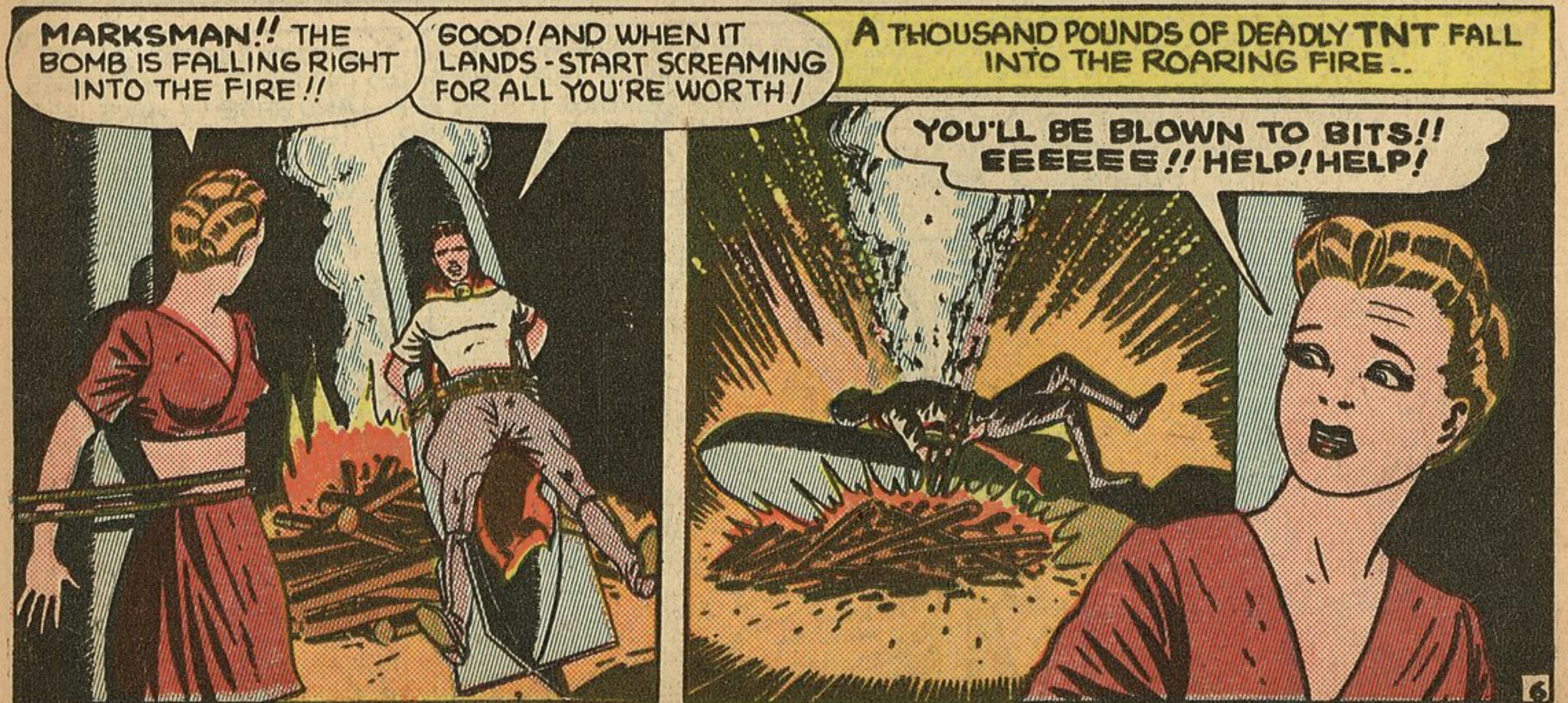
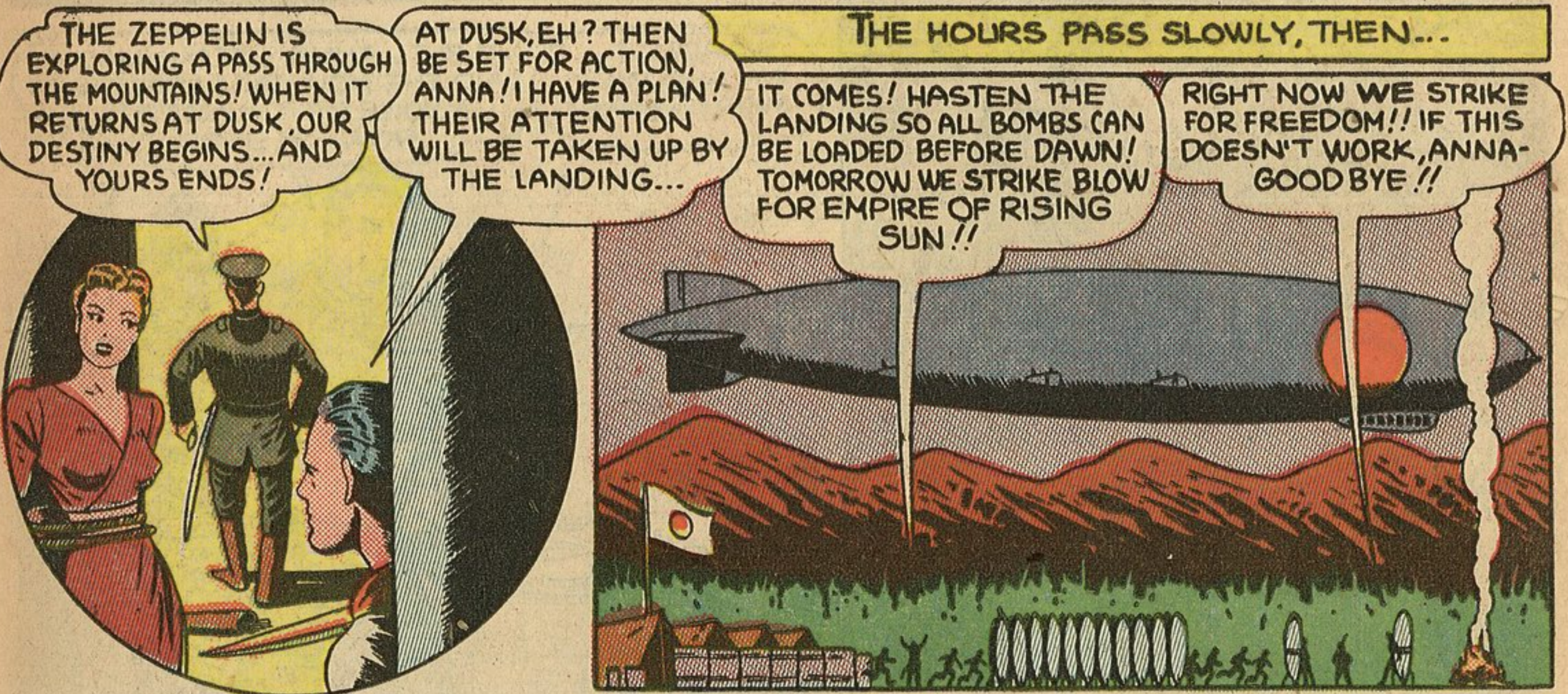
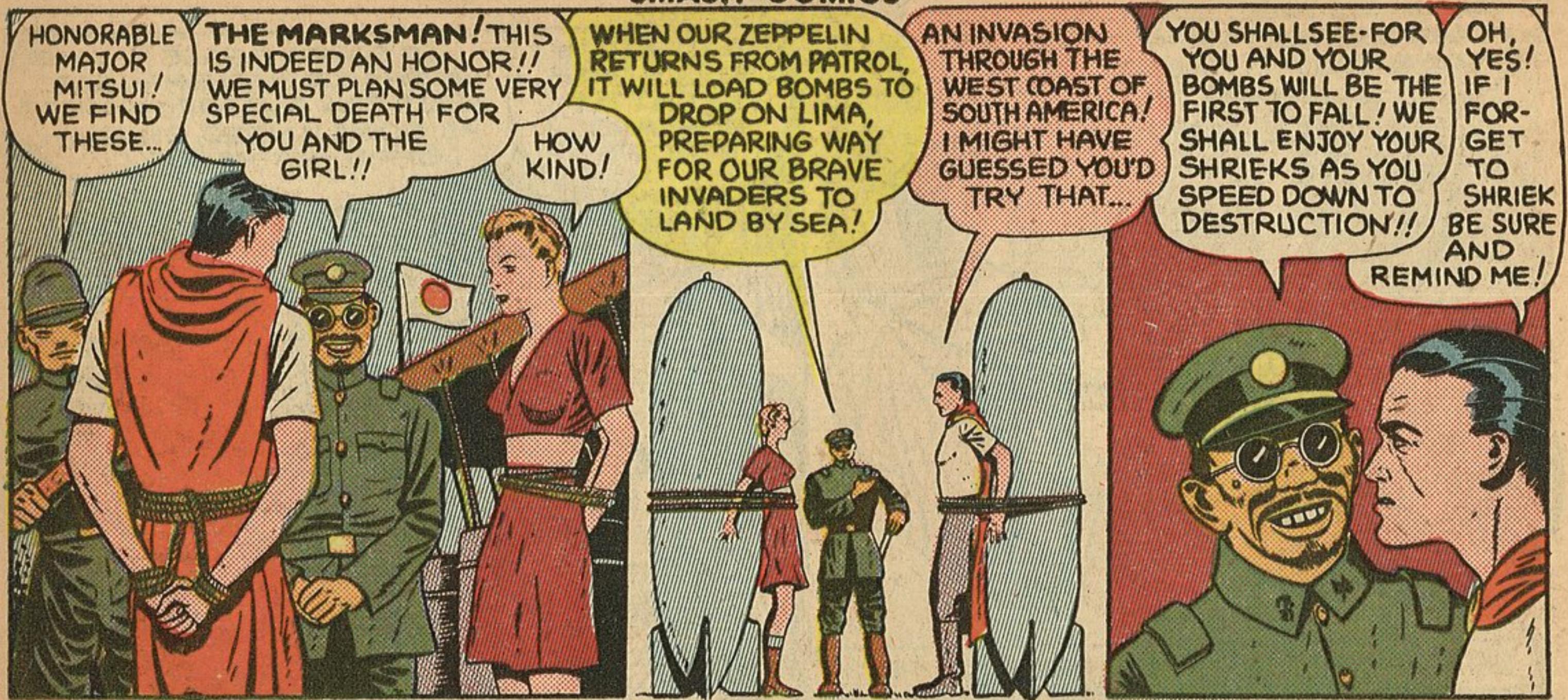
PERHAPS THIS ONE DID! I TOOK THIS SMALLER SLUG OUT OF THE INDIAN'S WOUND...



WATCH OUT FOR TRAPS OR AMBUSHES! THE JAPS ARE CLEVER, TRICKY, JUNGLE FIGHTERS - MORE RUTHLESS THAN SAVAGES

SO FAR THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING IN THIS WASTE!





SMASH COMICS

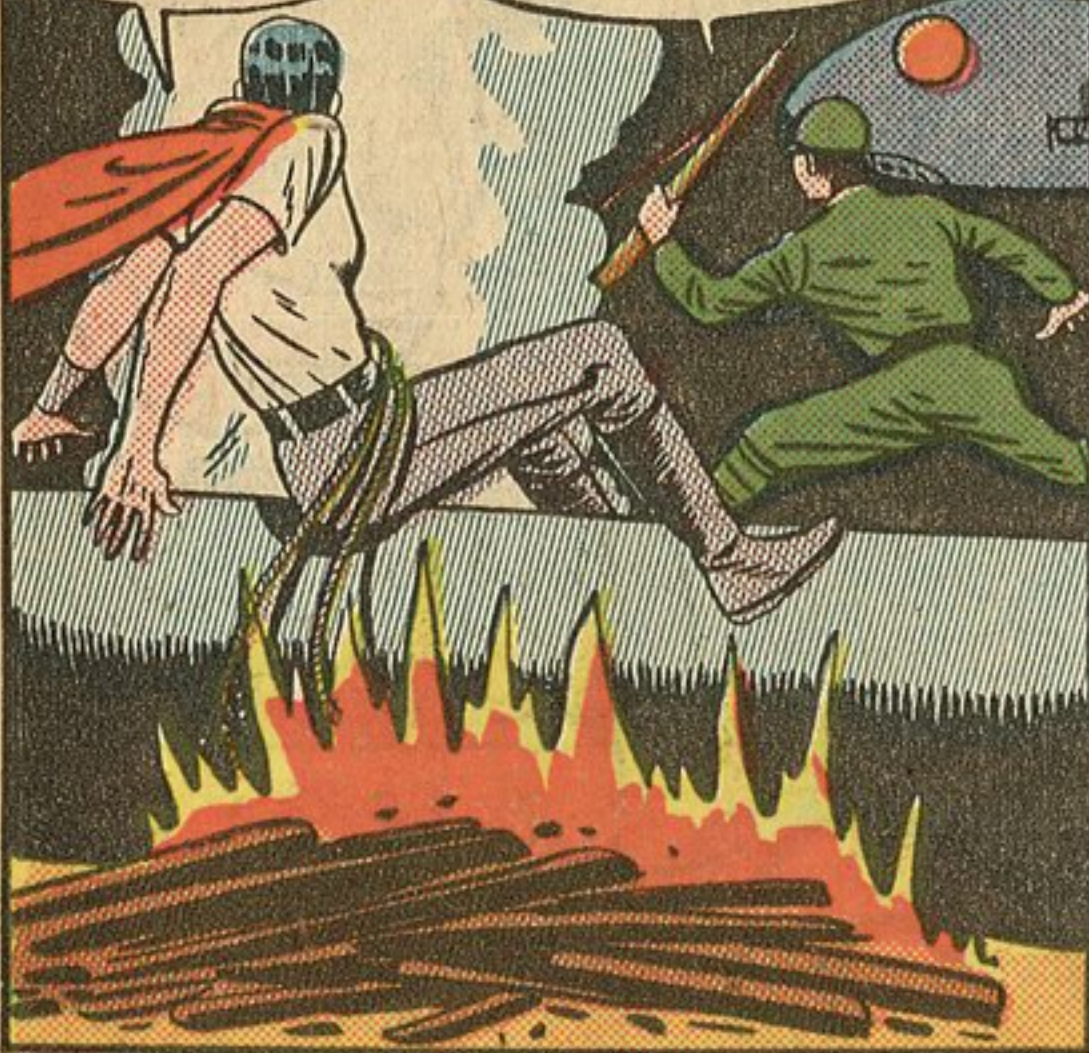
SO FAR SO GOOD! THE FIRE BURNED AWAY THESE ROPES!

AIEEE!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! FIRE WILL EXPLODE BOMB!

MARKSMAN! HURRY, BEFORE THE BOMB EXPLODES!

DON'T WORRY! IT WILL TAKE A LONG TIME FOR THAT FIRE TO SET IT OFF! THE METAL DISSIPATES THE HEAT TOO FAST!

IT PANICKED THE JAPS! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED! QUICK-RUN DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE AND LIE FLAT ON YOUR FACE! HURRY! BUT WHAT WILL YOU DO?

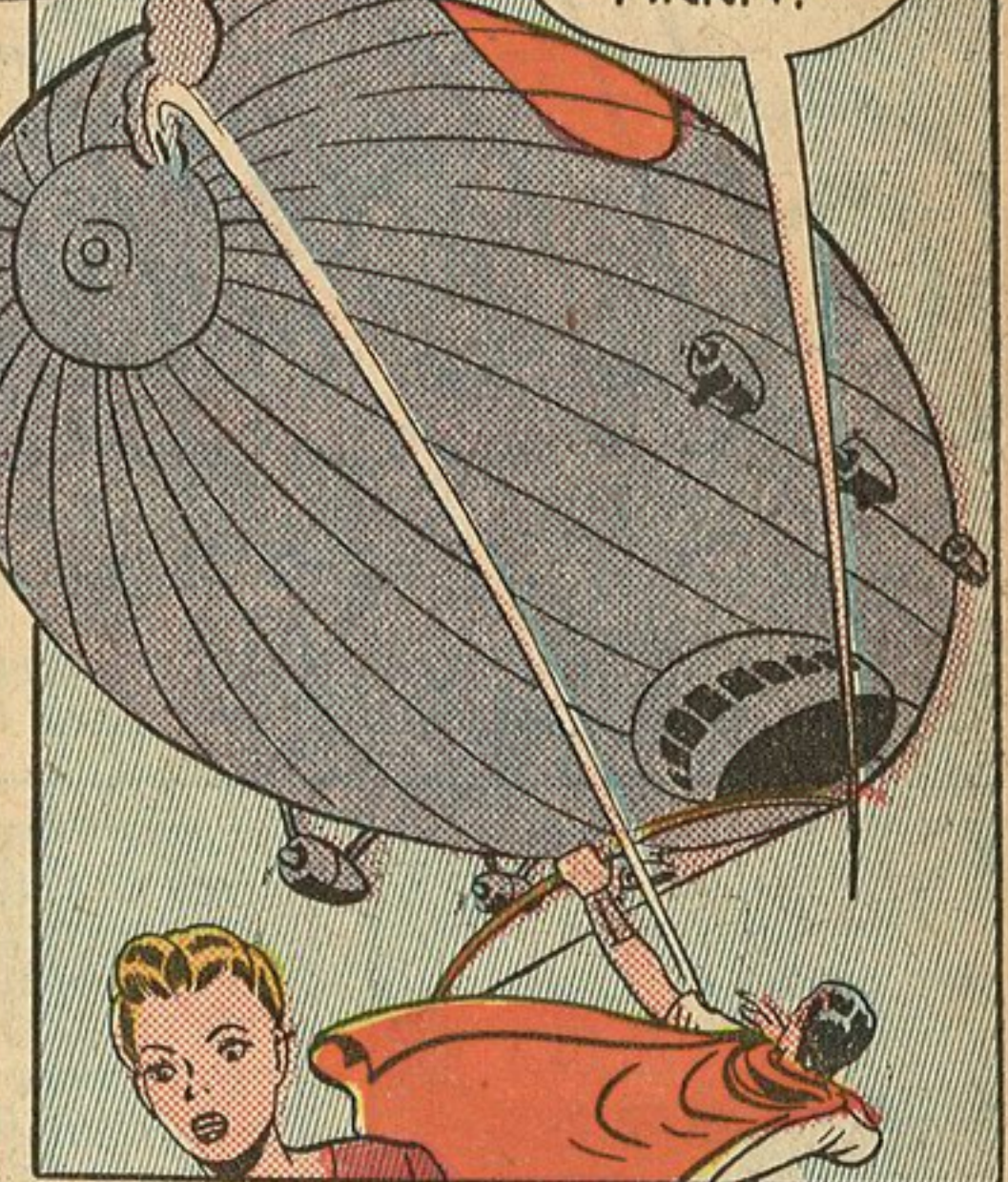
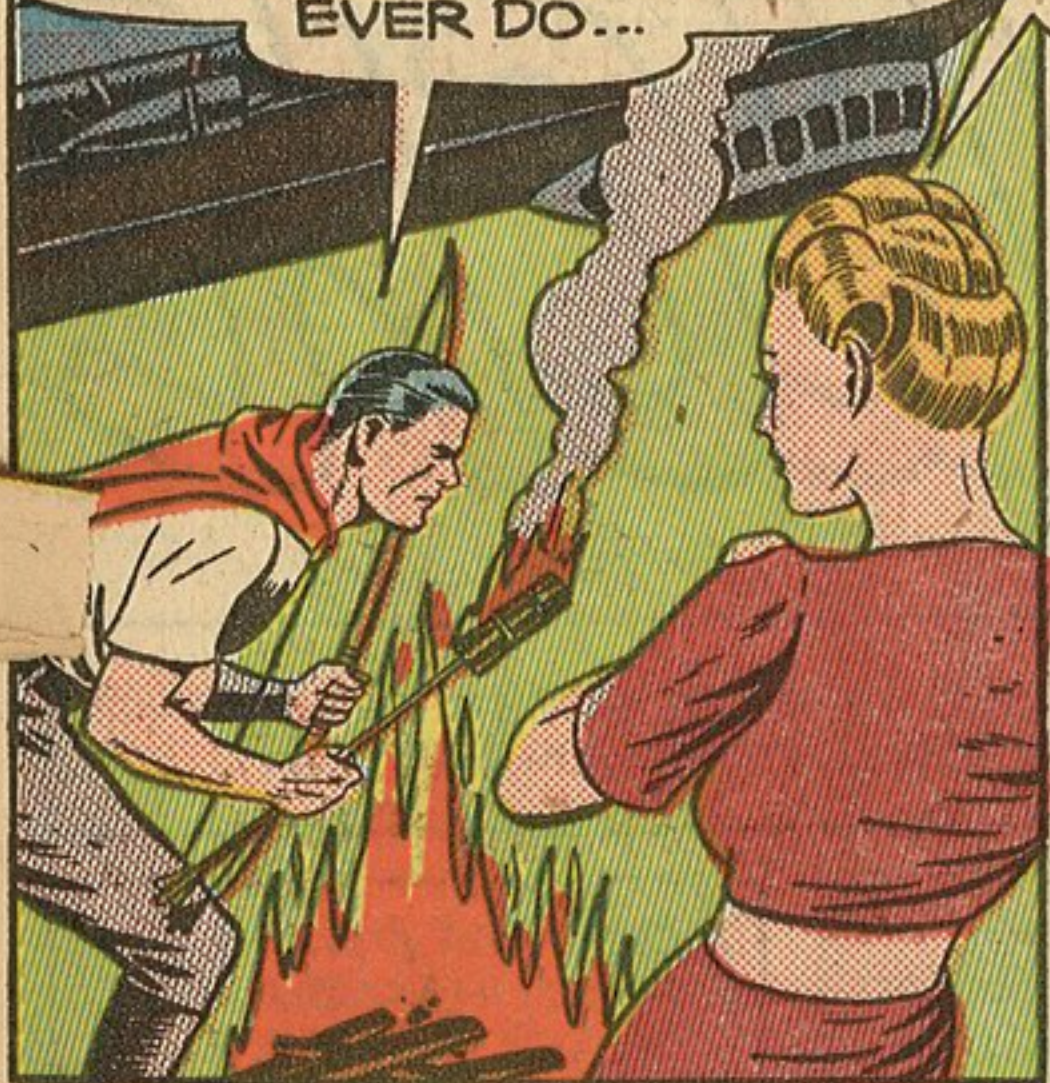


THE JAPS ABANDONED THE ZEP'S LANDING LINES! SHE'S DRIFTING HELPLESSLY UNTIL THEY GET THE ENGINES STARTED! IF THEY EVER DO...

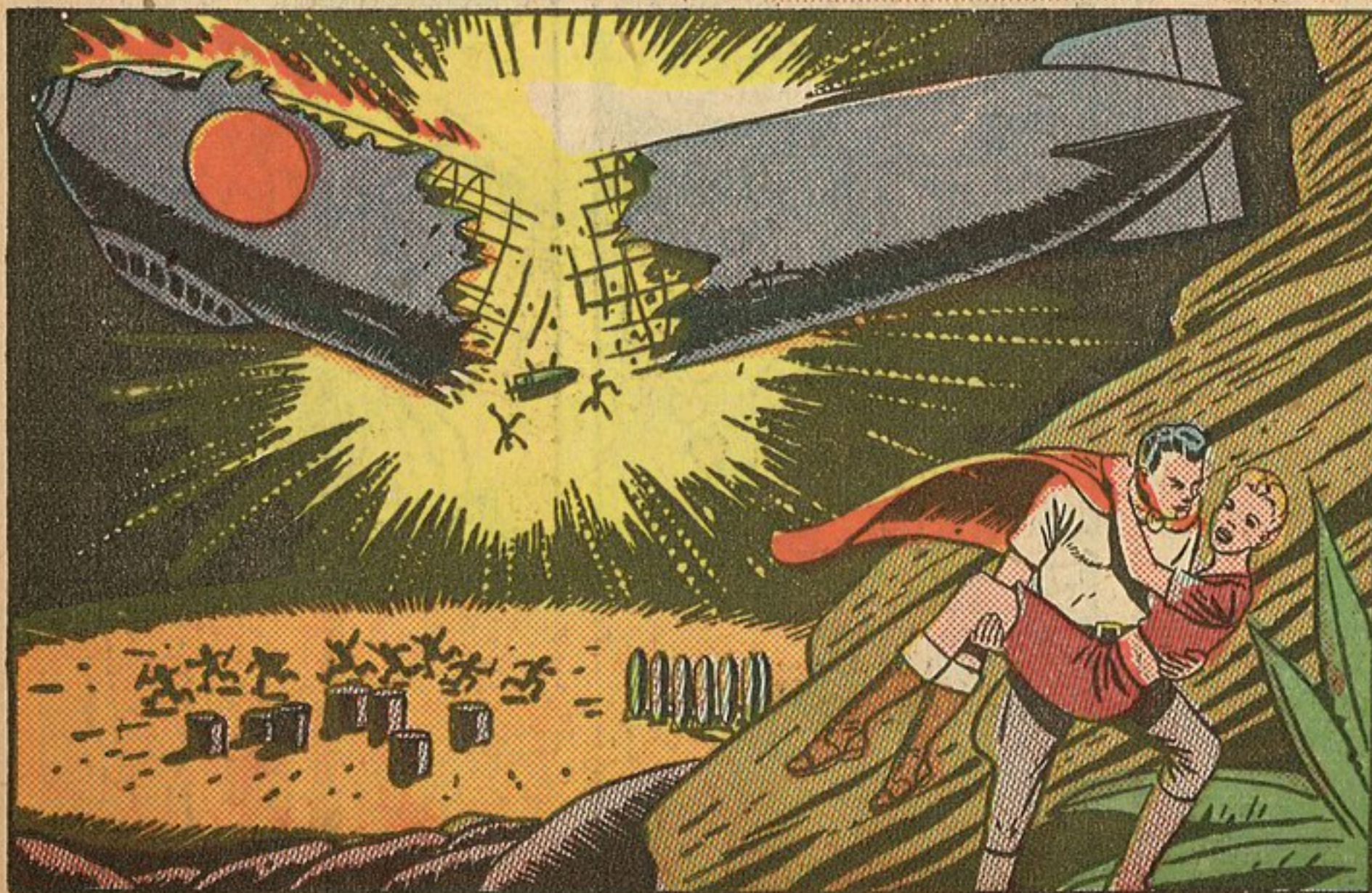
A FIRE ARROW! WHAT...?

IF THAT BAG IS FULL OF INFLAMMABLE HYDROGEN, THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

BULLSEYE!! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE ANNA!



THE FLAMES REACH THE EXPLOSIVE HYDROGEN IN THE GREAT BAG...

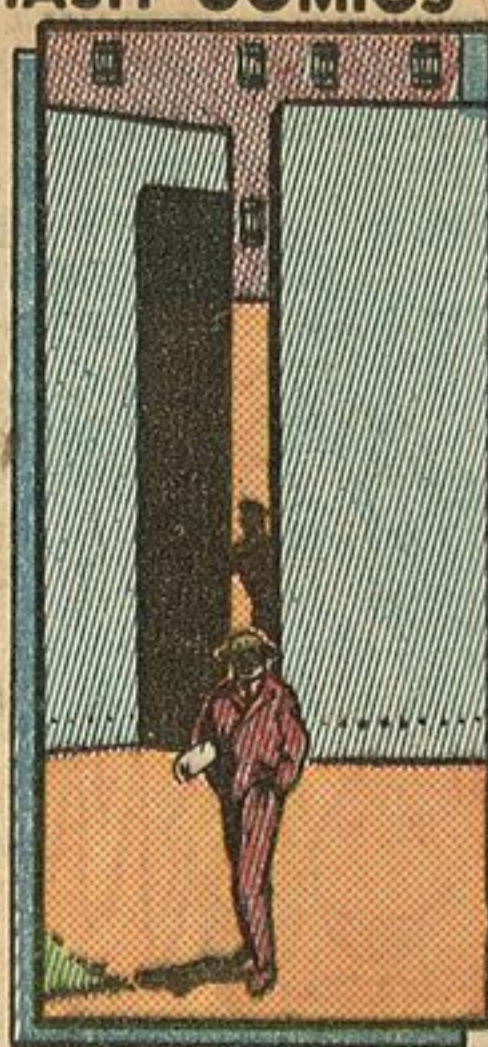


GONE-ALL WIPED OUT BY THAT TERRIBLE BLAST!!

MY BEST SHOT, ANNA-A ZEPPELIN, HUNDREDS OF JAPS, AN AIRFIELD AND A JAP DREAM OF EMPIRE, ALL DESTROYED WITH ONE ARROW!



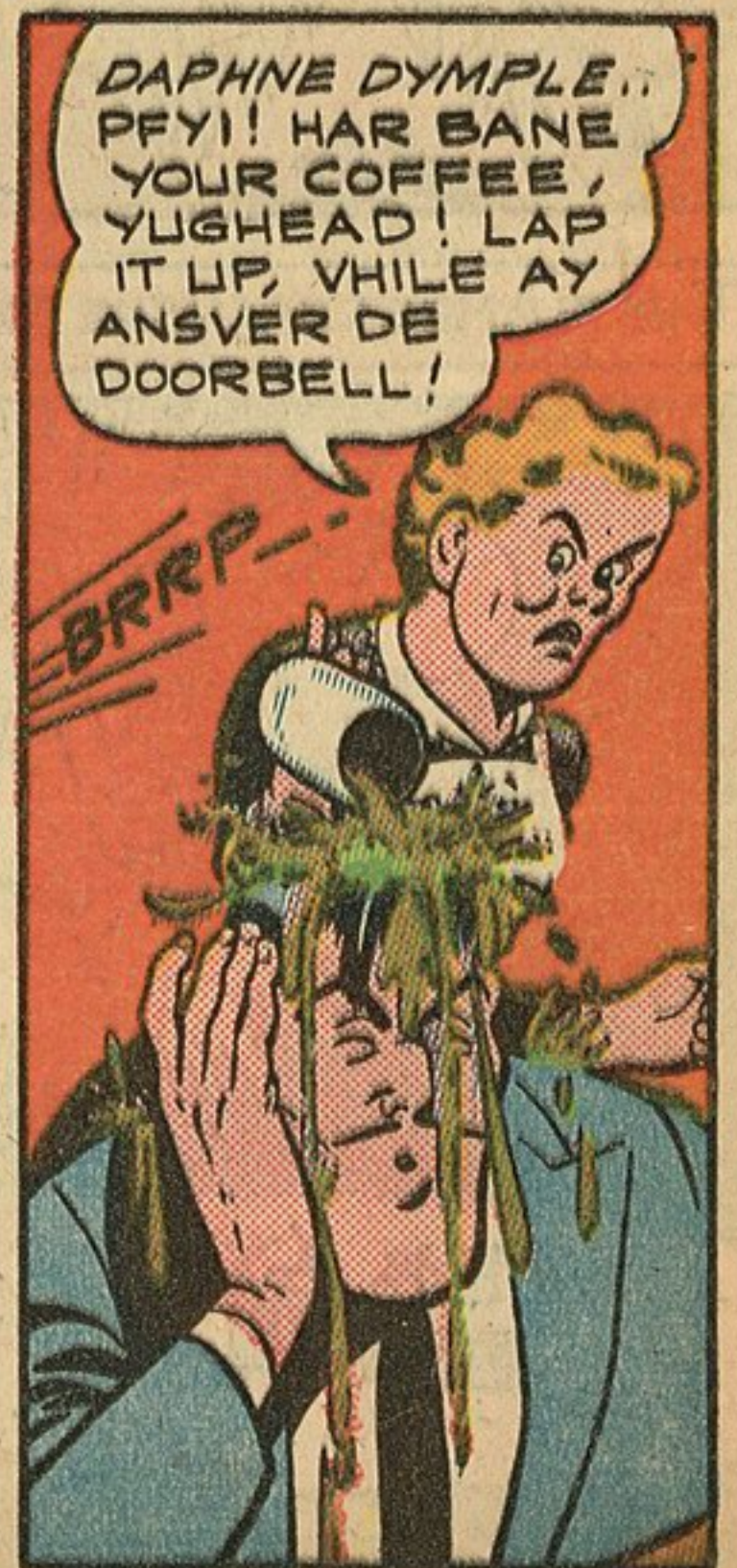
THE MARKSMAN IS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS AGAIN!



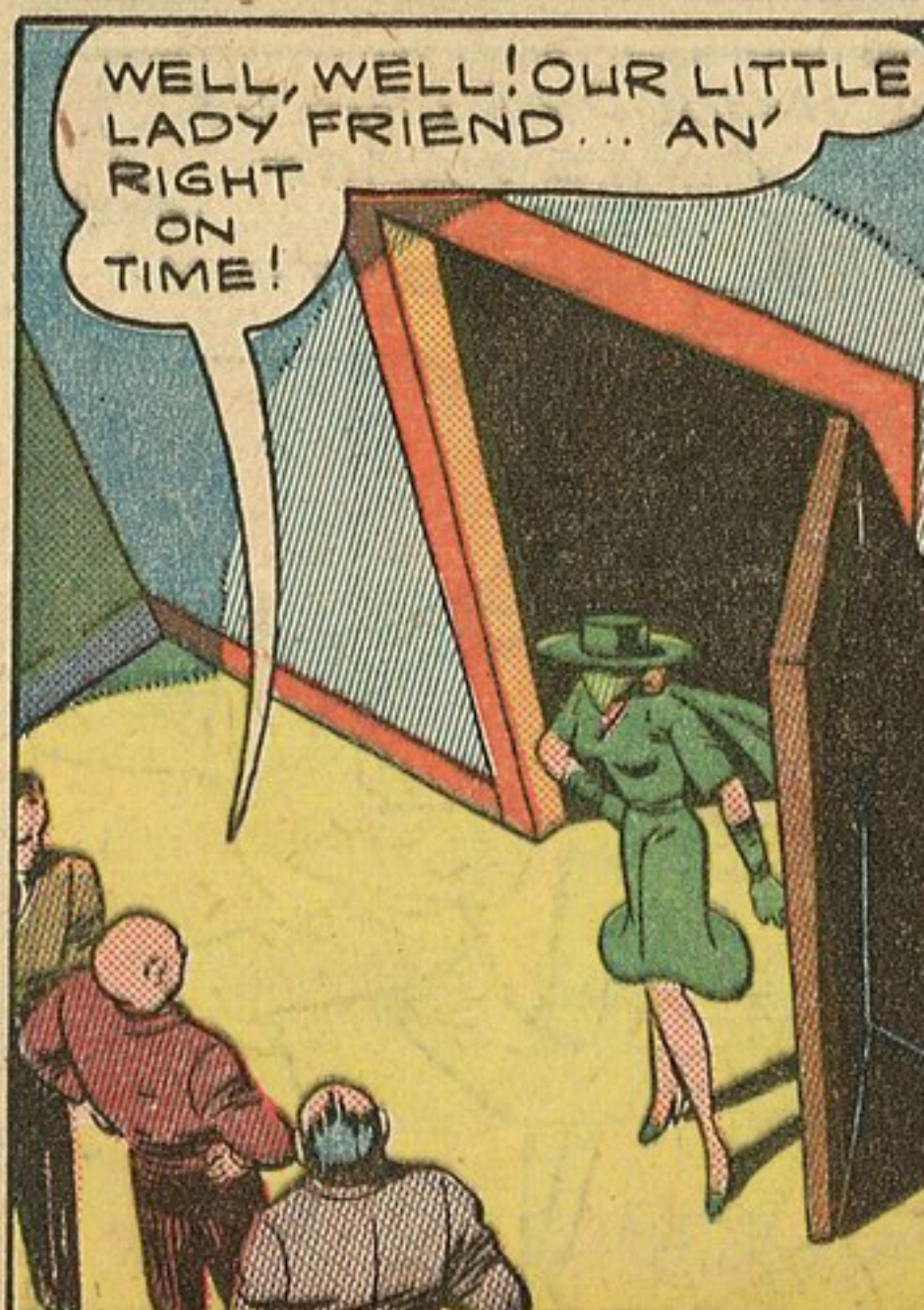
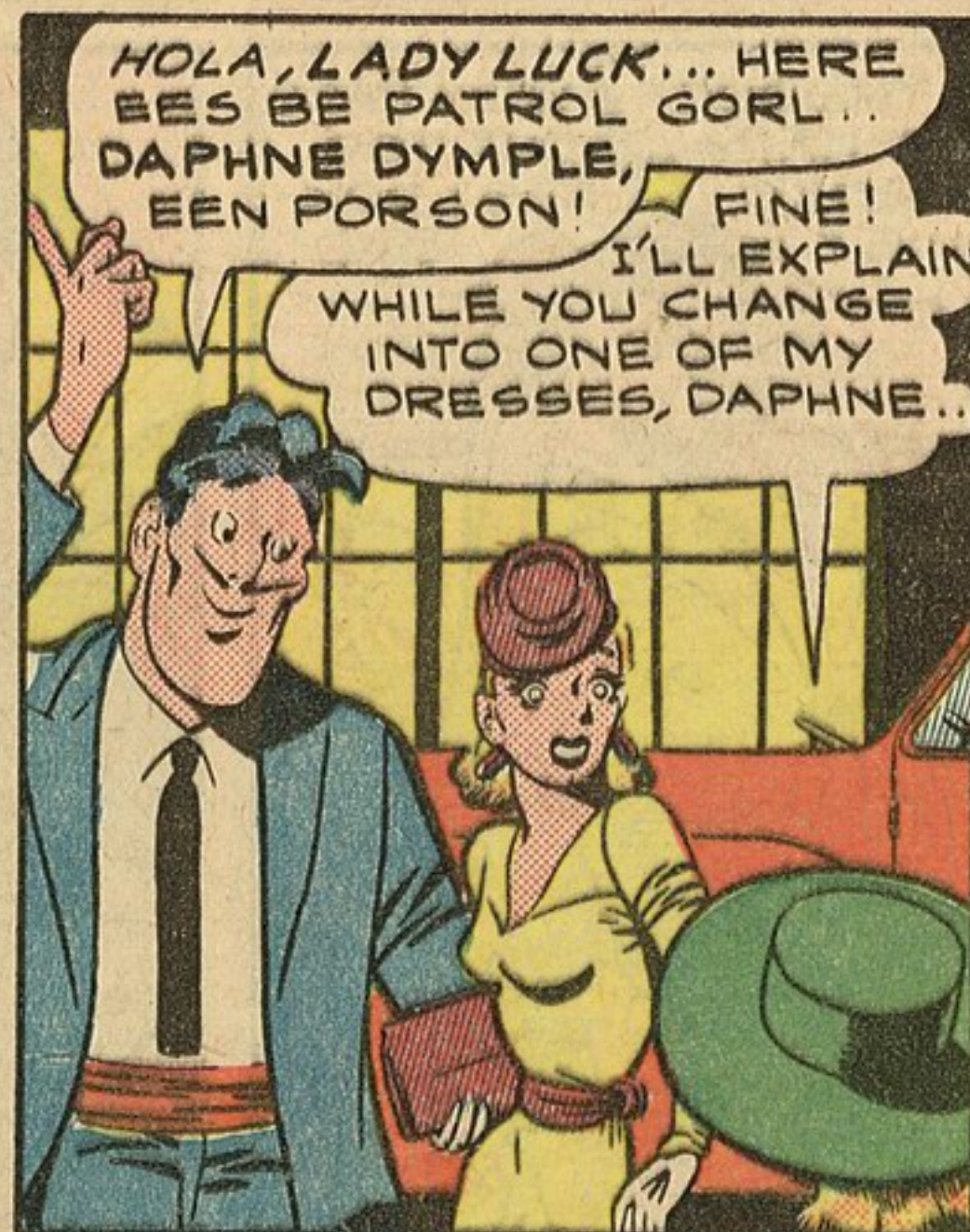
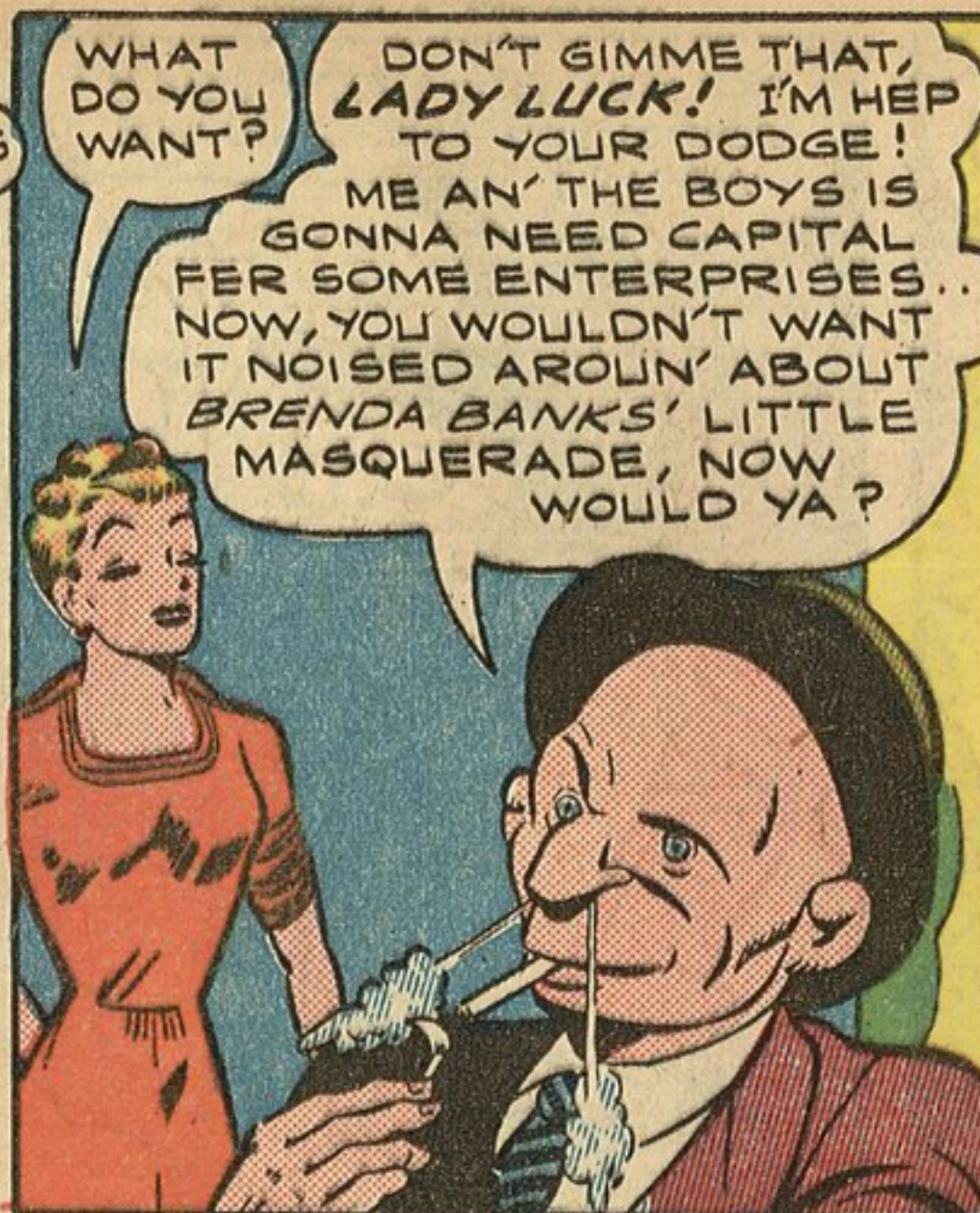
By Klaus Nordling

Lady Luck

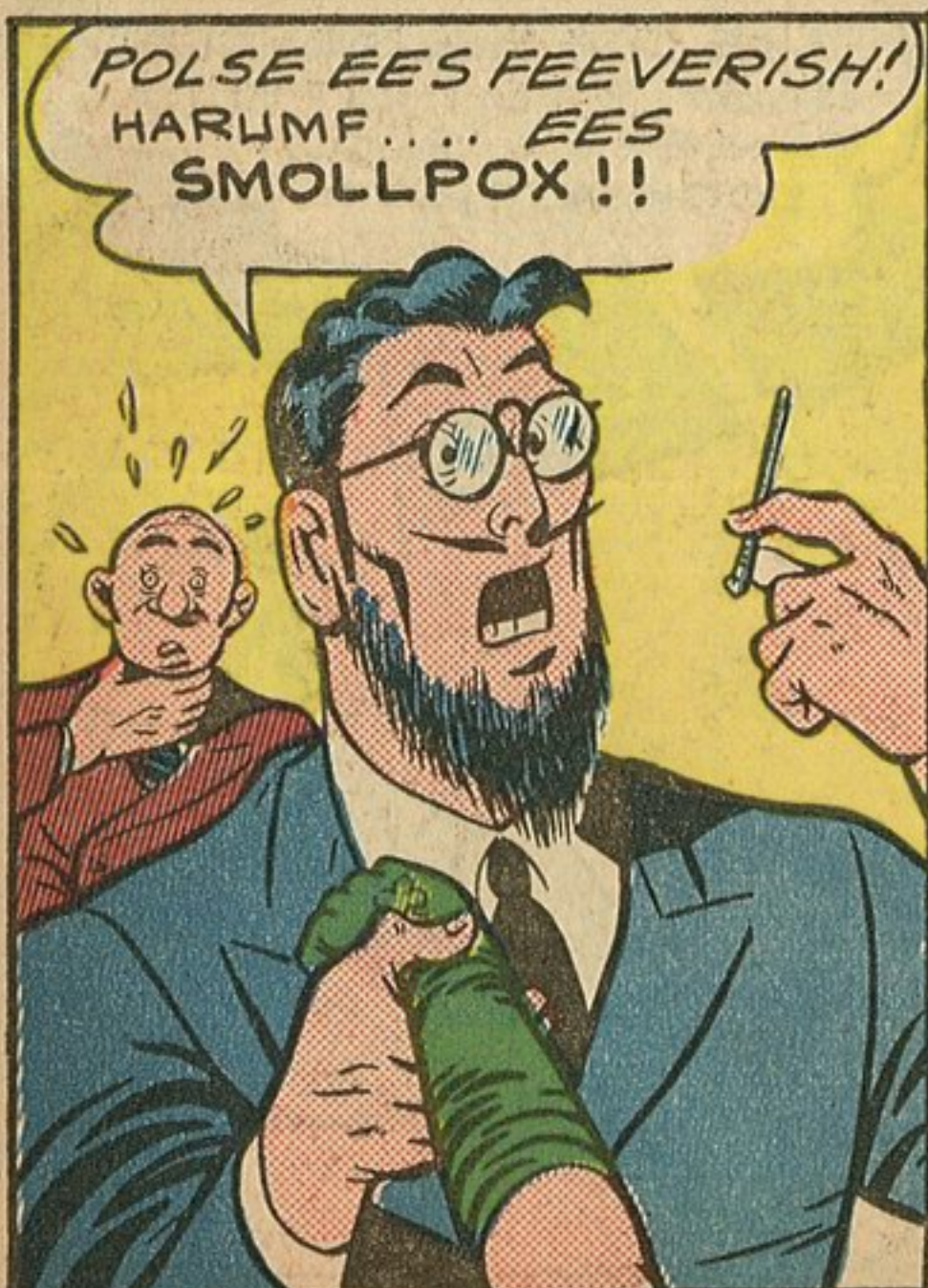
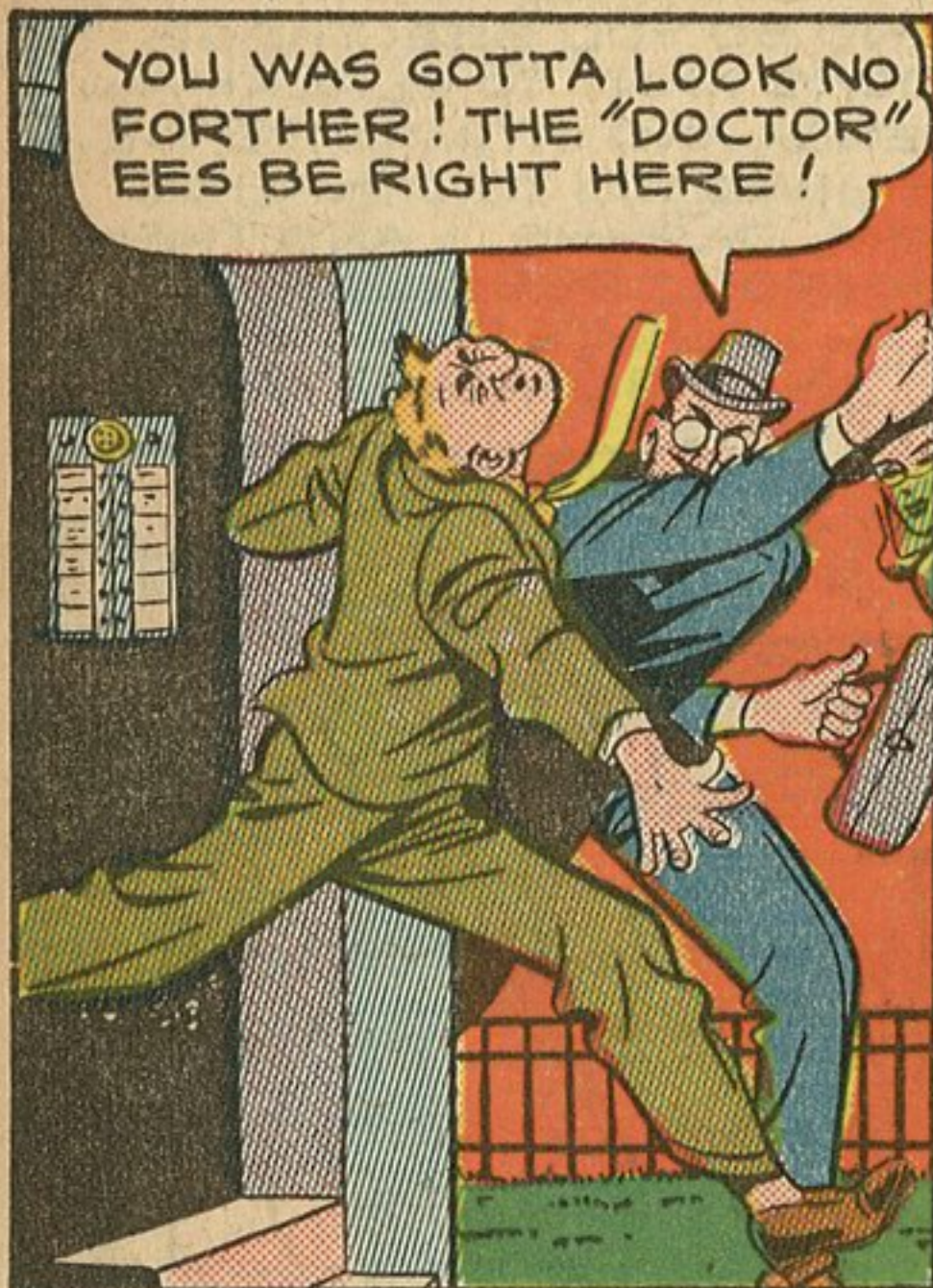
IN THE KITCHEN, THE HAPPY TENOR OF THE BANKS' HOUSEHOLD IS REFLECTED IN THE FACE OF HELGA, THE MAID, AS SHE PROUDLY PREENS WITH HER NEW PERMANENT...



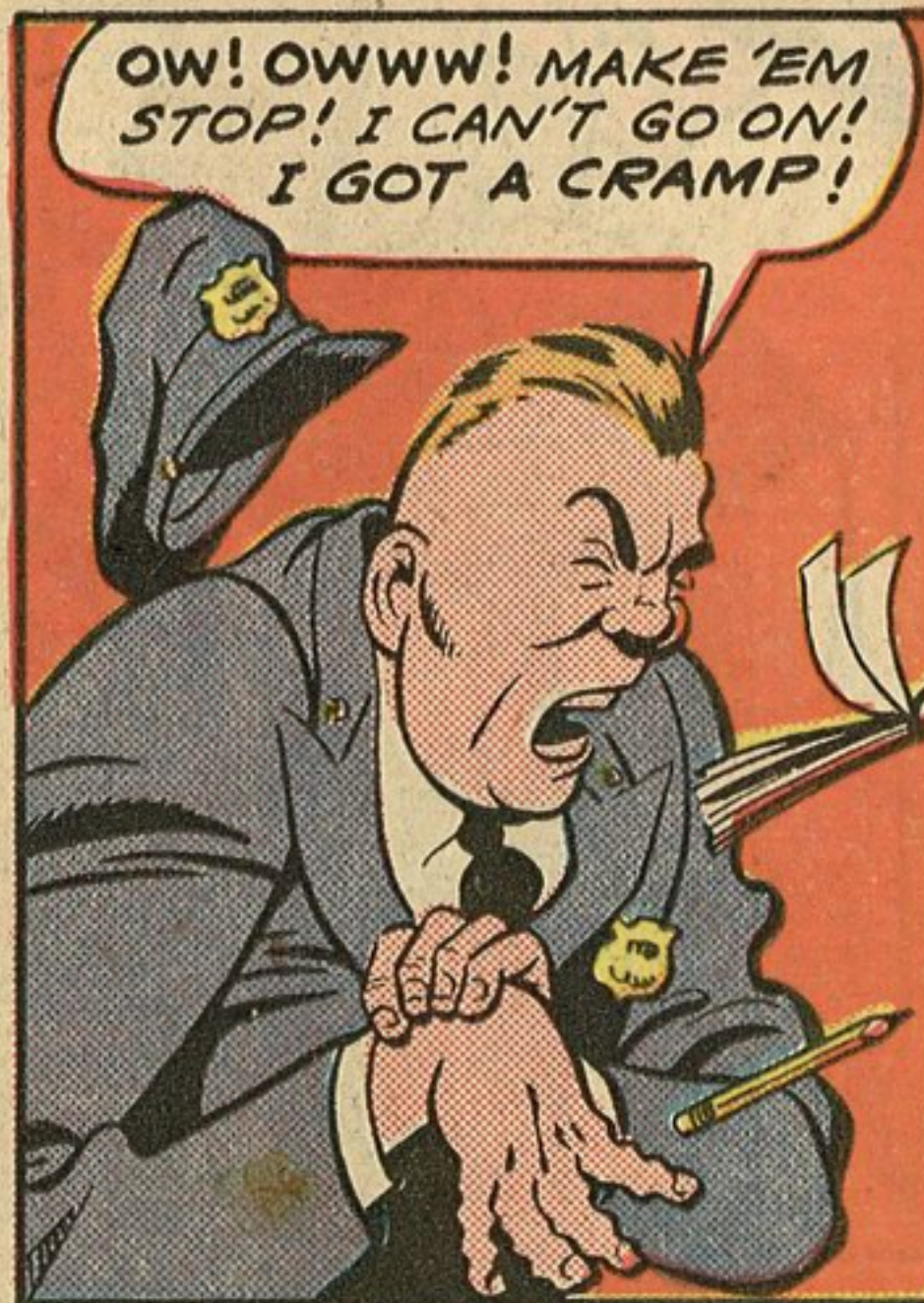
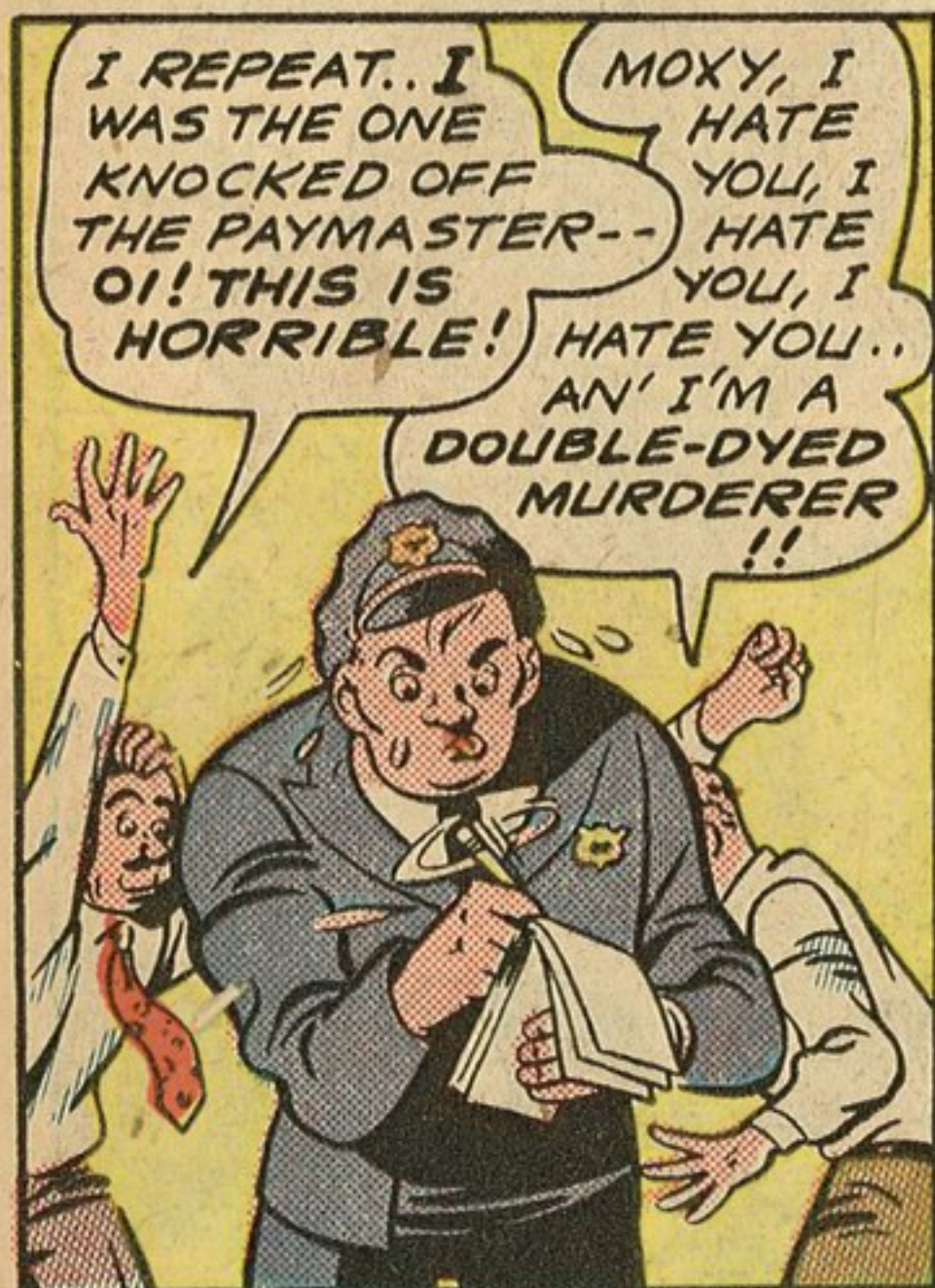
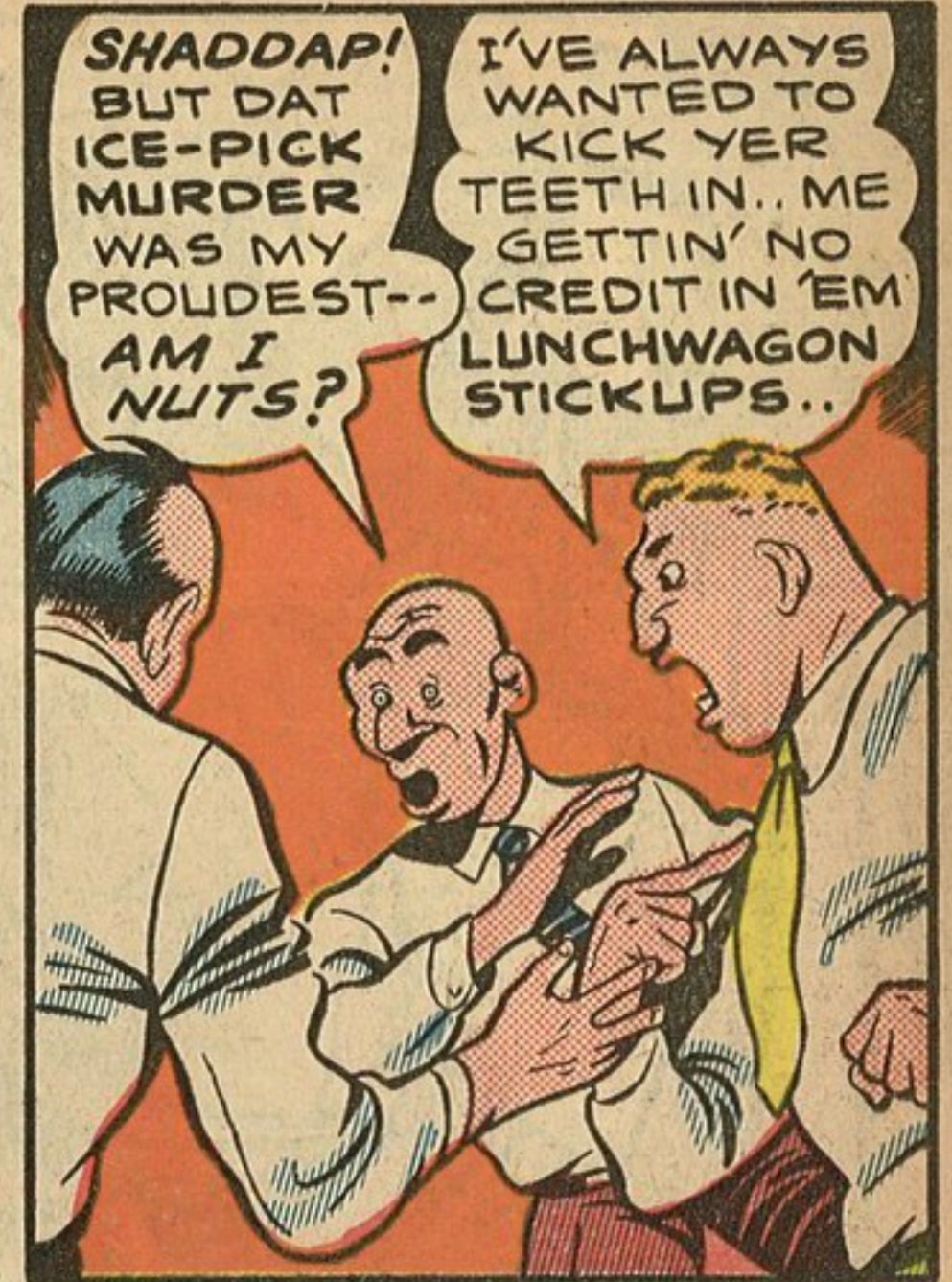
SMASH COMICS



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ESPIONAGE

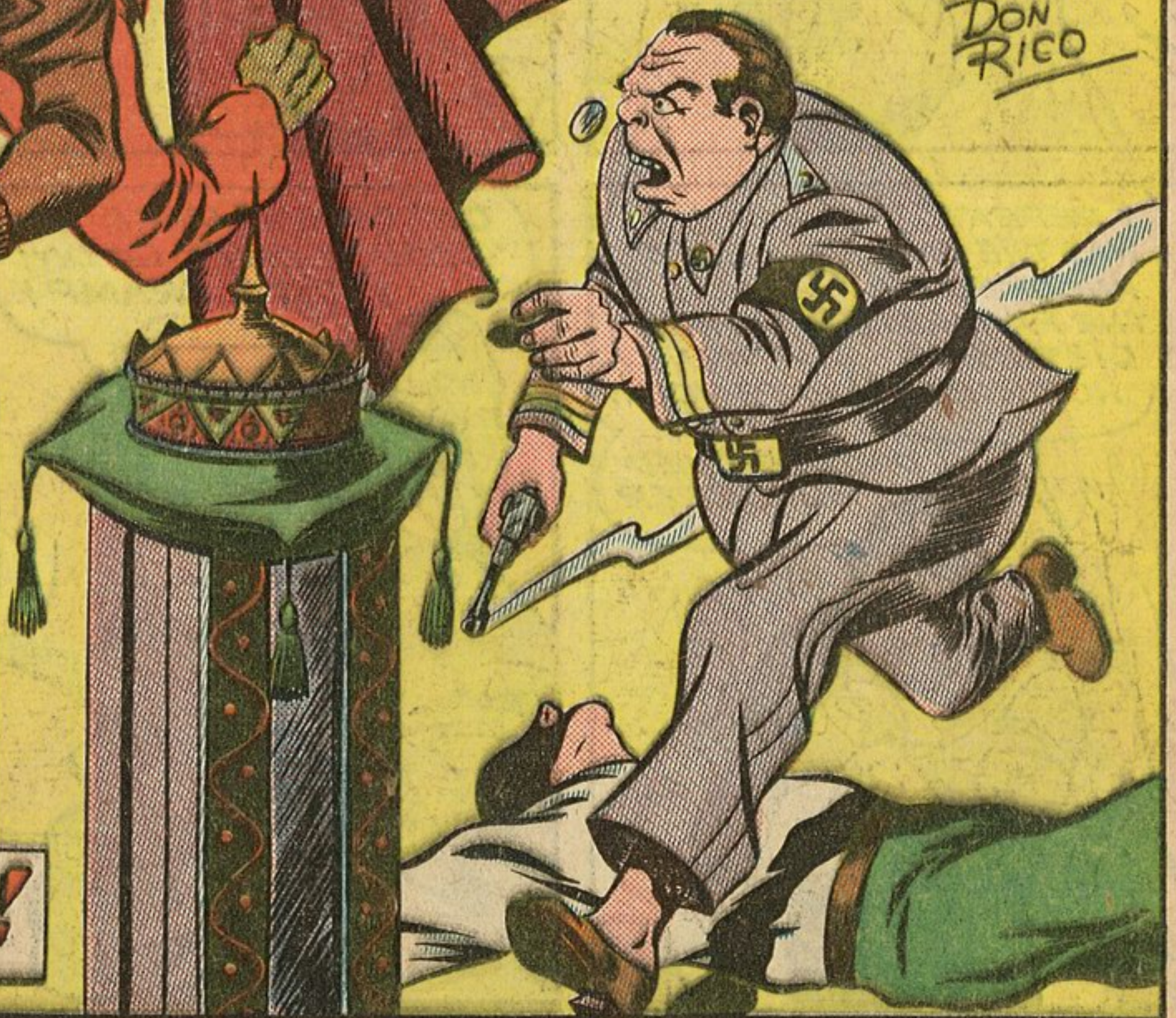
STARRING
BLACK X
and **BATU**

by
DON
RICO

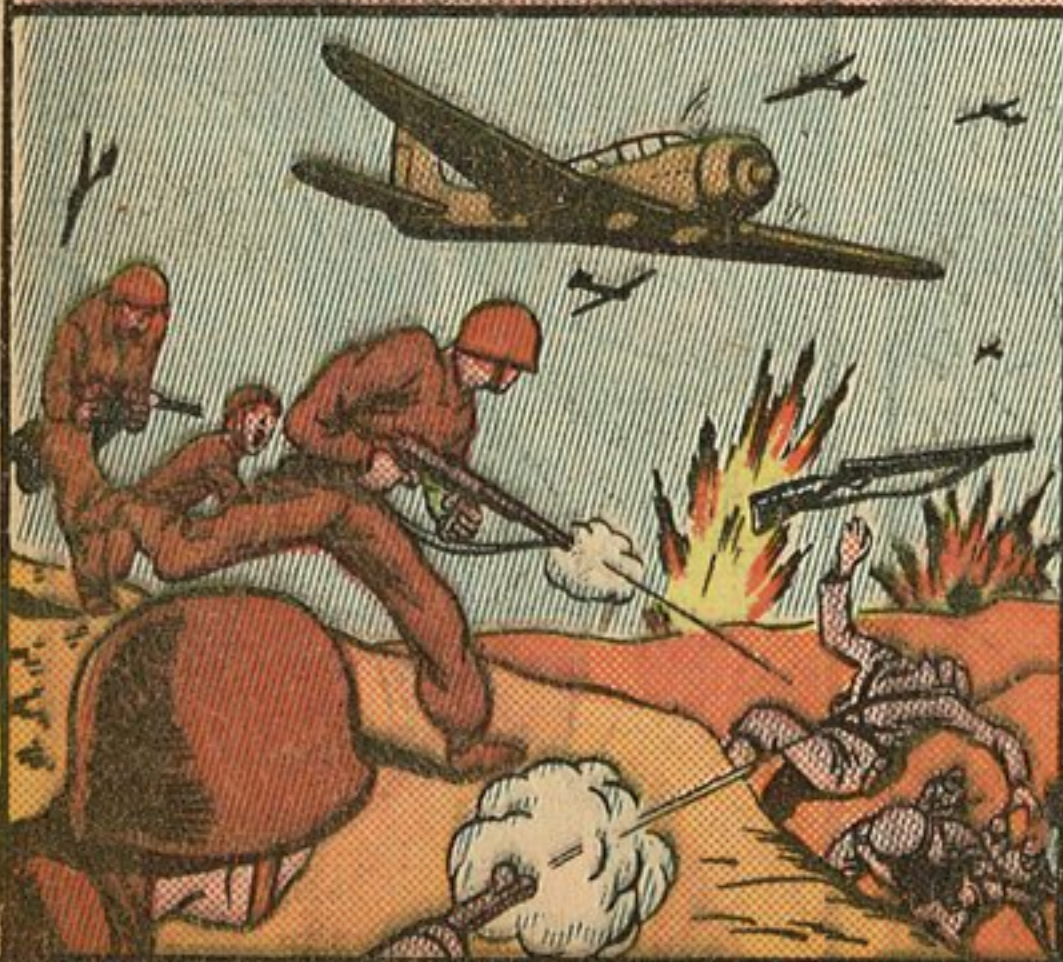
THE AXIS SLAVE EMPIRE CRUMBLES AROUND THE EARS OF THOSE WHO THOUGHT TO ESTABLISH IT! THE TYRANTS TURN FROM HOPES OF RULE, TO HOPES OF RETREAT -- AND OVER A FABULOUS TREASURE RISES A **BATTLE OF GIANTS!**

FOR **BLACK X**, CHIEF OF ALL SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE ALLIES, WILL NOT LET THE FLEEING FOE TAKE WITH THEM SO RICH A PRIZE AS THE

CROWN OF CLOVIS!



THOSE WHO TAKE UP THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY THE SWORD! BLOW AFTER BLOW STRIKES AND STAGGERS THE ARMIES OF THE OPPRESSORS!



THE PEOPLE WHO WERE CALLED "CONQUERED" ARE READY TO REVOLT!

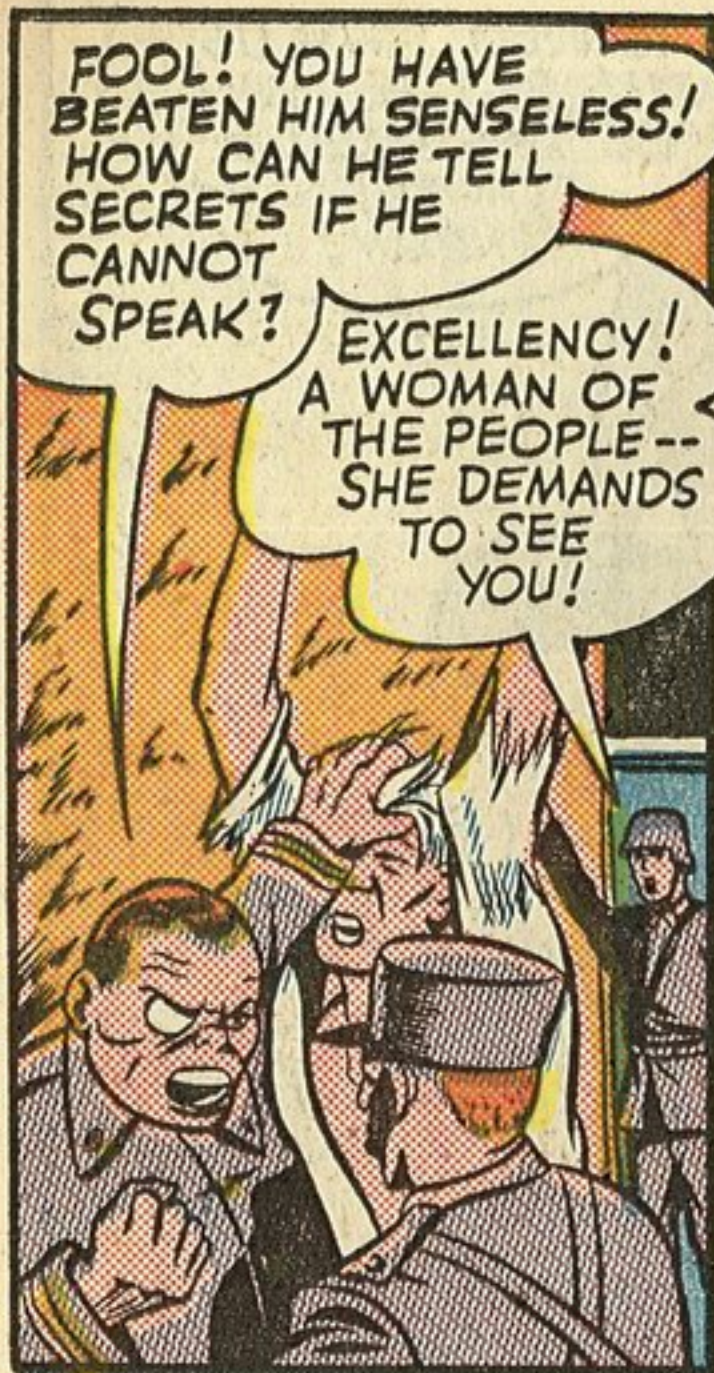
SEE! THE AIR FLEETS OF OUR FRIENDS ARE COMING TO OUR RESCUE! LET'S HELP OVERTHROW THE NAZI SWINE!



WHERE, IN THIS MOMENT OF DREADFUL EMERGENCY, IS THE GRAND MARSHAL OF THE TYRANT FORCES? WHY ISN'T HE HEADING HIS TROOPS IN THE FIELD, OR PUTTING DOWN THE UPRISING? ... BECAUSE HE HAS MORE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO! ...

FLOG HIM HARDER! ... HE MUST TELL WHERE THE CROWN OF CLOVIS IS HIDDEN!





FOOL! YOU HAVE BEATEN HIM SENSELESS! HOW CAN HE TELL SECRETS IF HE CANNOT SPEAK?

EXCELLENCY! A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE-- SHE DEMANDS TO SEE YOU!



I AM LORIE, THE DAUGHTER OF JEAN MOREAU, WHO ONCE WAS HEAD OF THE MUSEUM...

YES, PRETTY ONE, YOUR FATHER HID THE PRICELESS CROWN OF CLOVIS WHEN OUR INVADING ARMIES STRUCK! NOW HE IS BEING **STUBBORN** ABOUT TELLING US! BUT WHY DO YOU HONOR US WITH THIS VISIT?



BECAUSE YOUR FOUL REGIME IS ABOUT TO PERISH! AND YOU SHALL NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO PERISH WITH IT!



ASSASSIN! I'LL ---

BANG!

NO! DON'T HURT HER-- YET! BRING HER INTO THE BACK ROOM!



LORIE! MY POOR CHILD!

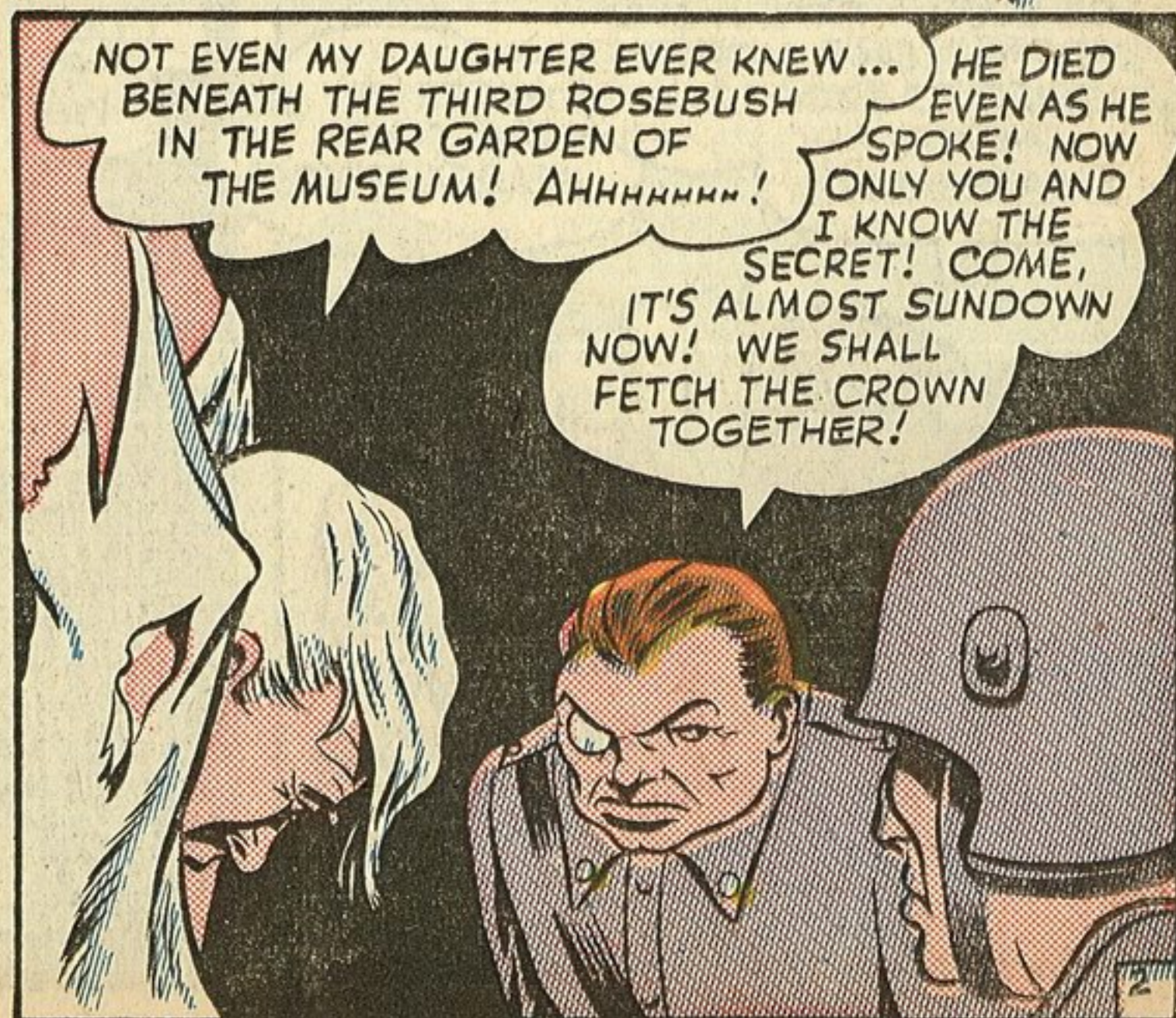
SHE IS HERE FOR A PURPOSE, MOREAU! YOU WILL NOT SPEAK TO SAVE YOURSELF FROM TORTURE, BUT PERHAPS TO SAVE HER!...

BIND HER! AND GIVE ME THE WHIP! --I SHALL GIVE MY **PERSONAL ATTENTION** TO THIS PROBLEM!



NO! PLEASE -- DON'T HURT MY DAUGHTER! I'LL TELL!

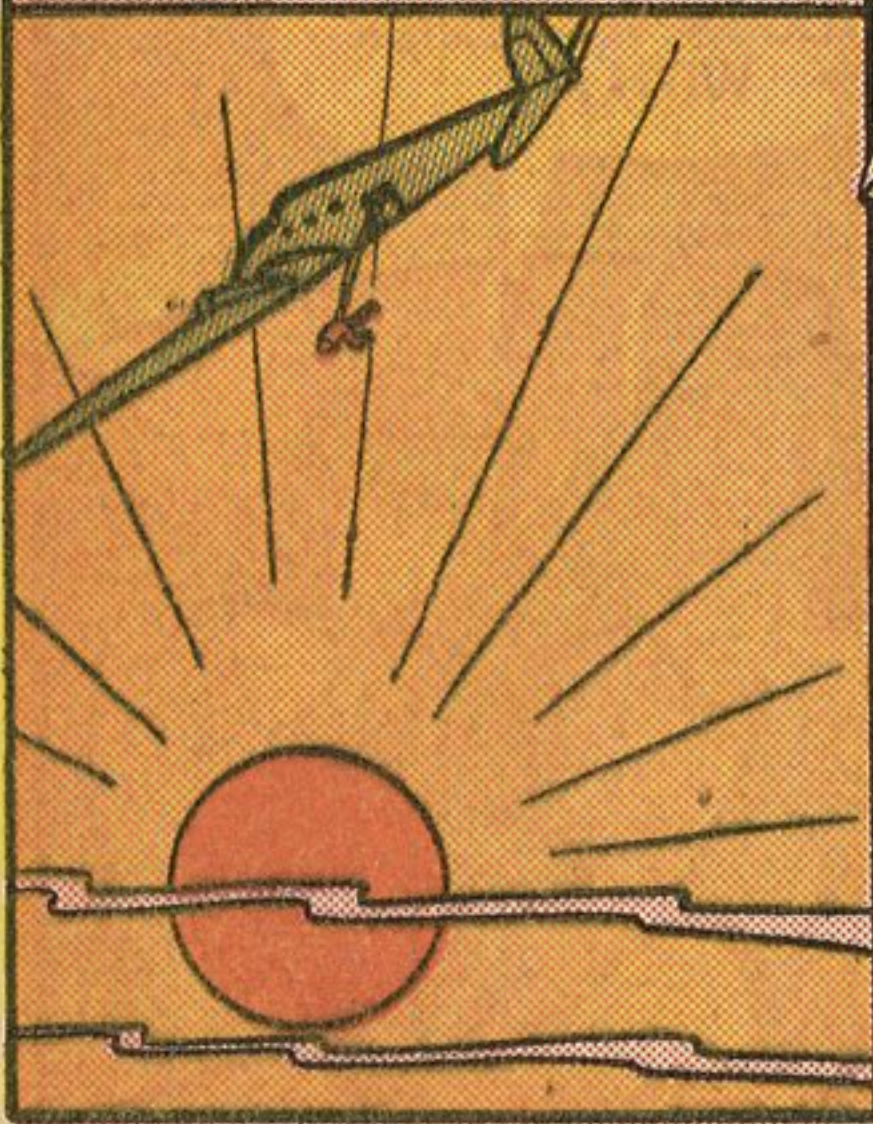
QUICKLY, THEN!



NOT EVEN MY DAUGHTER EVER KNEW... BENEATH THE THIRD ROSEBUSH IN THE REAR GARDEN OF THE MUSEUM! AHHHHHHH!

HE DIED EVEN AS HE SPOKE! NOW ONLY YOU AND I KNOW THE SECRET! COME, IT'S ALMOST SUNDOWN NOW! WE SHALL FETCH THE CROWN TOGETHER!

AND THE SAME SUNSET SEES AN ALLIED PLANE OVERHEAD... FROM WHICH TWO FIGURES LEAP INTO SPACE!



THEIR PARACHUTES ARE RELEASED... SPREAD TO FULL EXTENT!...



ALL IS WELL, MASTER?

ALL IS WELL WITH US, BATU! BUT ALL WILL BE TERRIBLE FOR THE ENEMY!



WE'LL ENTER TOWN UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS! THE MAN WE MUST FIND IS **PIERRE CAUBAY**!



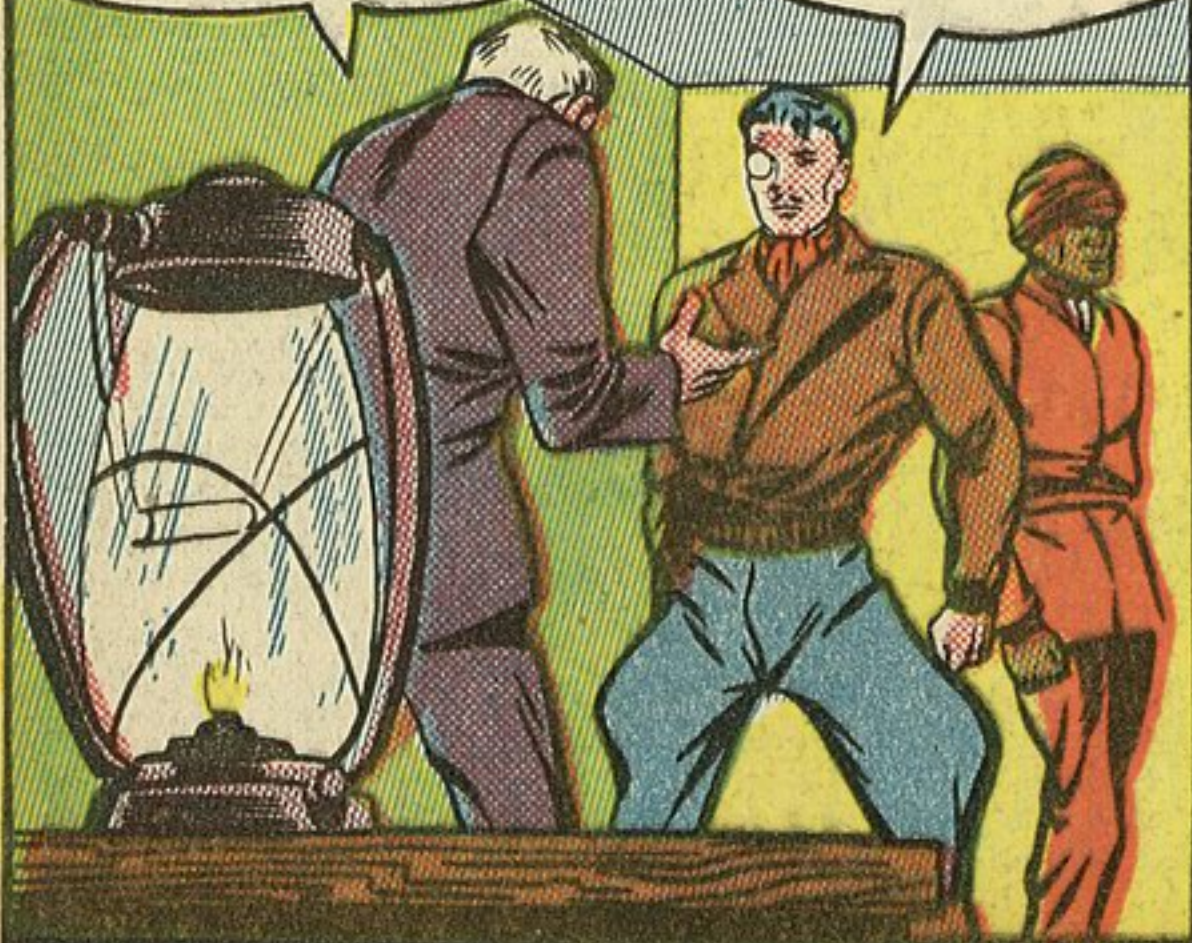
BLACK X!... I REMEMBER YOU WELL! ... ENTER AND REST!

I'M NOT HERE FOR A REST CURE! MY ASSIGNMENT IS TO FIND AND ELIMINATE THE ENEMY COMMANDER! -- THEN DEFENSES WILL BE DISRUPTED AS OUR ARMY ATTACKS!



THAT COMMANDER IS PREPARED FOR SUCH A FATE! ONLY TODAY LORIE MOREAU TRIED TO SHOOT HIM-- SHE HAS DISAPPEARED!

WHERE IS THE MAIN HEADQUARTERS?



IN THE PALACE OF COUNT DAUGER -- BUT WAIT!

NO TIME! COME, BATU!





AND I FINISH THIS ONE -- QUICKLY!



PERHAPS THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL!



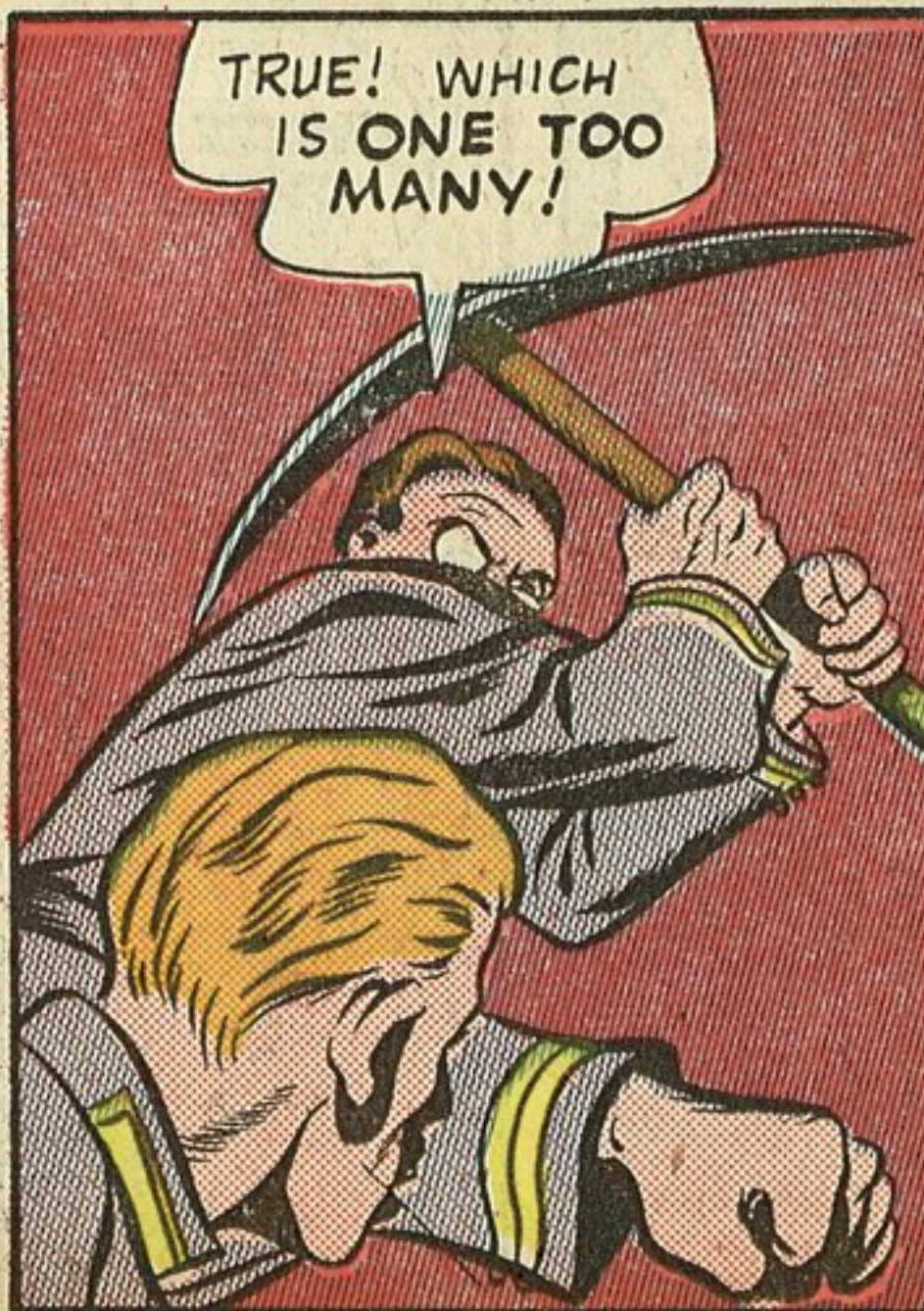
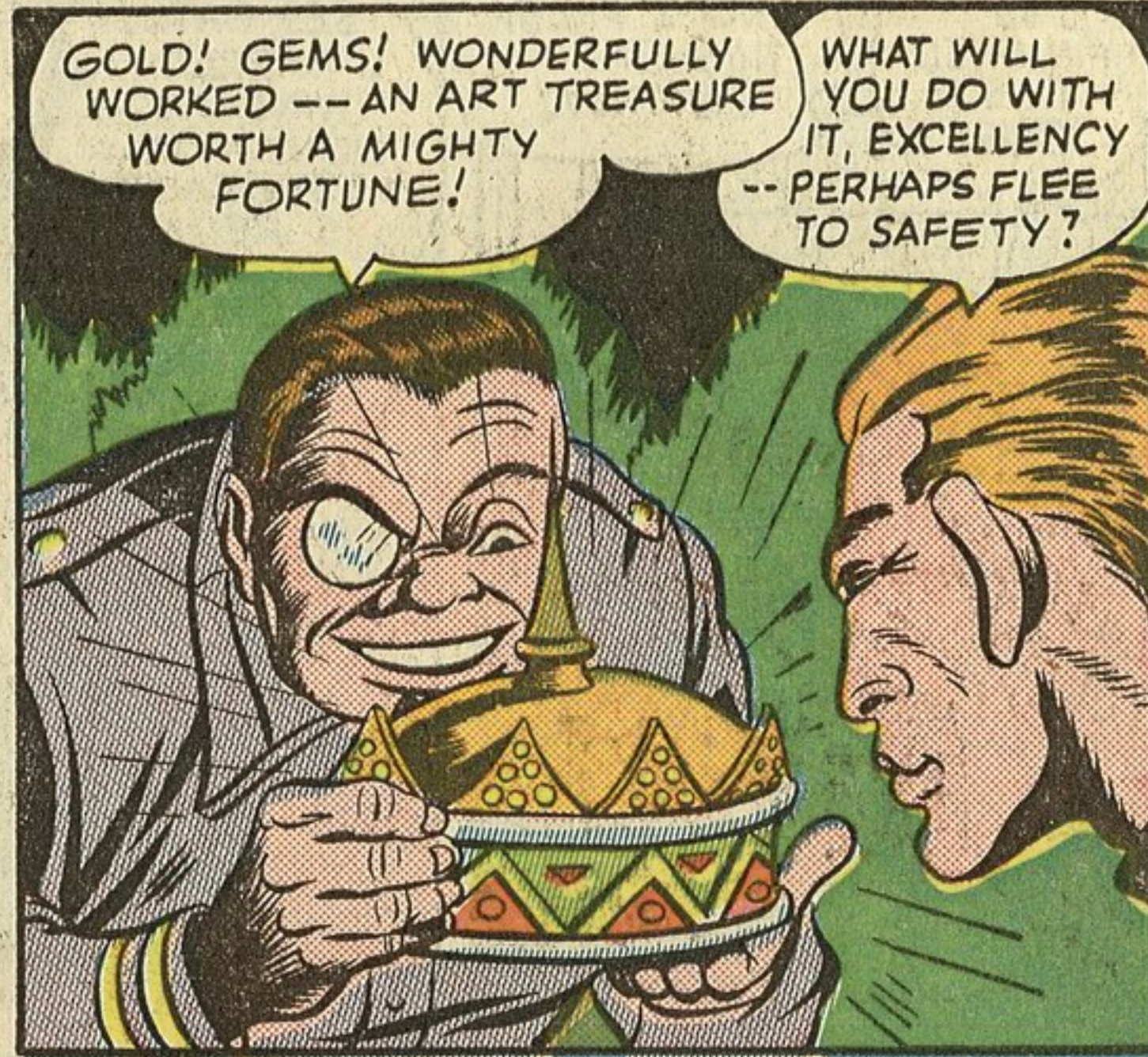
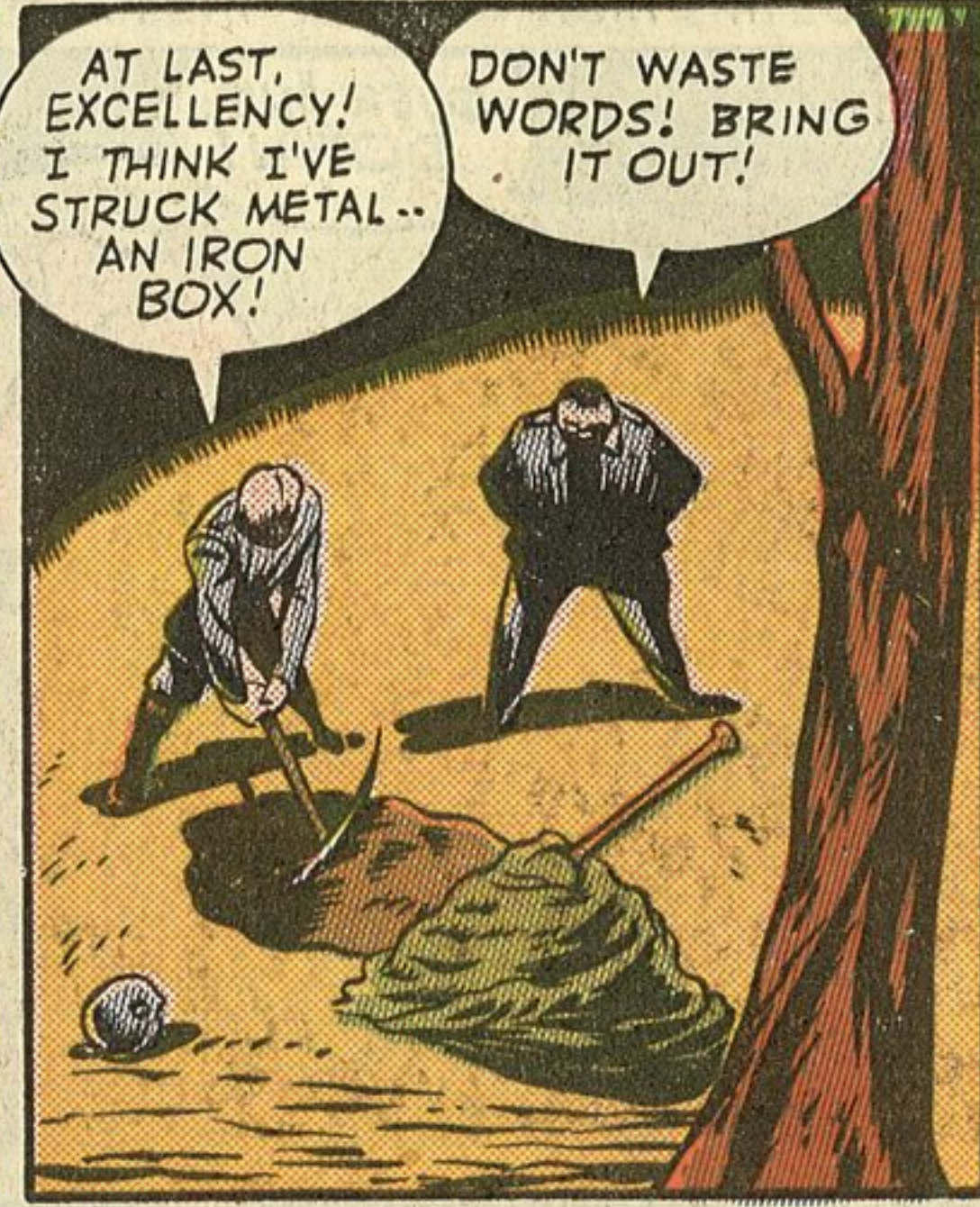
NO TIME FOR FORMAL INTRODUCTIONS! ... QUICK! COME OUT AND AWAY!



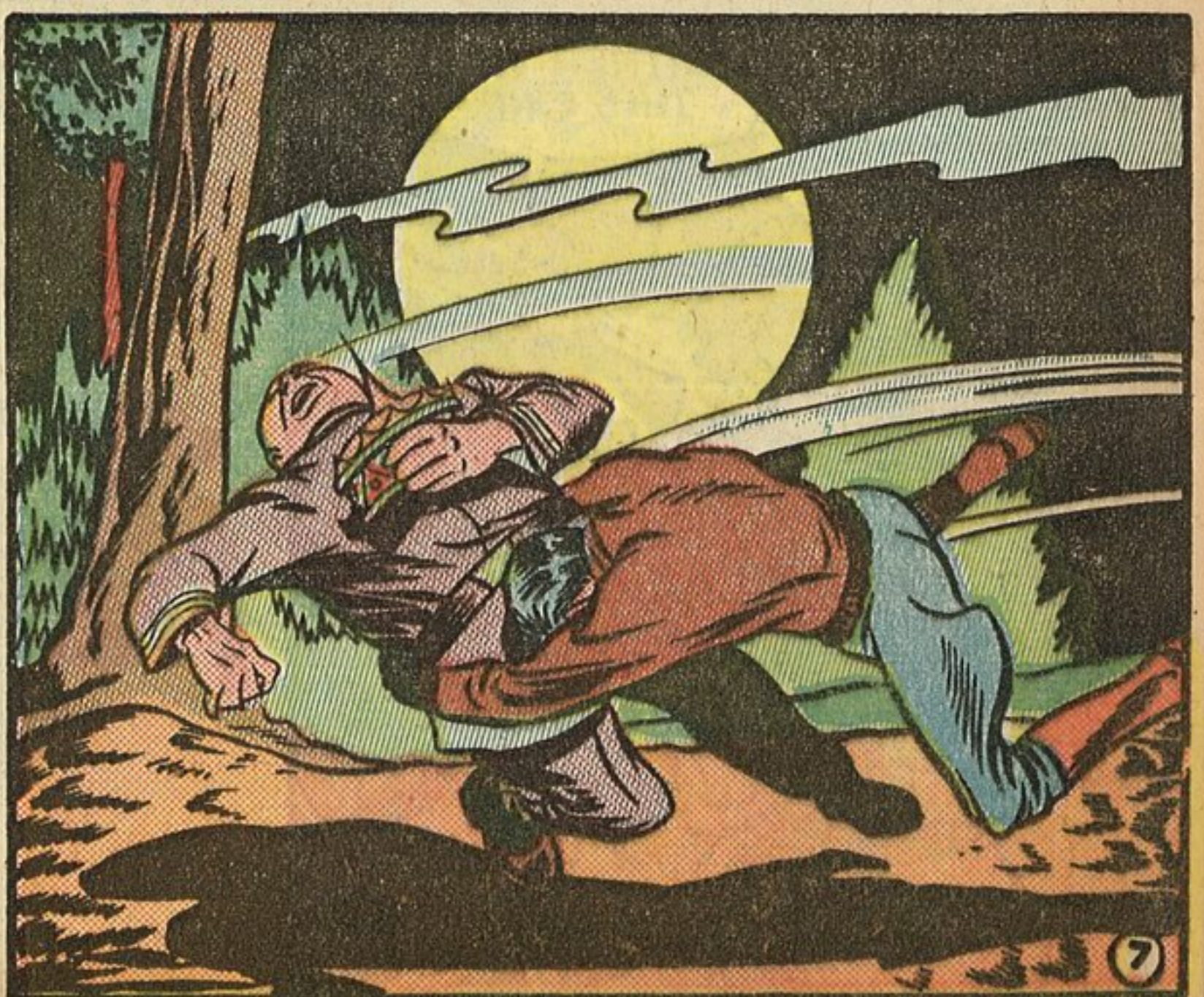
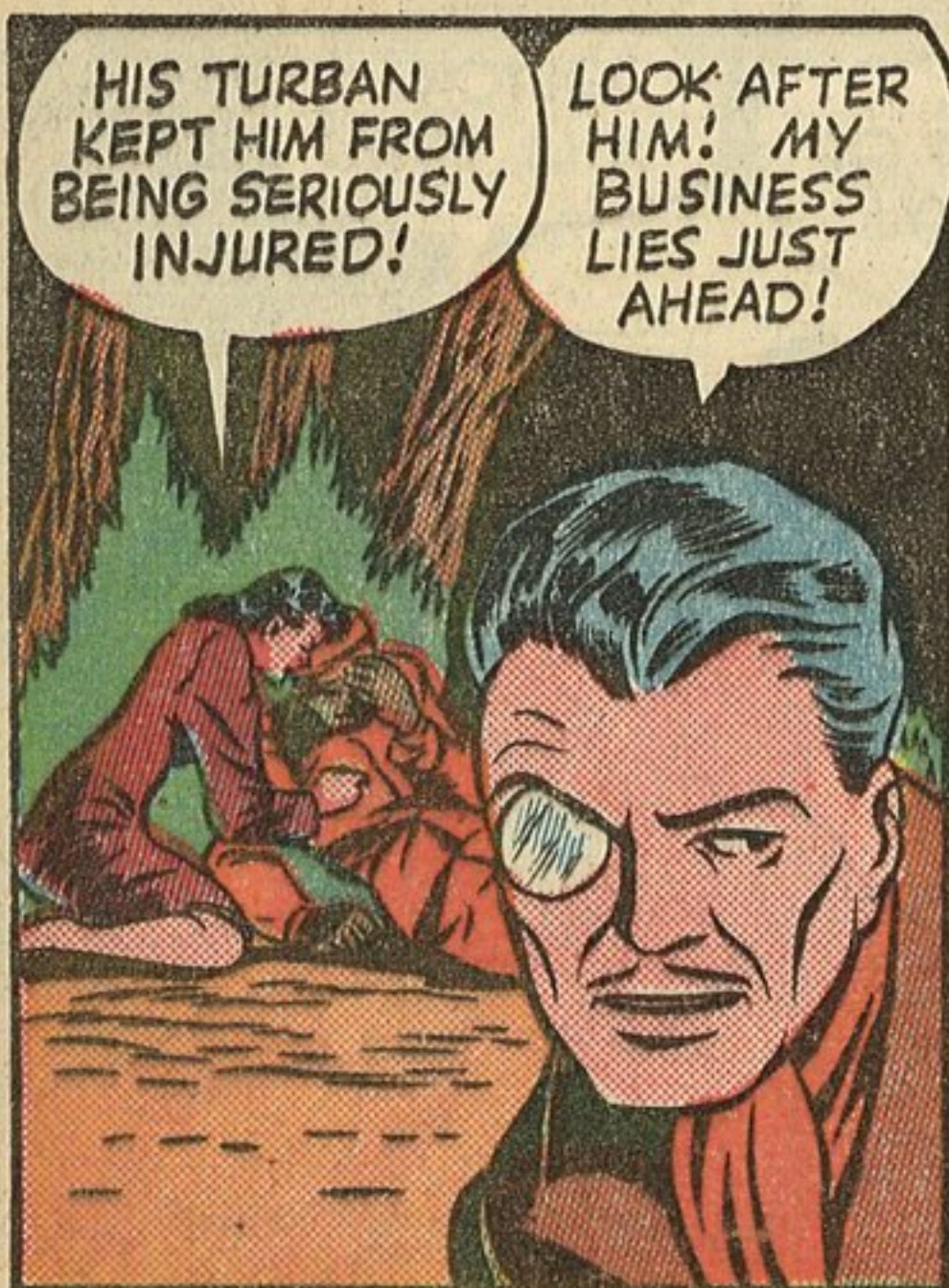
BUT HE IS NOT HERE TONIGHT!

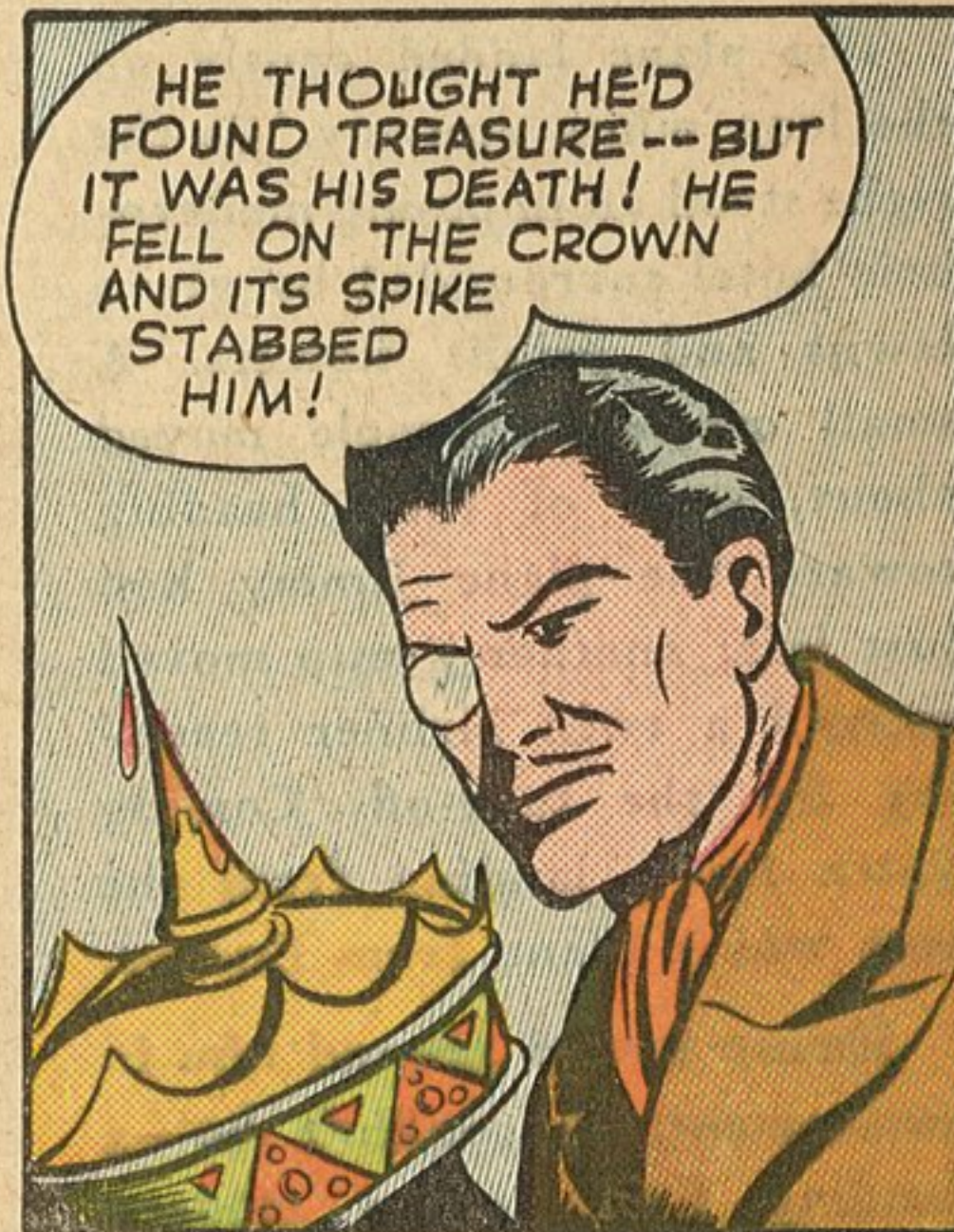


HE WRUNG FROM MY FATHER THE SECRET OF WHERE THE CROWN OF CLOVIS IS HIDDEN! THAT IS SOMEWHERE AT THE MUSEUM! AND HE'LL BE THERE STEALING IT!









FLIGHT INTO THE FUTURE

DOWN below it was merely a tiny speck in the flashing Atlantic Ocean. The great luxury airliner slanted down toward it, the muted throb of its giant engines hardly audible. Behind 800 miles lay New York. Two thousand-odd miles ahead was London, Jimmy Christian's destination, where he'd arrive in about eighteen hours.

The plane landed gently on the long white runway. To the right stood an imposing modernistic hotel surrounded by green lawns and bright flowers. A small crowd of people moved about, some of them heading toward the plane Jimmy had just left; another group moved toward a twin airliner readying for the take-off. Coming down for a landing from the east was a plane from Europe.

Jimmy looked around him in amazement. It couldn't be—a landing field and a modern hotel in the middle of the Atlantic! No such island appeared on any map Jimmy had ever seen.

Yet here it was. An island, but one which Nature had had no hand in producing. Rather, it was a man-made island of steel which had been towed from land and anchored.

It is one of three such Aladdin-created floating islands anchored at 800-mile intervals between America and Europe.

There would be plenty of time for dinner, Jimmy knew, before taking off on the next leg of his journey—to the next

island of steel 800 miles distant. He could eat an excellent dinner aboard the plane, of course, but he chose to remain overnight at the unique hotel. It featured dancing to a fine orchestra, movies, television and radio.

A night on a man-made steel island!

Fiction? Not at all. True, these three huge island seadromes (which Jimmy visited in imagination) are not as yet in existence, but every detail for their construction is complete and as soon as steel is available, a large shipbuilding company will go into production on the most revolutionary, yet practical, answer to safe trans-oceanic travel ever conceived. Three stepping stones of steel that will put ocean flying on the same basis as a hop from New York to Washington.

The theory of seadromes is not new. They are the invention of Edward R. Armstrong of Philadelphia, one of the nation's foremost construction engineers.

From a practical standpoint, seadromes are approved by some of the greatest engineering minds. Aviation experts and various governmental commissions here and abroad have studied, examined and approved the technical feasibility of the romantic project as proposed by the Pennsylvania-Central Airlines of Washington, D. C., whose "baby" this is. Our highest rating authority—the American Bureau of Shipping—

has given the "A1" stamp of approval to the enterprise.

The floating terminals of the very near future will actually resemble small islands. They will be a mile long by 380 feet wide and 64,000 tons of steel will go into their construction. Floating 70 feet above the surface of the sea, they will "ride" out the worst storm as immobile as the mainland. Each drome will be anchored well out of the fog and ice zones, thus allowing planes to avoid hazardous routes.

Five months' time and \$10,000,000 will go into the fabrication of these islands of steel which will be built in sections to allow for possible expansion. The "floor" of the drome will be supported on numerous buoyancy legs, each of which will have its own center of gravity, which will assure perfect stabilization and permit it to shift with the wind.

Gasoline engines, driving propellers far below the surface, will move the drome at a speed of about eight miles an hour. There will be complete airport facilities, repair shops and refueling station at each drome. Gasoline will be supplied from tankers at a much lower rate than on land bases. Approximately fifty people will be required to operate each of the dromes.

The importance of the seadrome route to America is significant. The war has produced—as all wars in the past have done—a vigorous, daring

SMASH COMICS

type of thinking. War seems to engender a brand of dashing enterprise that doesn't exist in peacetime. Men plunge, during war, develop and create things which in time of peace would be labeled fantastic. The seadrome is a product of such courageous thinking.

The seadrome route will provide America its only bases in the Atlantic. But it will do more than that. It will shorten considerably the ocean air routes as well.

Weight carrying capacity of planes will be vastly increased because of the short 800-mile hops and the greatly reduced gasoline load necessary for the trips. This will increase by several hundred per cent the pay load possible and thus bring about an economy of operation never before possible in trans-oceanic travel. In order to operate an airline profitably—and safely—across the oceans, it is essential to have intermediate landing stations at sea.

Another vitally important project is that planes flying overland today can easily and economically fly the seadrome route. No new plane designs are necessary.

Passengers fares will be substantially lowered and trans-oceanic air mail will boom, thus stimulating international commerce.

There will be no restrictions as to who or what lands on the bases. They will be open to all nations which qualify. This is done so that progress of post-war aviation will not be impeded and so that America can truly be said to be in a position as collaborator and not competitor in ocean air travel.

At the present time, the cost

of trans-Atlantic air travel is quite high. It can be ultimately reduced to about the same as overland travel—about six cents a mile.

Edward P. Warner, vice-chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, gave an address before the Royal Aeronautical Society in London recently. He voiced some interesting figures and made an illuminating prophecy. He pointed out that in the 12 months ending June 30, 1938, a total of 291,000 passengers arrived in America from Europe by steamship, while 276,000 made the opposite journey. Of these, 74,000 and 50,000, respectively, were in the first and cabin classes.

"A substantial proportion of the tourists," said Mr. Warner, "undoubtedly welcome the sea voyage for its own sake and will prefer to keep it as part of their holiday.

"Nevertheless," he added, "I believe that it would not be too sanguine to anticipate that half of the maximum pre-war ocean travel in the first and cabin classes will be shifted to the air."

In considering trans-Atlantic traffic we are reckoning with the interchange between populations of 90,000,000 and 250,000,000, respectively—considering only the eastern third of North America and the western half of Europe as being major contributors to trans-Atlantic movement—with the centers of population separated by about 3700 miles.

"Upon all these bases," continued Mr. Warner, "I believe it reasonable to anticipate a post-war average of 600 passengers by air per day in each direction between the United

States, Canada, the British Isles and Continent of Europe. . . ."

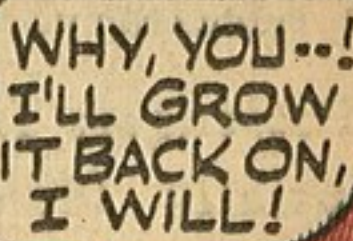
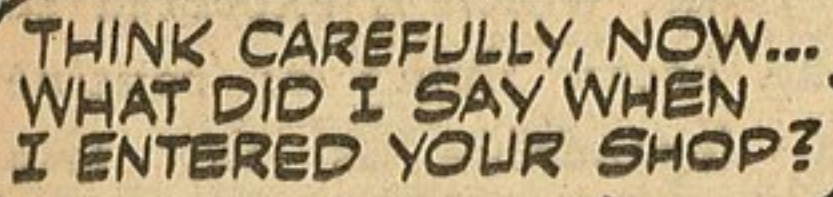
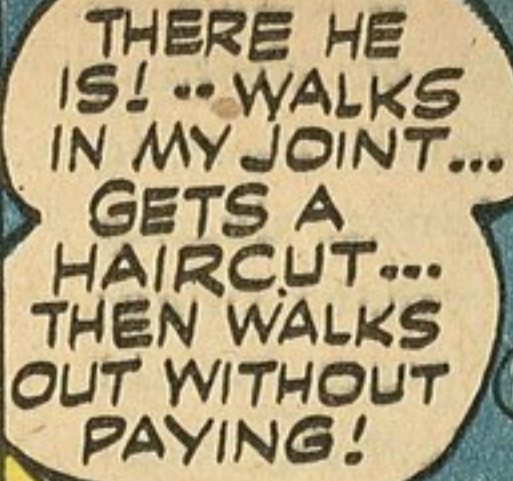
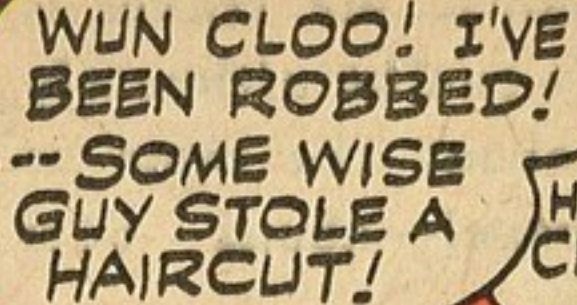
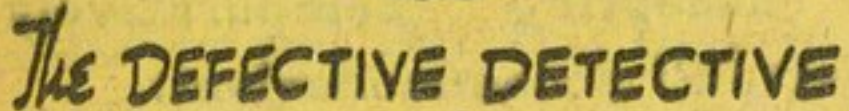
London-New York schedules will take about fifteen hours (depending upon how long one wishes to vacation on the seadrome islands), while in the opposite direction they will average 21 hours, Warner predicts. It seems probable, he claims, that two classes of service will be offered to those who are willing to contribute to a reduction of empty weight by accepting "comparatively Spartan" accommodations.

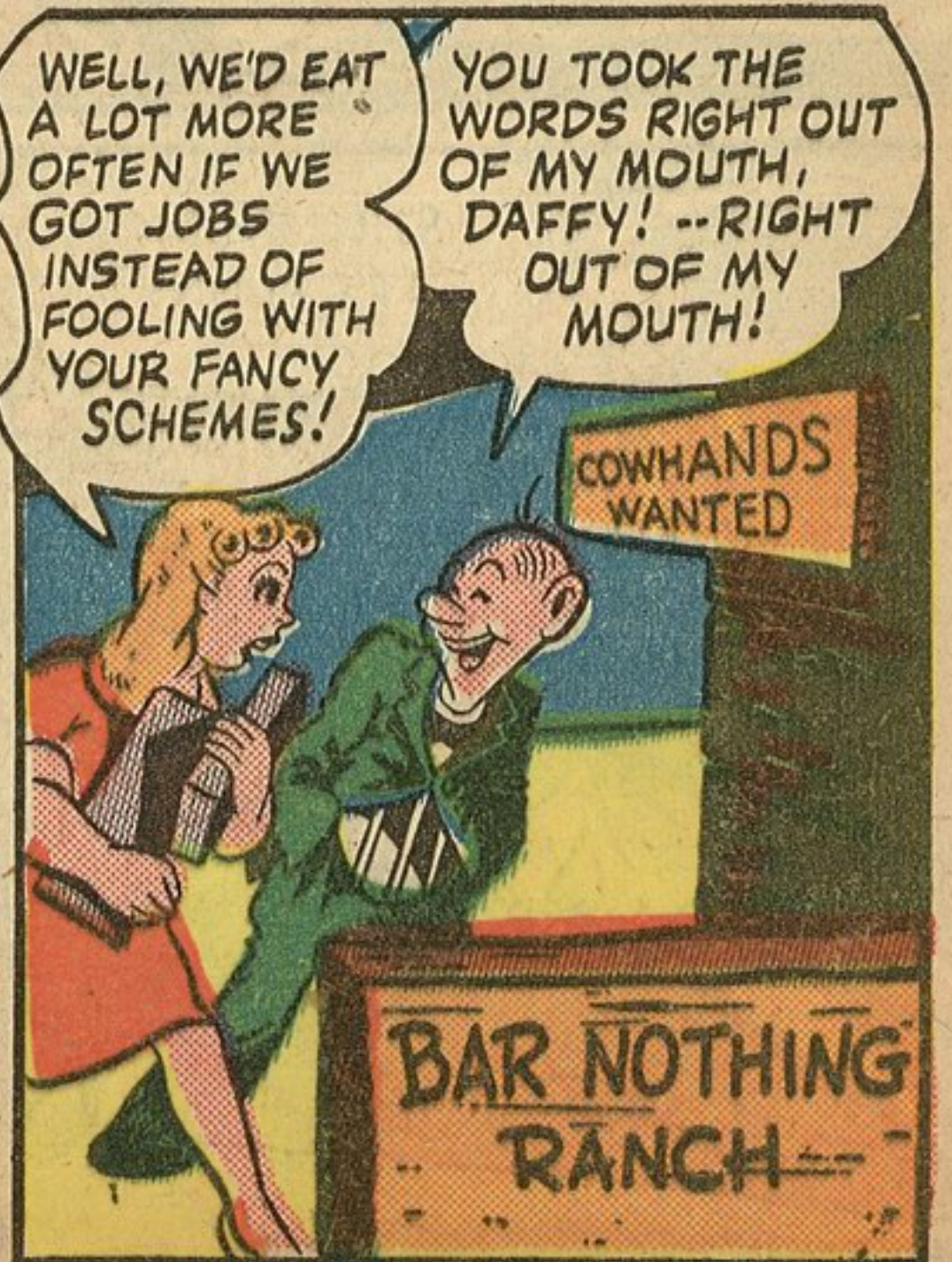
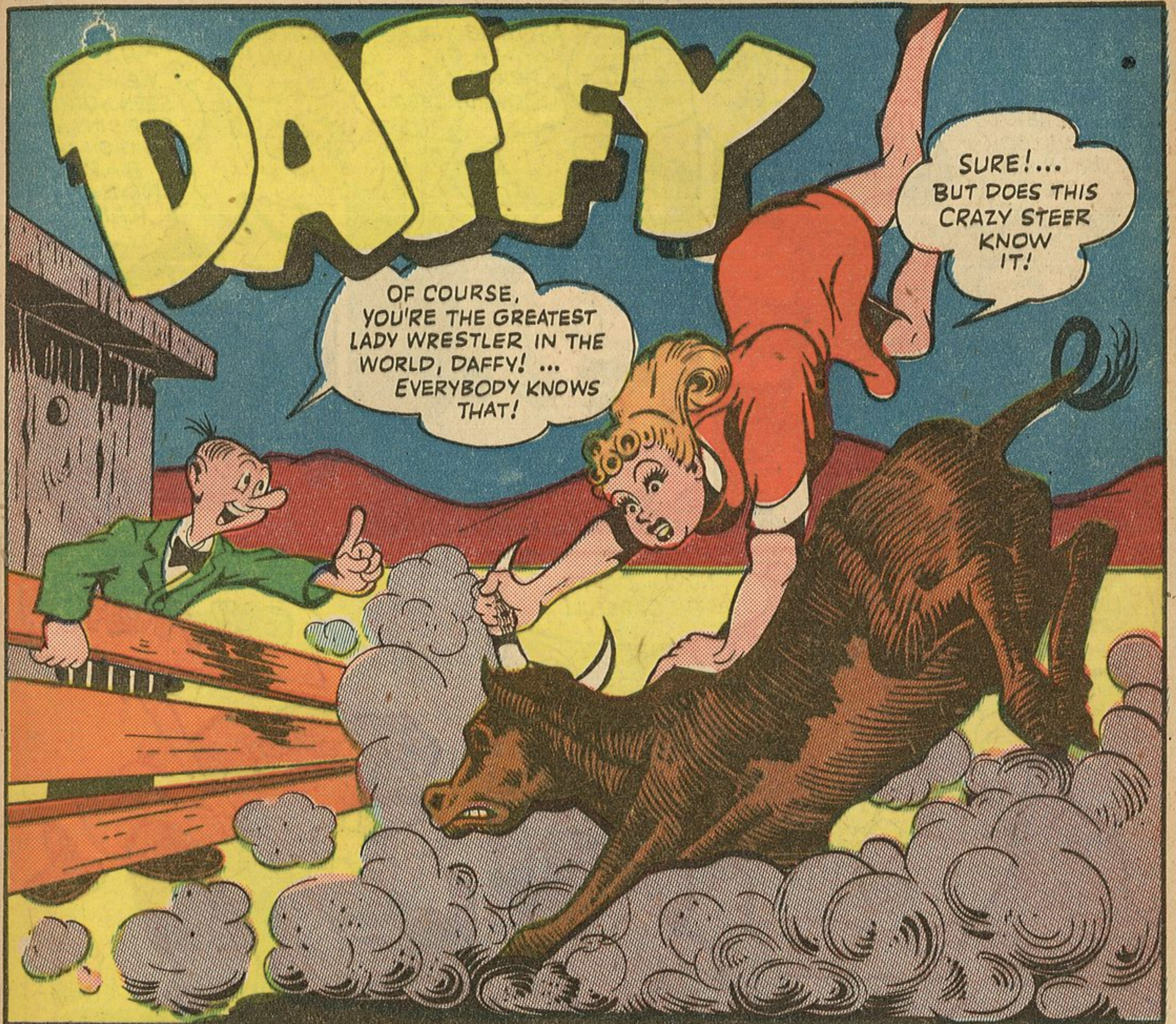
The answer to all this is the seadrome, which is expected to make ocean flying as routine and dependable as any trip overland. It is believed that by the collective use of this system the resulting economy will make European travel and vacations within the reach of everyone. Similarly, it is expected to make visitations and vacations possible for Europeans who have heretofore been unable to afford them.

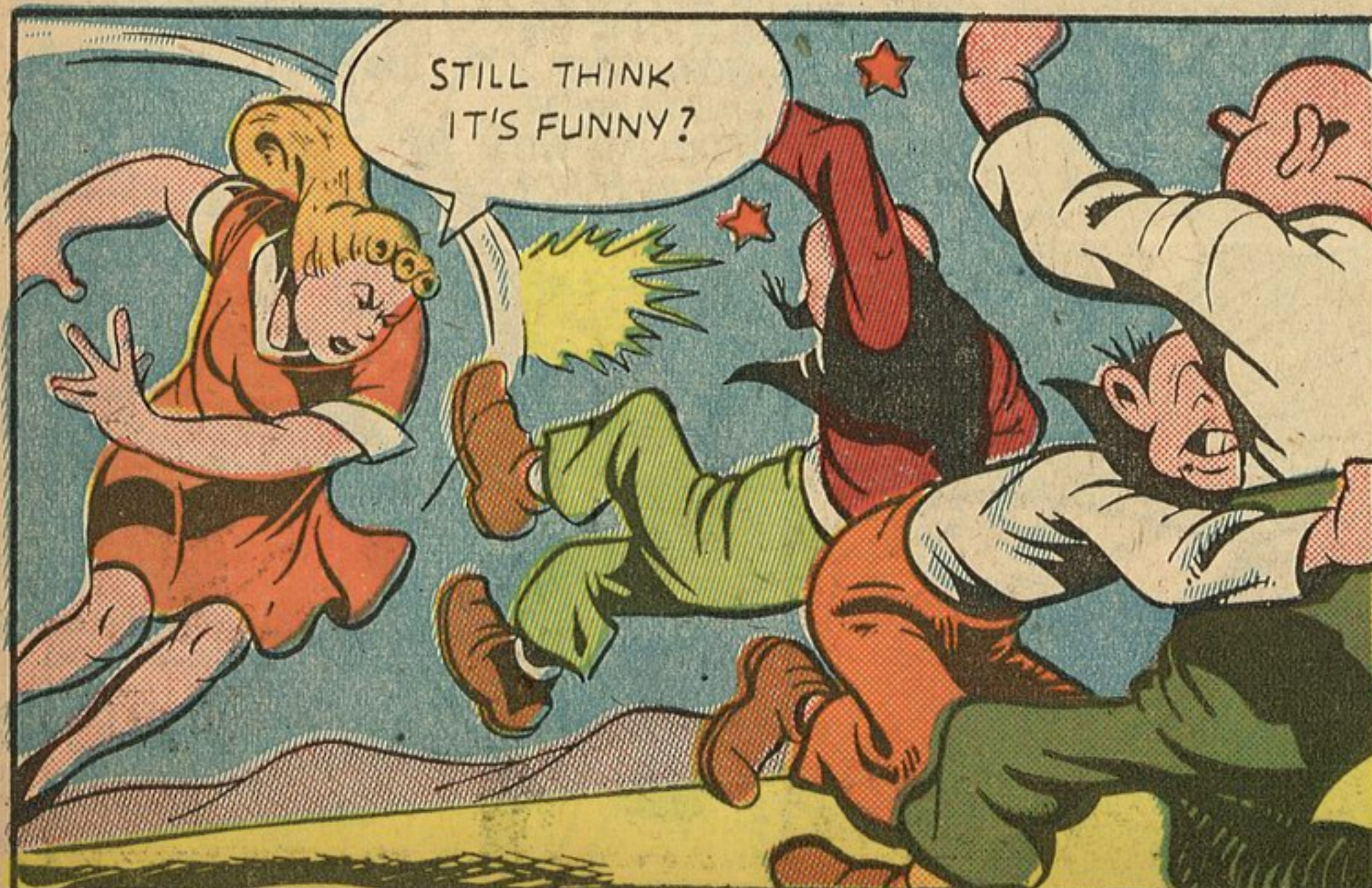
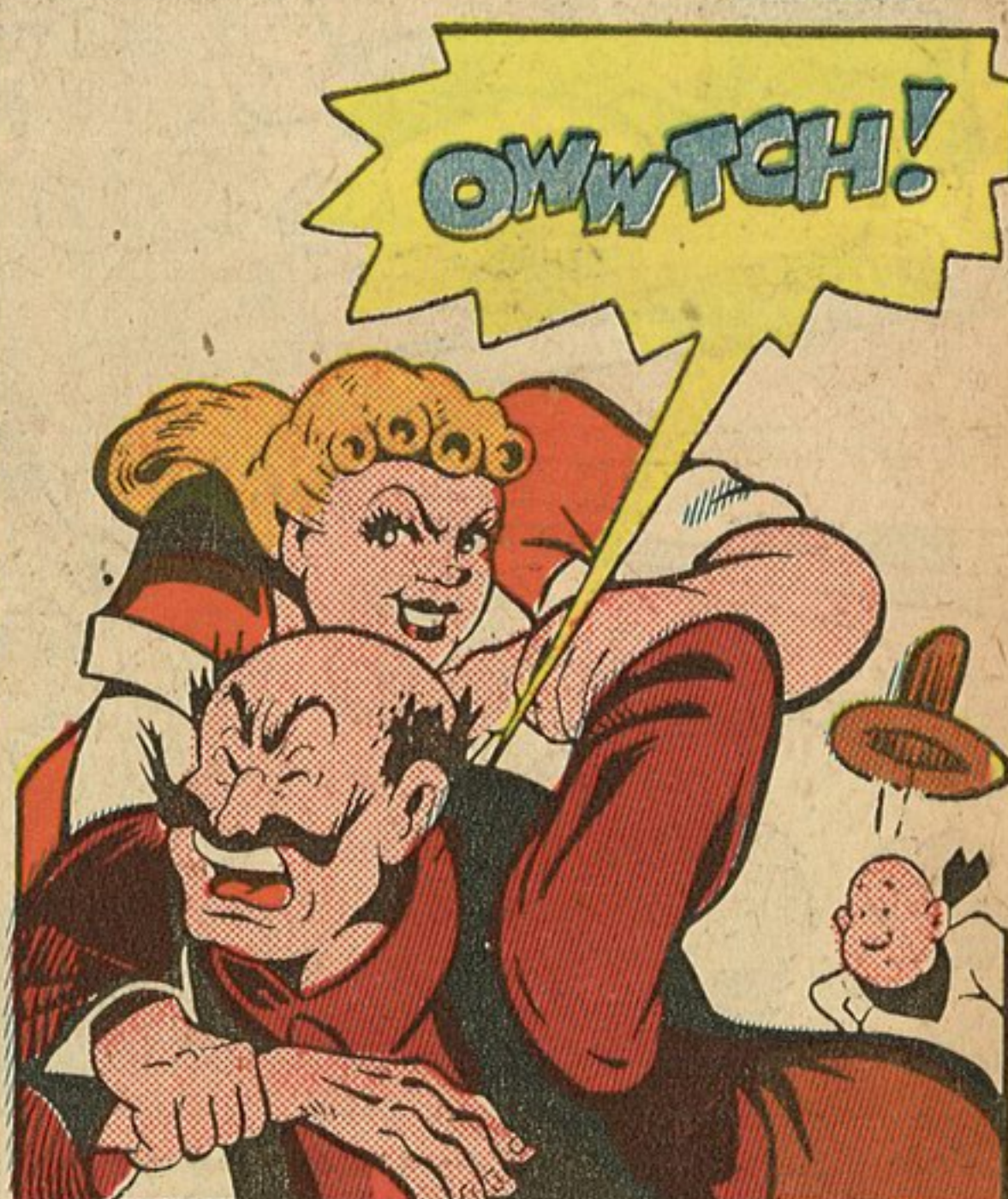
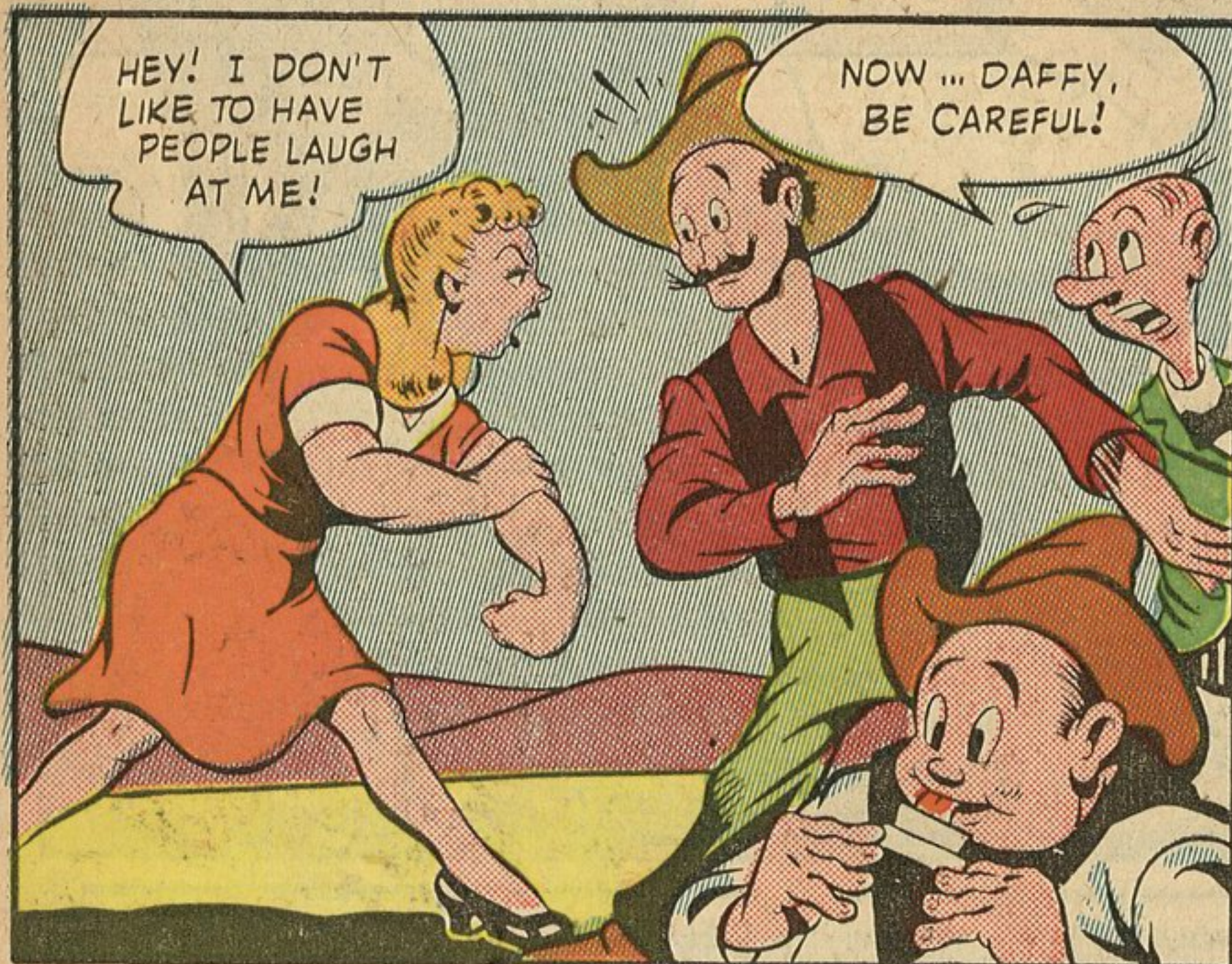
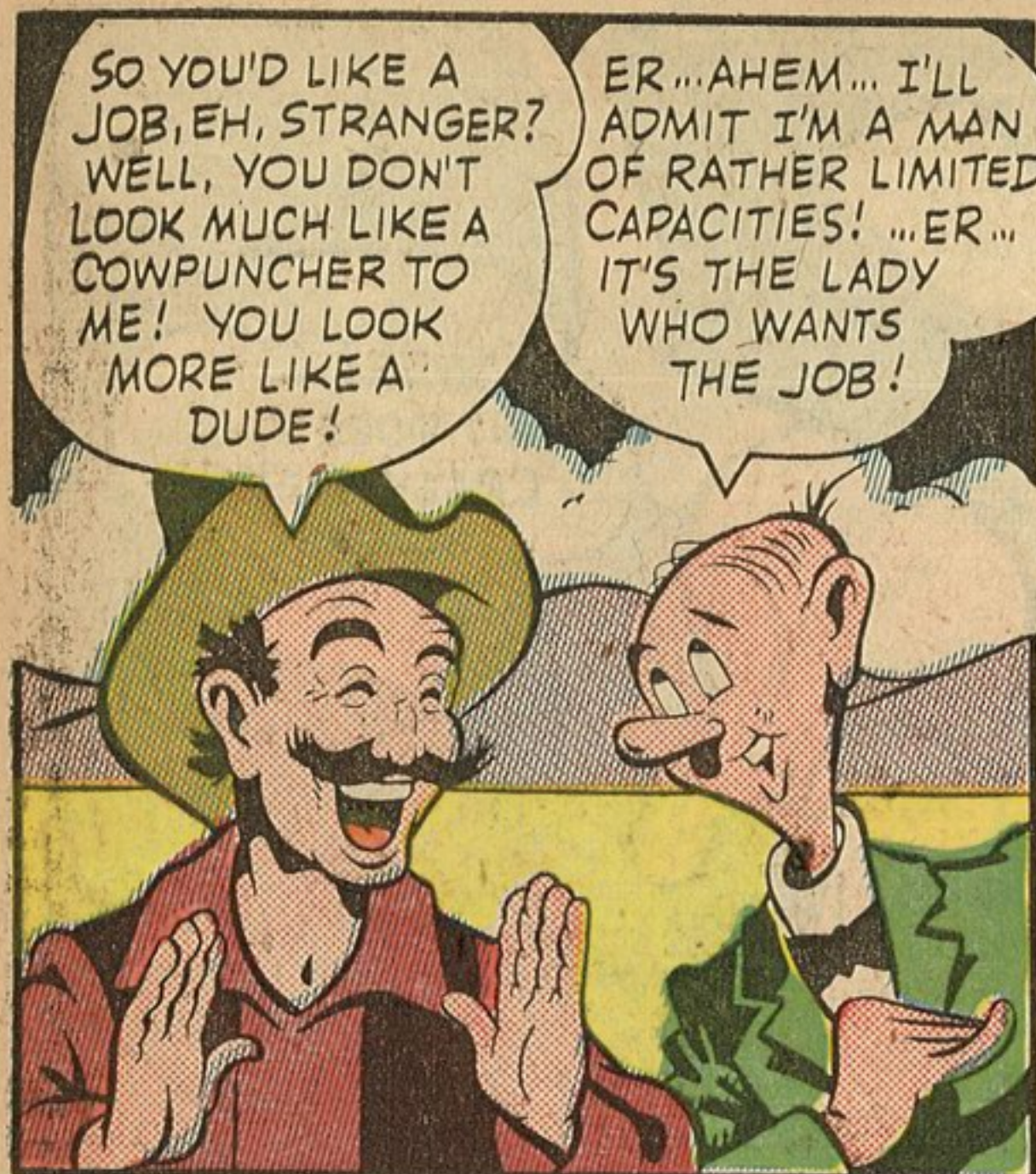
This war will bring about an amazing array of benefits to mankind. Radar, television (which is in a state of perfection comparable to radio in 1926), air-conditioning of a type which will put to shame the systems we now use, plastics used for the manufacture of countless articles, automobiles of a radical design—some of them fitted with folding wings and a propellor so that it will be possible to fly in them whenever desired.

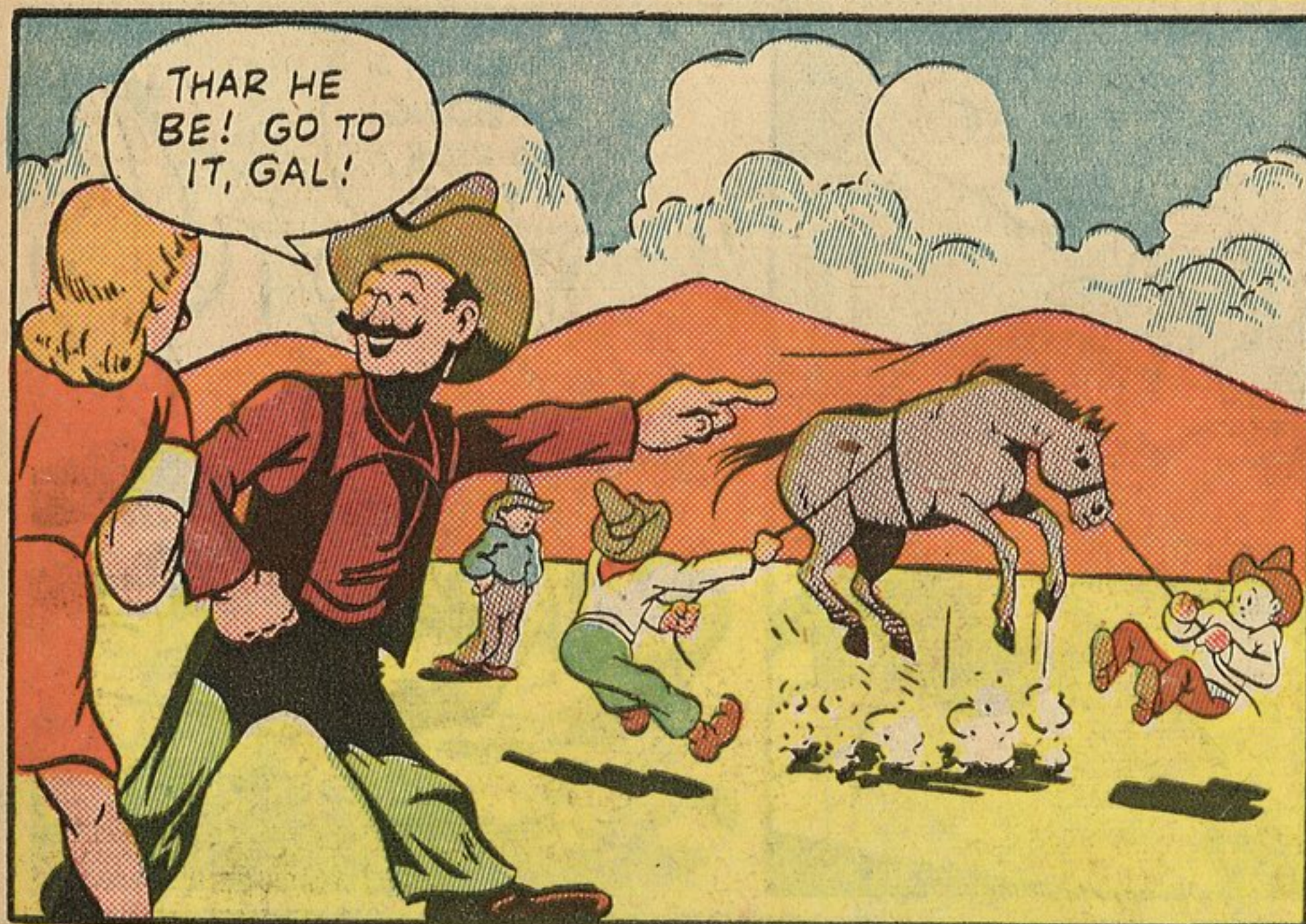
These things are the products of war-thinking.

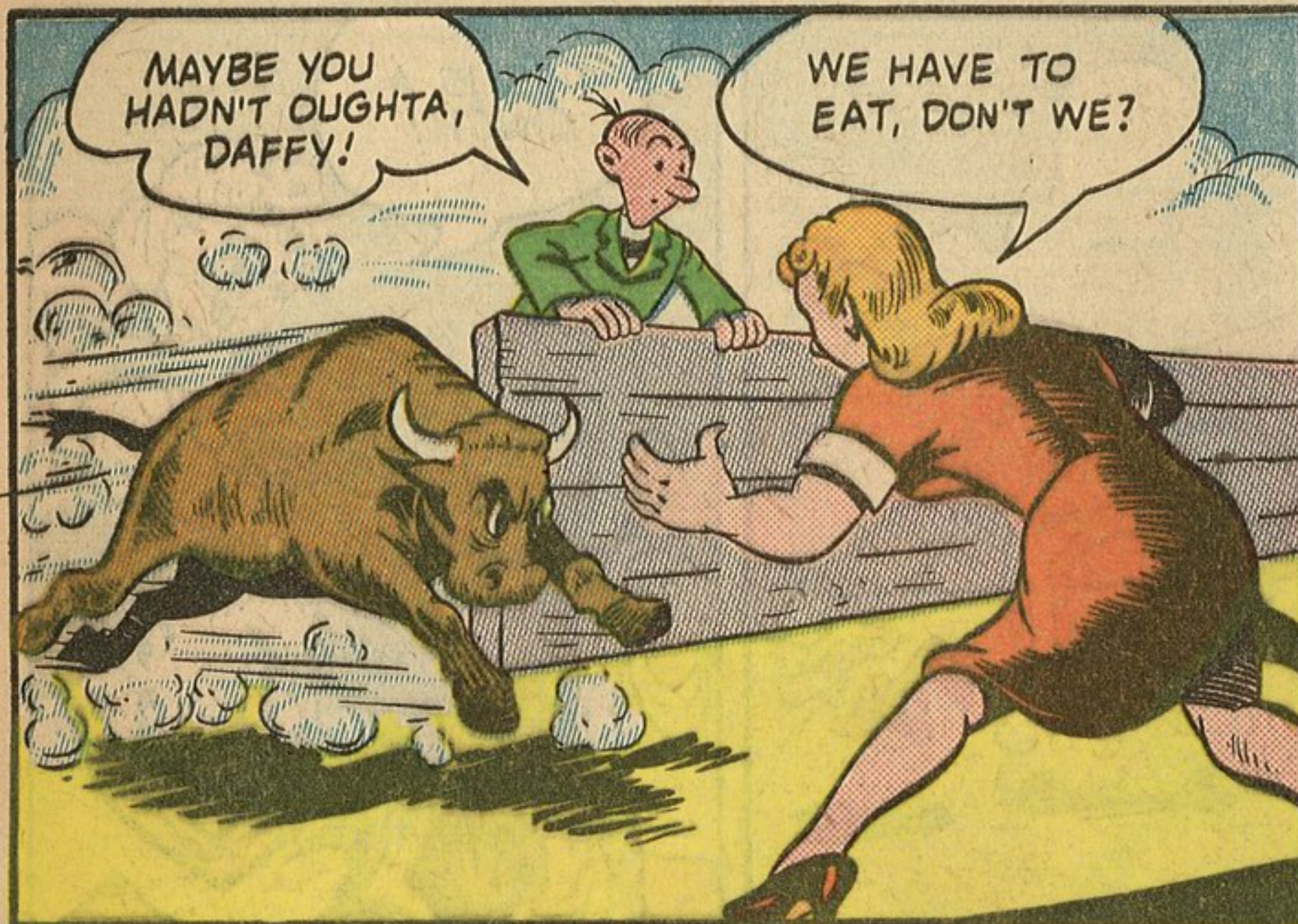
The next era of peace will be one that historians can go to town chronicling. It will be the greatest era the world has ever known.

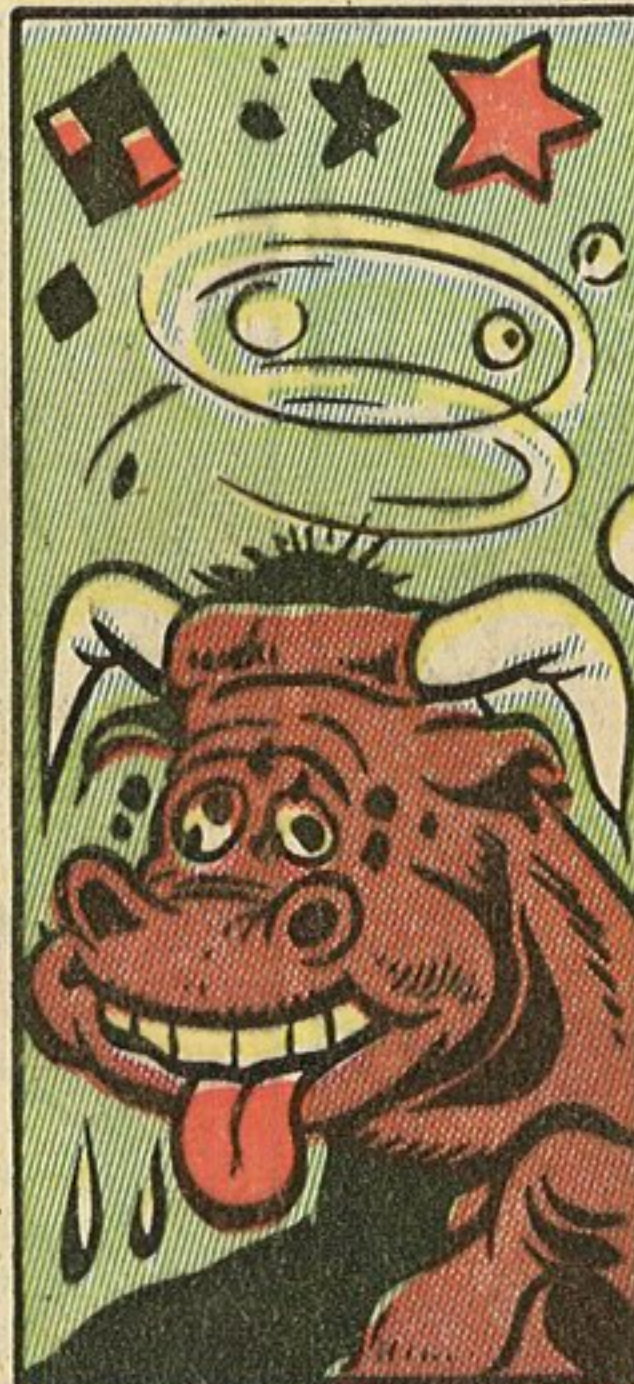




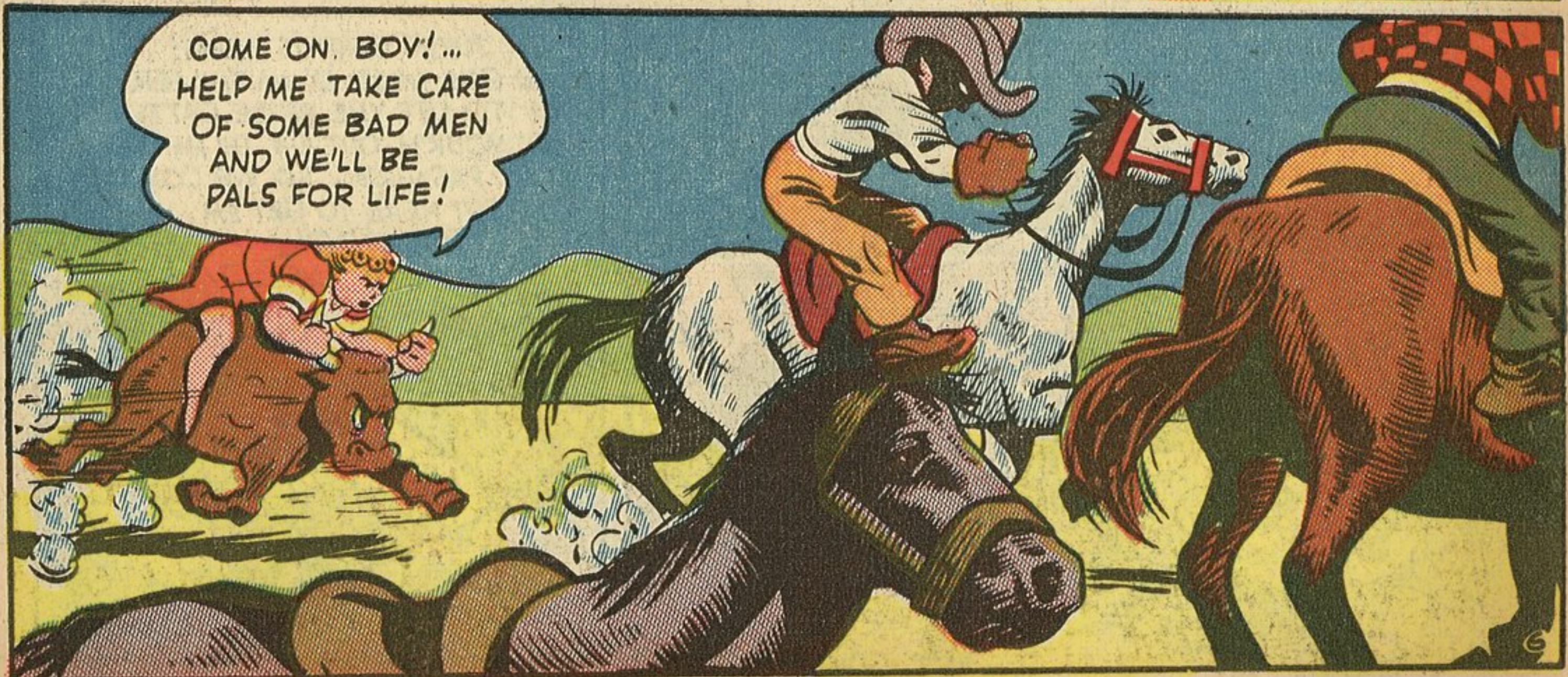
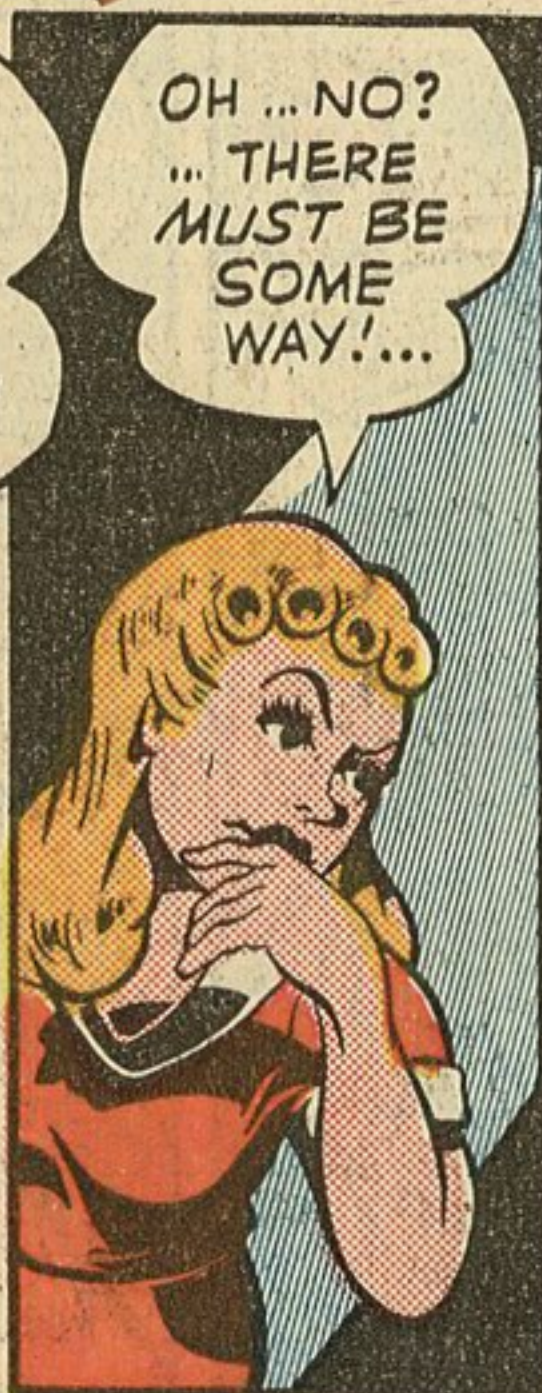
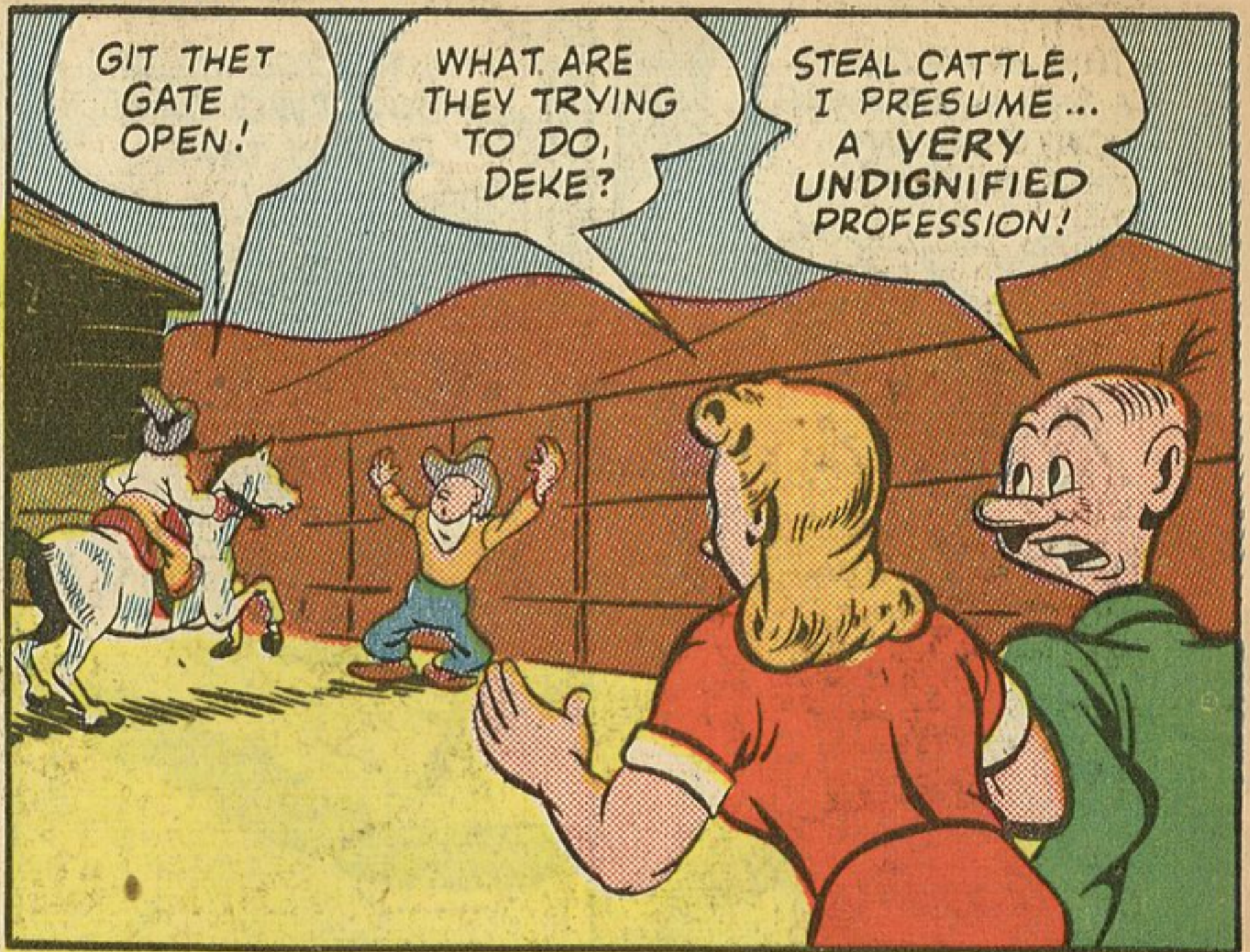


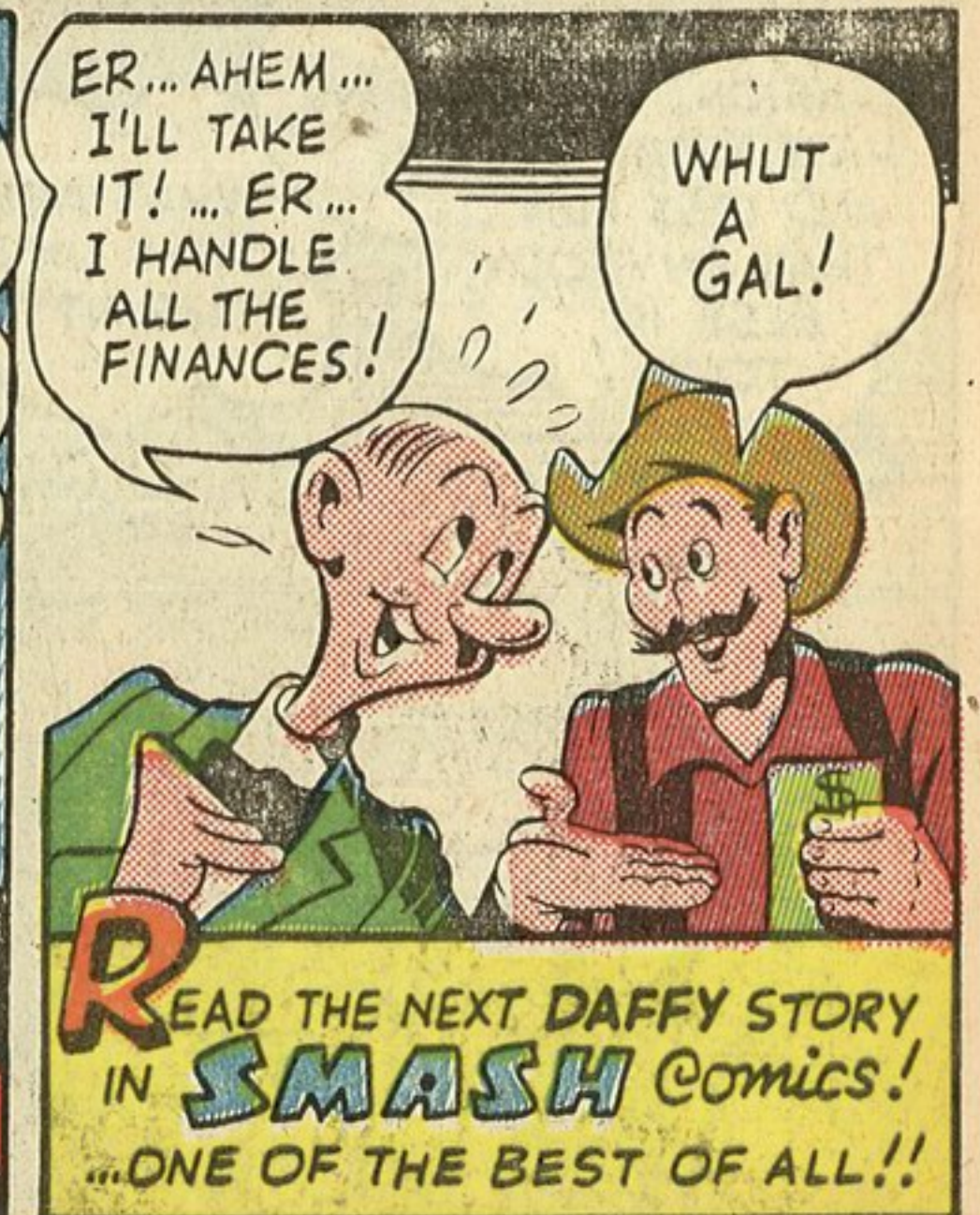
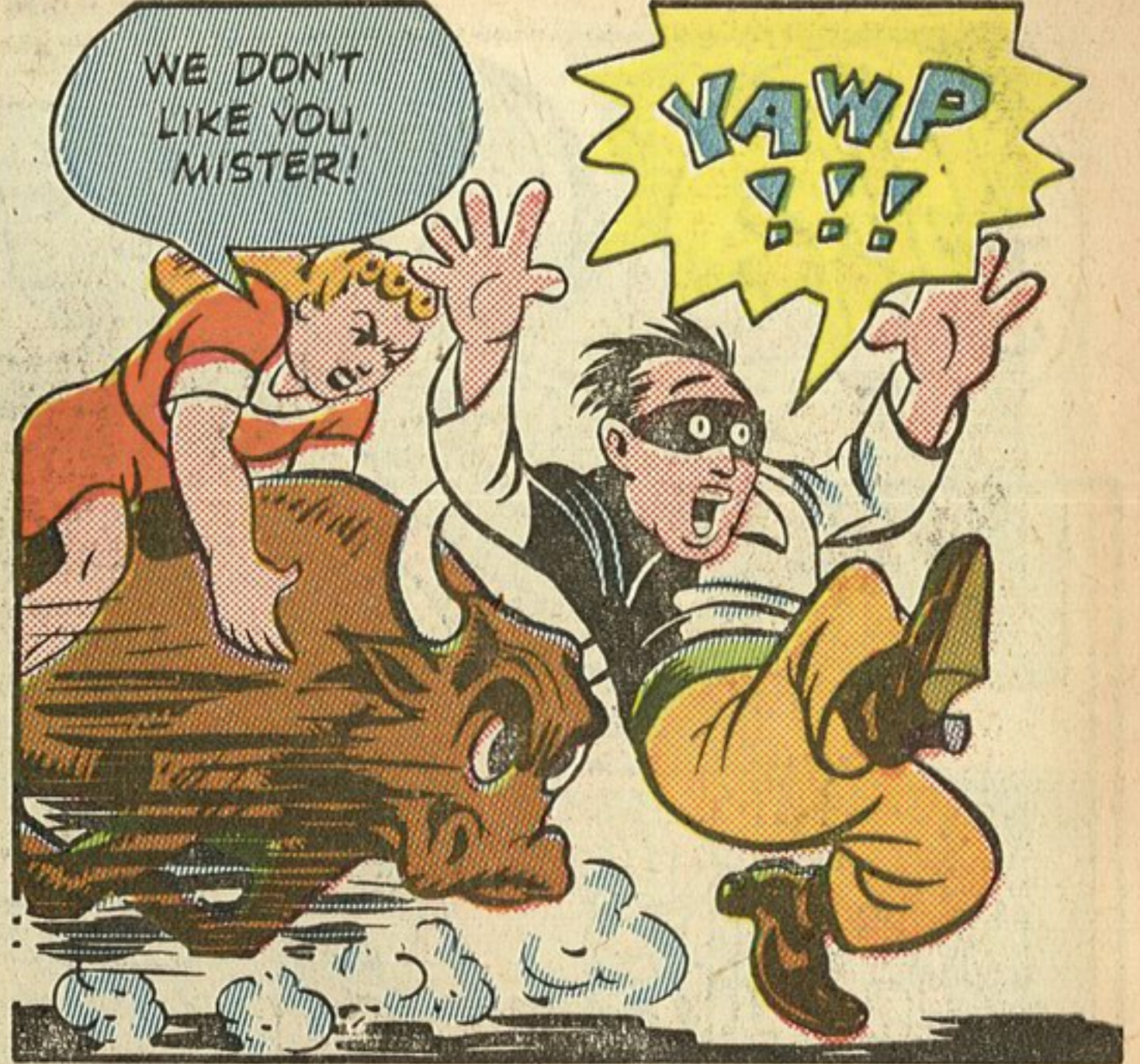






SMASH COMICS





the great one

THEY SAY THAT IF YOU
LOOK BACKWARD YOU'LL
AVOID REAR ATTACKS, QUINOPOLIS --
YET I NEVER SAW A MORE BACKWARD-
LOOKING FELLOW THAN THIS ONE,
AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS
TO HIM!

WHEN OFFICER CHUCK LANE TAKES
OFF HIS UNIFORM OF BLUE, HE
BECOMES THE JESTER -- RAFFISH
READY RACKET-WRECKER, WHO
LAUGHS AS HE LARRUPS!

*He gets the joke -- and
the criminal!*

YEAH, CHUCK --
THAT'S THE **CRISPIN**
MANSION! THE CRISPINS
HAVE MORE DOUGH
AND LESS FUN
THAN ANYBODY
ELSE IN
TOWN!

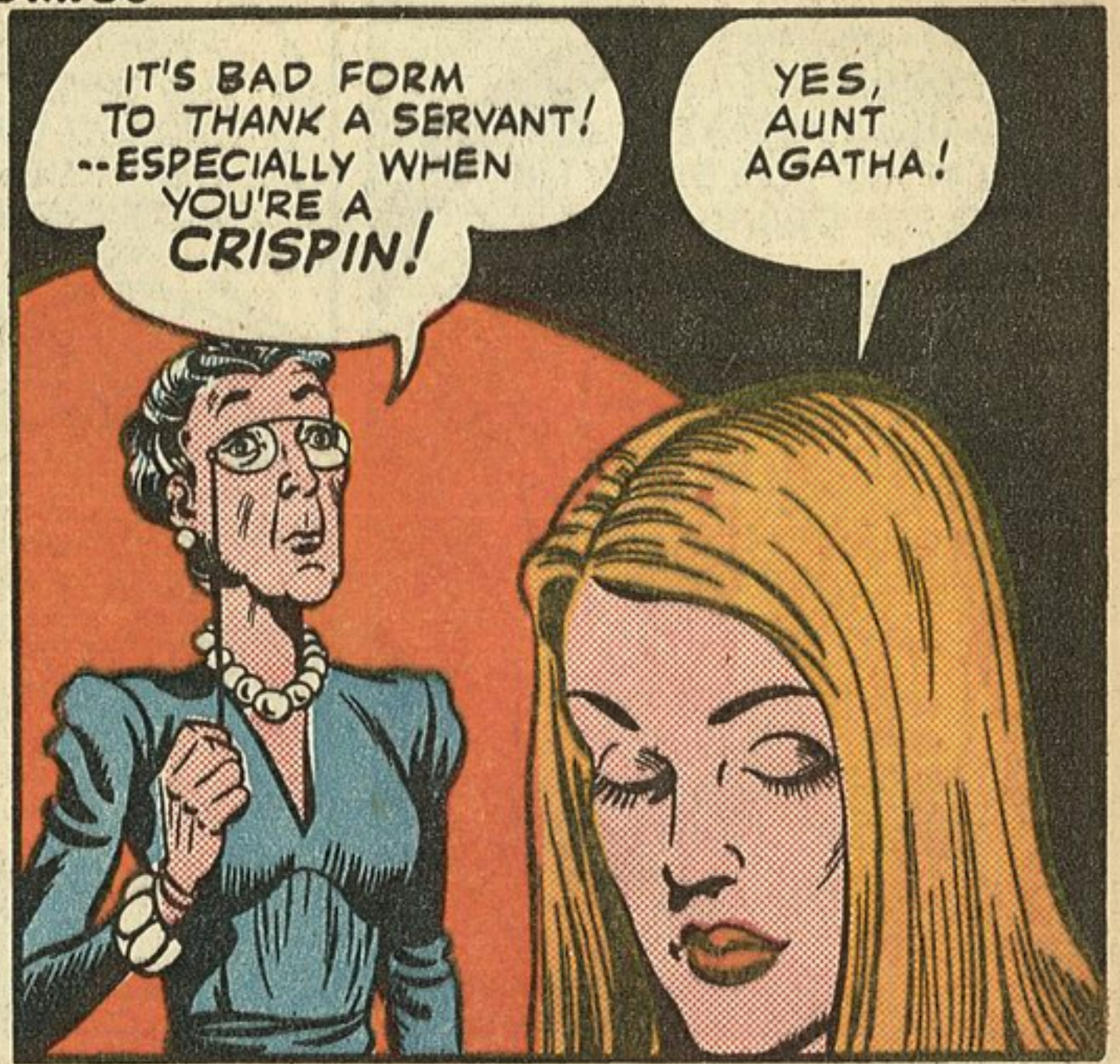
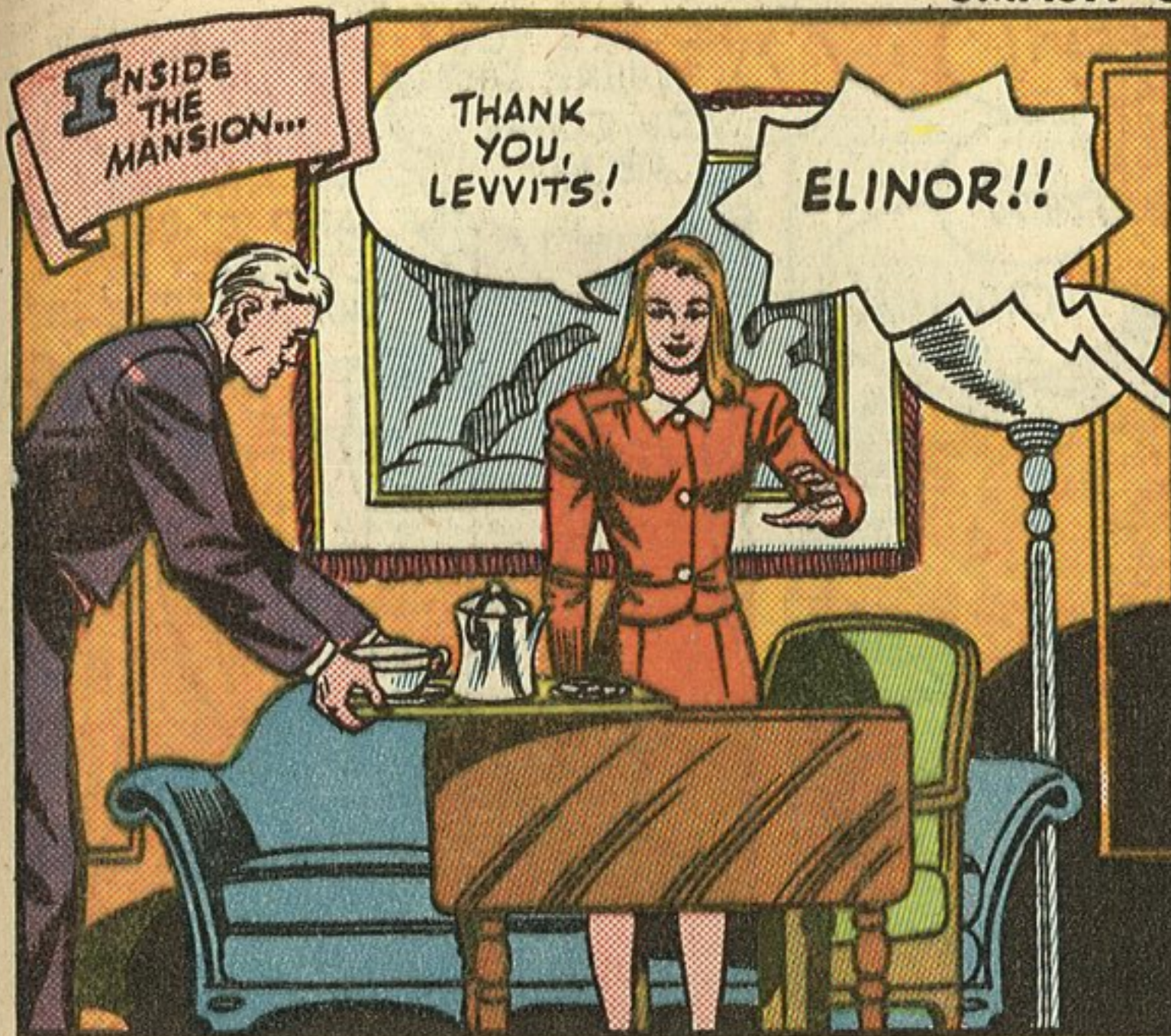
WHAT ARE
THEY LIKE,
McGINTY?

WHO KNOWS? THEY'RE
SO UPSTAGE, THEY TALK TO
NOBODY! US COPS
HAVE ORDERS NEVER
TO **BOTHER** THEM!

HEAR
THAT
?

RICH AND
DUMB -- COPS
STAY AWAY!
... WHAT'S
THE
ANSWER?

WE'LL
PAY A
CALL AND
GRAB
SOME
SOUVENIRS!





AUNT AGATHA'S
CRUSHING MY LIFE!
I'M GOING **CRAZY**
FROM HER SCOLDING!
SO I'LL DRINK ...



RIGHT, QUINOPOLIS!
THE YOUNG LADY
SHOULD DRINK
NOTHING THAT
ISN'T PASTEURIZED!

OHHH-H!



WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE DID
"YOU COME
FROM?"

THE JESTER
IS MY NAME,
AND THE JESTER'S
MY NATURE!
AND I JUST
CLIMBED UP
THE WATERSPOUT!



POISON NEVER SETTLED
ANYTHING BUT RATS! IF
YOU'RE IN TROUBLE,
LAUGH IT OFF!

I -- NEVER
THOUGHT OF
THAT! --



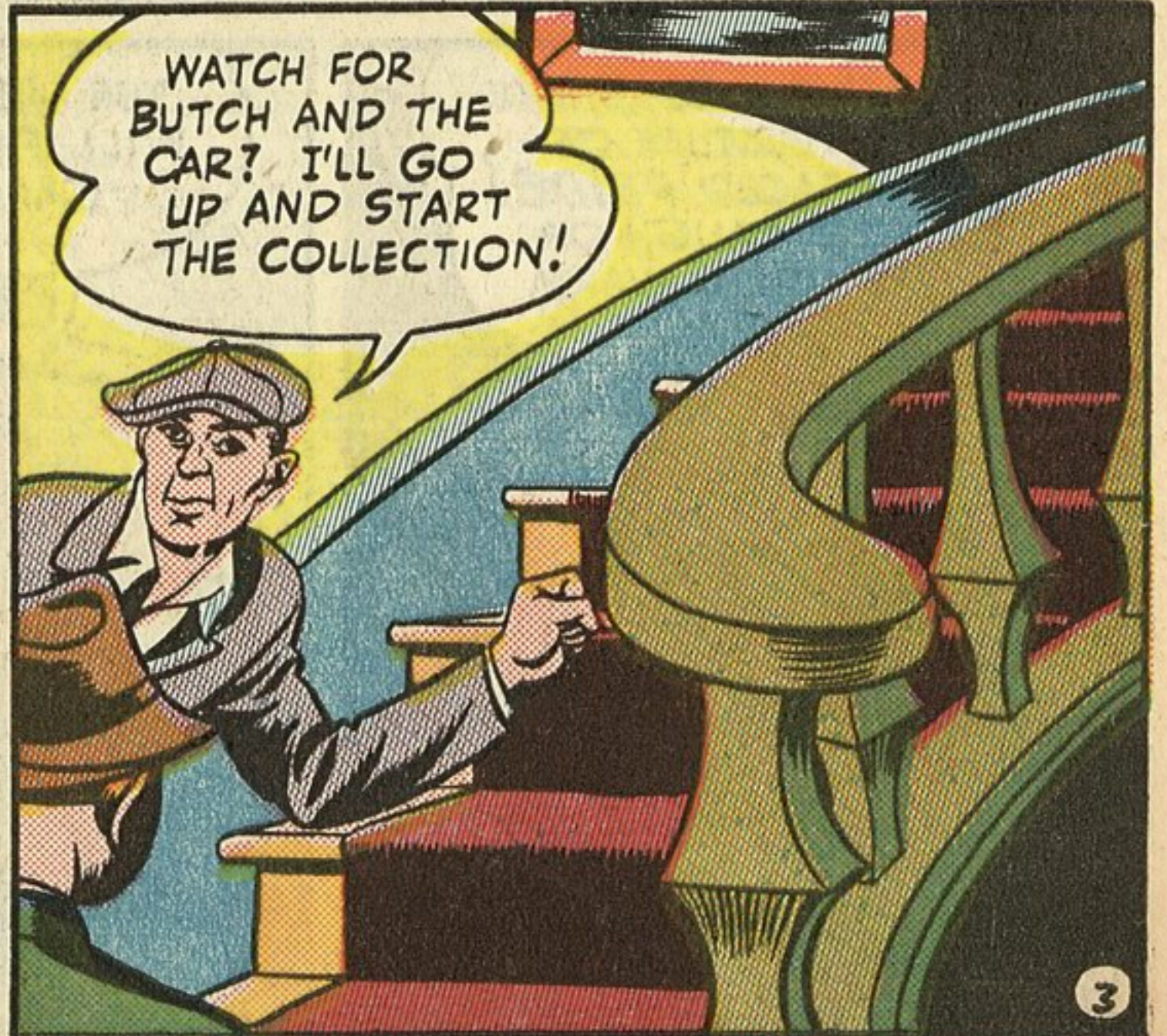
"... THAT'S RIGHT!
LOUDER!
HA-HA-HA!!

WHAT'S THIS
UNSEEMLY
DISTURBANCE?



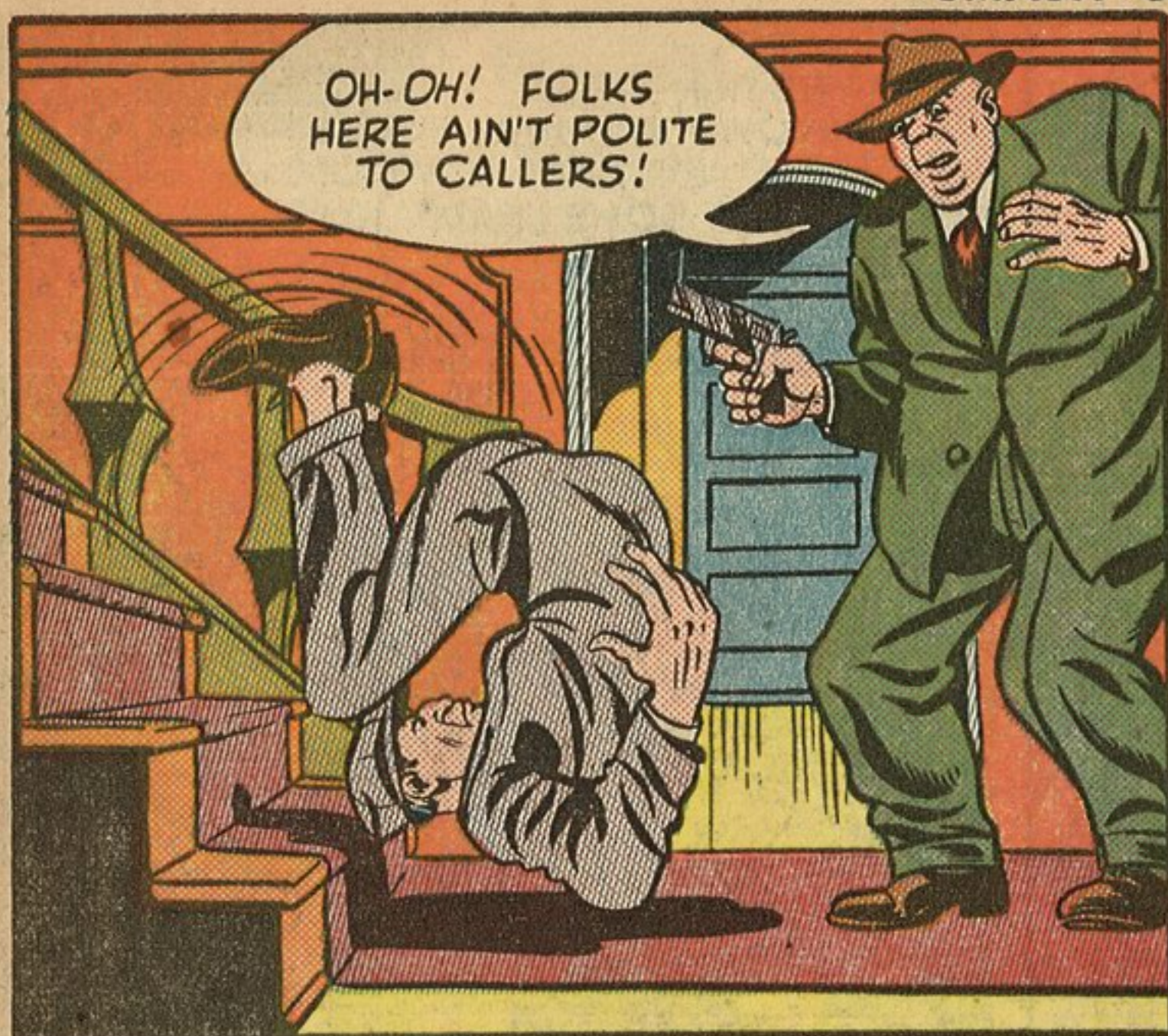
ELINOR! ...
WHO IS THIS
VULGAR YOUNG
MAN?

AND WHO'S THIS
ADVANCE AGENT
FOR A HEADACHE,
ELINOR?

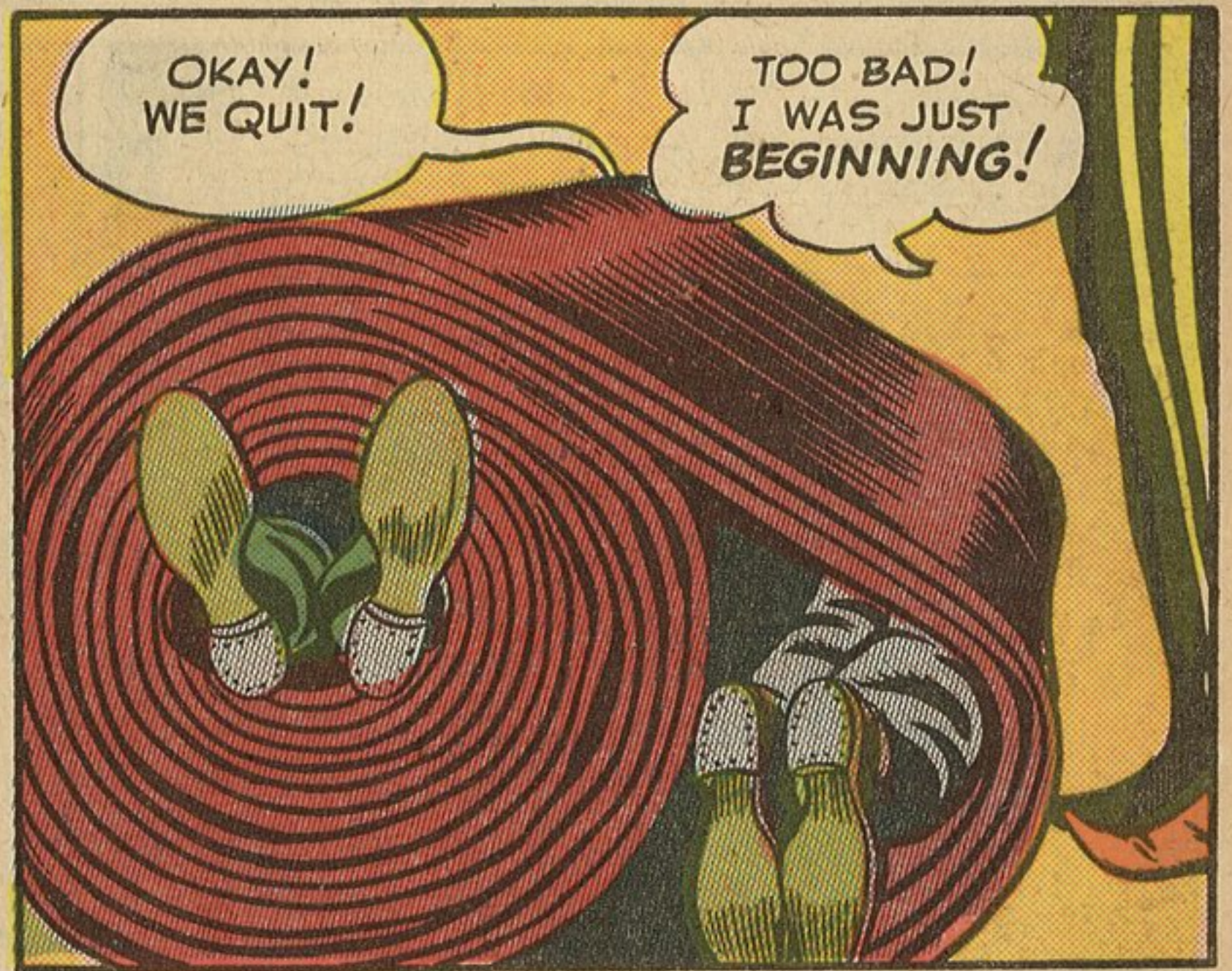
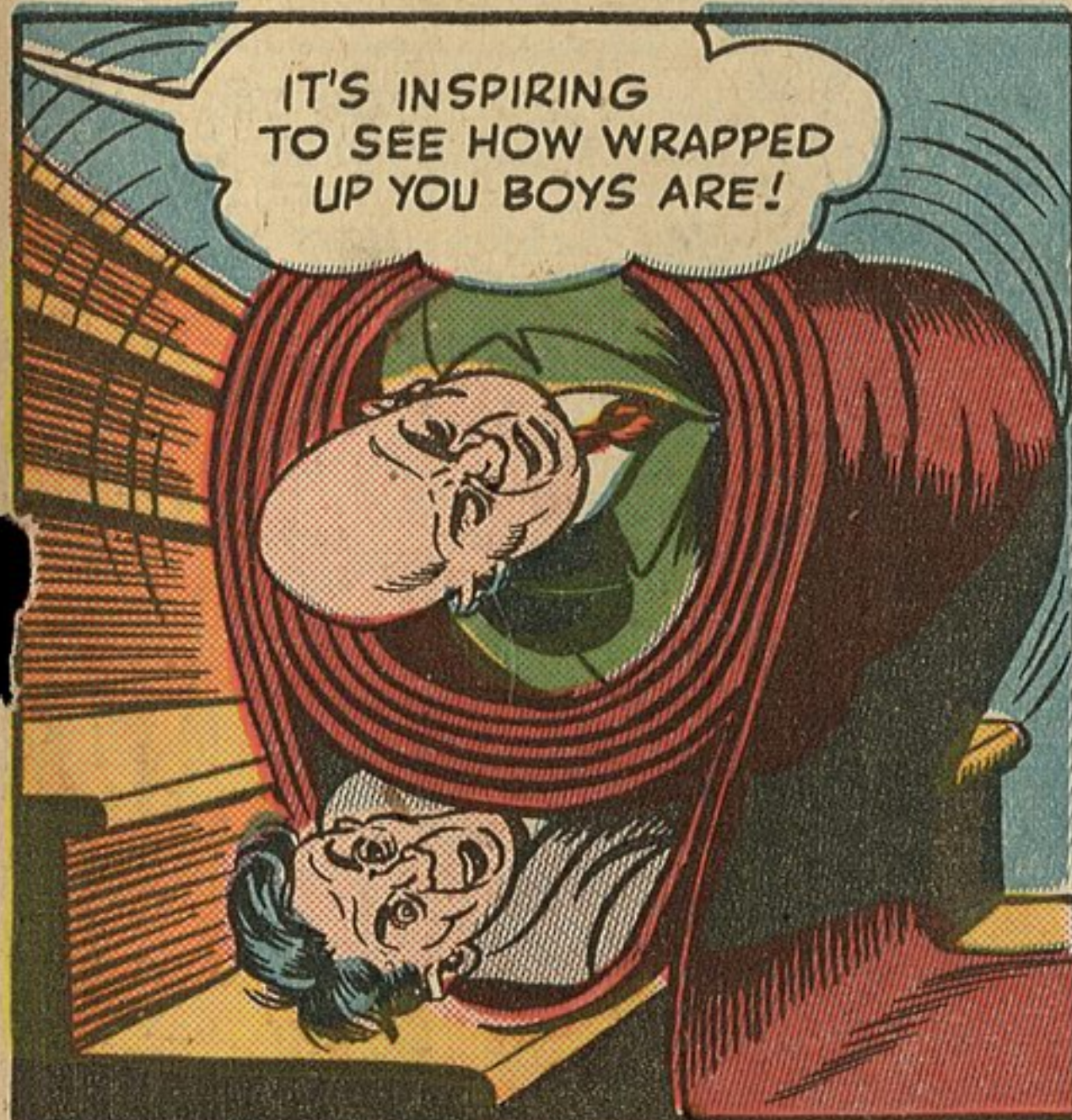


WATCH FOR
BUTCH AND THE
CAR? I'LL GO
UP AND START
THE COLLECTION!





SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



HERE'S ANOTHER TRICK!
THIS ONE I LEARNED
FROM MY PAL
MIDNIGHT!



WILL HE
BE BADLY
HURT?

NO, HE FELL
ON HIS **HEAD!**
MAY I USE
THE PHONE?



HELLO... **McGINTY?**
THIS IS THE **JESTER!**
BRING THE PATROL
WAGON OVER TO THE
CRISPIN HOUSE FOR A
BUNCH OF HOUSE
GUESTS!



YOUNG MAN
YOU'VE EARNED
THIS REWARD!

NO, THANKS, MISS
AGATHA! I'M GOING
TO ASK FOR SOMETHING
ELSE!



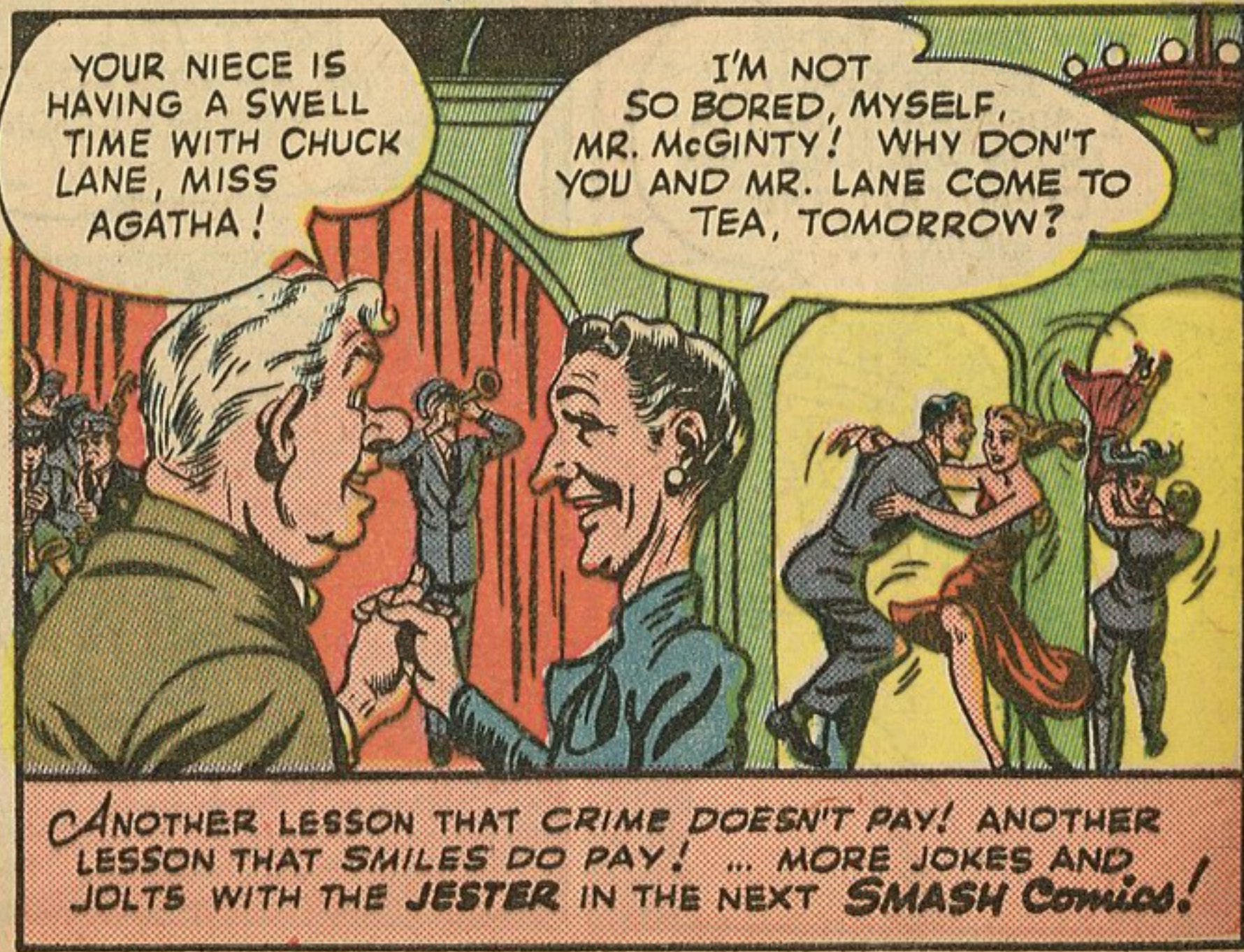
THEN
WHAT -- ??

I WANT YOU TO STOP THIS
FROZEN **HERMIT** LIFE! GET
OUT INTO HUMAN AFFAIRS!
GIVE MISS ELINOR
A CHANCE, TOO!



WHAT
ARE
THESE?

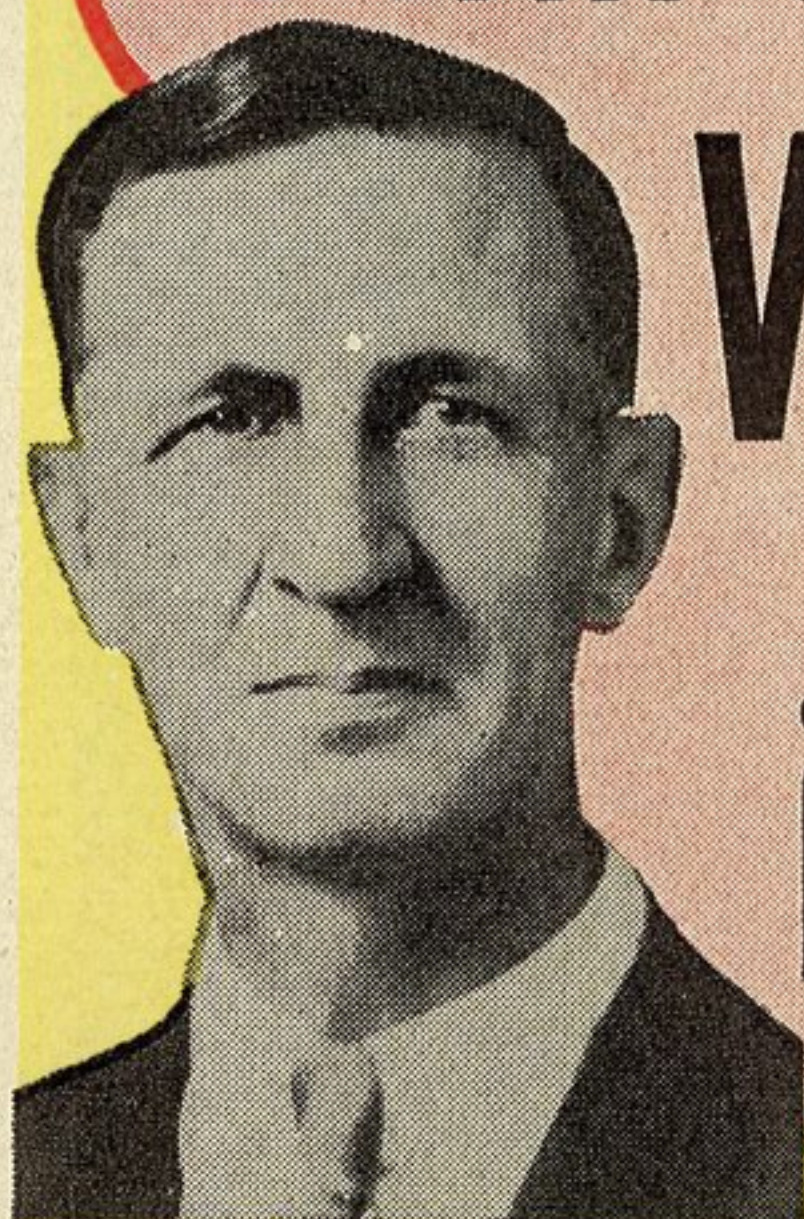
TICKETS TO THE
POLICEMEN'S BALL!
TO REPAY ME, GO
THERE -- BOTH OF YOU--
AND **ENJOY**
YOURSELVES!



YOUR NIECE IS
HAVING A SWELL
TIME WITH CHUCK
LANE, MISS
AGATHA!

I'M NOT
SO BORED, MYSELF,
MR. **McGINTY!** WHY DON'T
YOU AND MR. LANE COME TO
TEA, TOMORROW?

ANOTHER LESSON THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY! ANOTHER
LESSON THAT SMILES DO PAY! ... MORE JOKES AND
JOLTS WITH THE **JESTER** IN THE NEXT **SMASH Comics!**



I Will Train You at Home For Vital Jobs Now Open in RADIO

Many Jobs Now Open Pay \$50 a Week

Would you like a good civilian job vital to the war effort that has a bright future after the war? Would you like to be in line for promotions in rank and pay if you're called into Military Service? Then get my FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Find out how I train you at home to be a Radio Technician or Radio Operator!

Big Demand Now For Well-Trained Radio Technicians, Operators

Radio has jumped from a great peacetime business to a booming war industry. The Radio repair business is booming because no new Radios are being made. Radio Technicians and Operators are needed—hundreds of them—for vital jobs at good wages.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation Radio and Police Radio, and other Radio branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. Radio Manufacturers, now working on Government orders for Radio equipment, employ trained men. The Government too needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get started in this fascinating field!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that soon show how to earn extra money fixing Radios. Many make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time while still learning. I send you SIX big kits of real Radio parts. You LEARN

Radio fundamentals from my Lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building typical circuits like those illustrated on this page—PROVE what you learn by interesting tests on the circuits you build.



Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too

There's a real need in Army, Navy for trained Radio men. If you have completed a course in Radio you stand a good chance of being assigned to communications work. N. R. I. has trained many men who now hold specialist's ratings. Over 1,700 Service Men are enrolled with N. R. I.

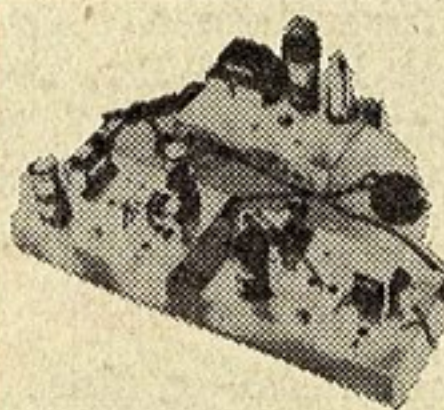


Be Ready to Cash In on Good Pay Jobs Coming in Television, Electronics

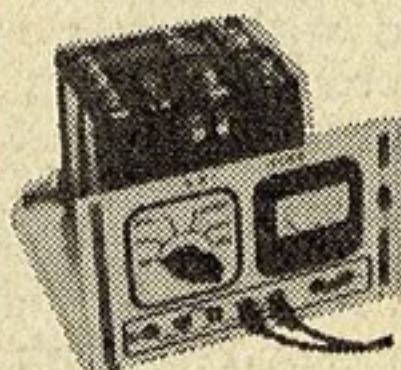
Think of the NEW jobs that Television, Frequency Modulation, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! You have a real opportunity. But the opportunity the war has given beginners to get started in the fascinating field of Radio may never be repeated. So take the first step at once. Get my FREE 64-page, illustrated book. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just mail the coupon in an envelope or paste it on a penny postal. Get started today on the road to better pay! J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4CA3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

You Build These And Other Radio Circuits With Kits I Supply

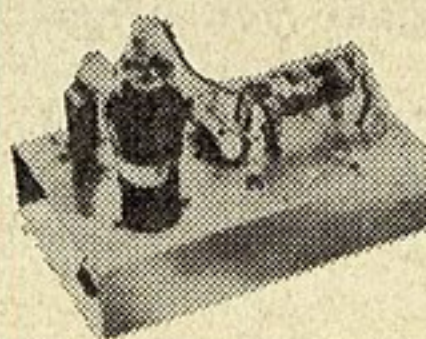
By the time you've conducted 60 sets of experiments with Radio Parts I supply—have made hundreds of measurements and adjustments—you'll have valuable, PRACTICAL experience.



You build this SUPERHETERODYNE CIRCUIT containing a pre-selector, oscillator-mixer-first detector, i.f. stage, diode-detector-a.v.c. stage and audio stage. It will bring in local and distant stations. Get the thrill of learning at home evenings in spare time while you put the set through fascinating tests!



You build this MEASURING INSTRUMENT yourself early in the Course, useful for practical Radio work. Vacuum Tube Multimeter, measures A.C., D.C. and R.F. volts, D.C. currents, resistance, receiver output.



Building this A. M. SIGNAL-GENERATOR will give you valuable experience. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experimental purposes.



Vital Radio Jobs like these go to Men I Trained

"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month." A. J. FROEHNER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



"I am doing spare time Radio work. Am averaging around \$500 a year. Those extra dollars mean so much." JOHN WASHKO, 97 New Cranberry, Hazleton, Pa.



"I cannot divulge any information as to my work, but N.R.I. training is coming in handy." Lt. R. W. ANDERSON. (Address omitted for military reasons.)



"Before I completed your lessons, I obtained my Radio Operator's license and joined Station WMPC." HOLLIS F. HAYES, 327 Madison St., Lapeer, Mich.

THIS FREE BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4CA3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Age.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

The 97 Pound Weakling

— Who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension". It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 C
115 East 23rd Street
New York 10, N. Y.

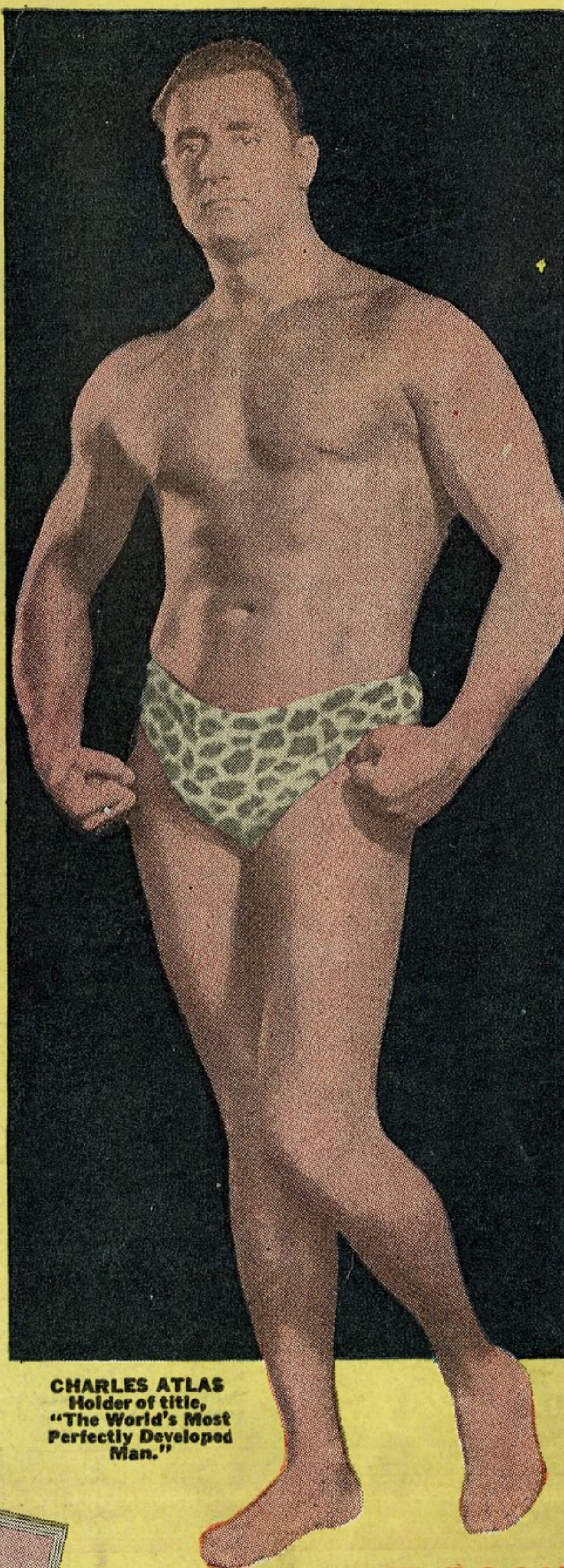
I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State.....

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Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 C 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**